

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

October 15, 1950

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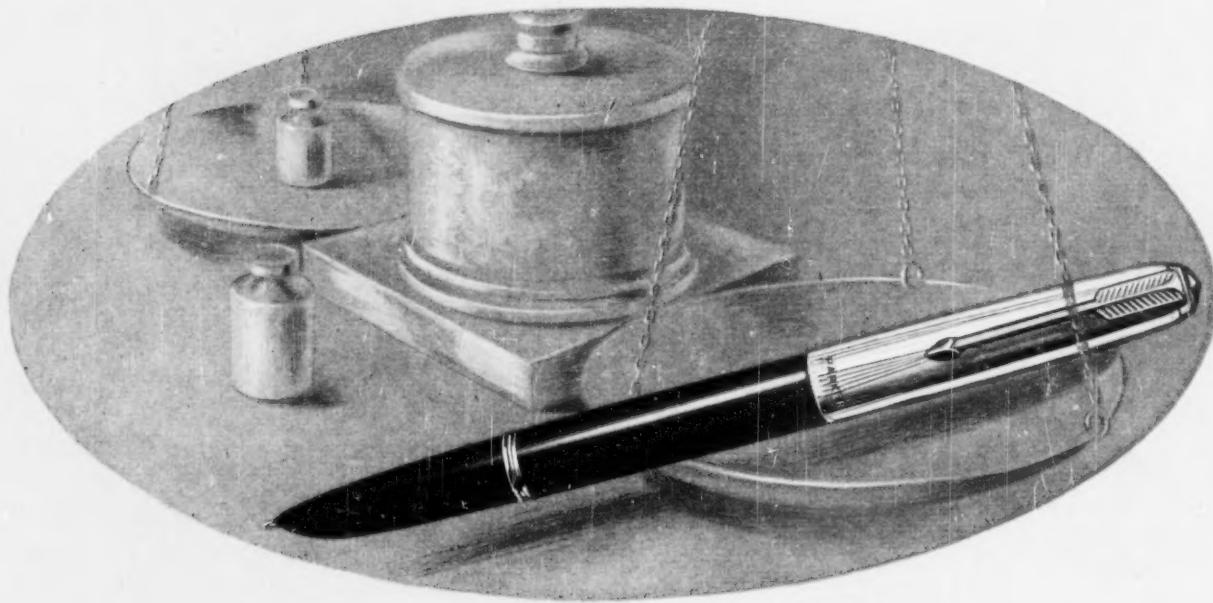
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EDITORIAL

Now Is the Time To Decide About Conscription

IT DOESN'T take much of a memory or much of a nose to catch the scent of familiar and palpable dangers in Canada's current method of recruiting for military defense. The method differs in detail from the methods we used in the two world wars. But in essence it's the same old Army game—the same attempt to sustain the illusion that when a nation calls its men to duty, only those who feel like doing so need respond.

As has been our habit, we've been conducting our latest recruiting drive as though we were conducting a fraternity rush. We are still so firmly wedded to the voluntary system of raising a military force that even after they had volunteered to join the Army, several thousand of our best-trained soldiers were recently given the choice of volunteering or of not volunteering to fight. It does more credit to the Army itself than to its political leaders that enlistments for the "Korea brigade," both from the rest of the Army and from civvy street, have been adequate. The venerated and uniquely Canadian tradition that no soldier ever ought to get shot at unless he asks for it in writing appears to be safe for the time being.

The arguments against this tradition are so old and—to us, at any rate—so obvious that we're not going to repeat them here. The truth on which Canada tried to turn its back in 1914 and in 1939 is still the truth today. If Canadian blood must be shed again in the common interest of Canadians, justice demands that the shedding be apportioned with as much equity as is possible. The cost to the individual should be measured not by the individual's willingness to pay but by his fitness to pay.

Now is the time for this nation to decide whether it wishes to prepare for and if need be fight another war according to the frat-rush technique. If there is another war, or any perceptible increase in the danger of war, the volunteer system will almost certainly fail—as it failed twice before—to meet the full manpower requirements of the Canadian armed services. Conscription will no longer be one of those messy little moral issues that are best forgotten by politicians who want to stay in office. It will become, as it became in 1917 and in 1944, a highly practical issue with a highly practical bearing on our national safety and efficiency.

That's why we say that now is the time to talk about conscription again. Now—while security and official secrecy still permit a reasonably searching public discussion of the military factors involved. Now—while those who are opposed to government policies can speak their minds without breaking the laws against "giving comfort to the enemy." Now—before the whole question is aggravated and confused by the proclamation of promises that are not quite promises, policies that are not quite policies and principles that will not stand the test of principle. **Now**, above all, before the timid, fustian theories about "national unity" have been allowed once more to get dug in by default.

In our opinion, Parliament has no more urgent duty than to decide about conscription, now.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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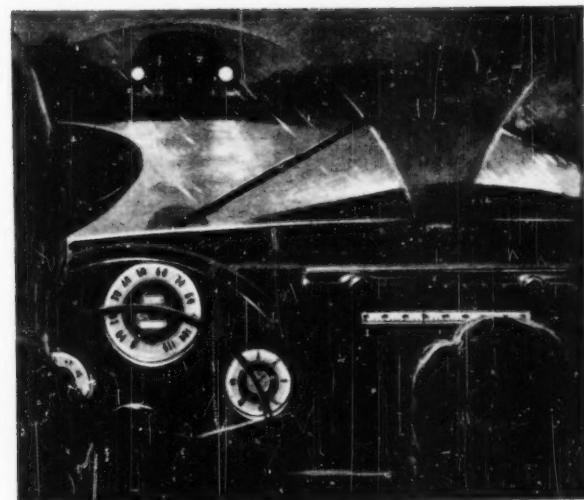
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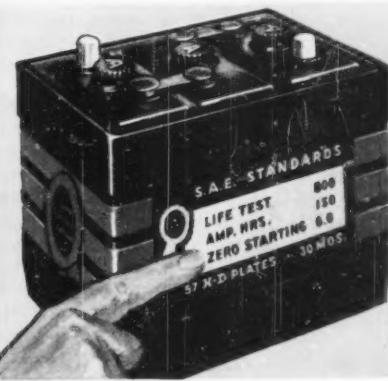
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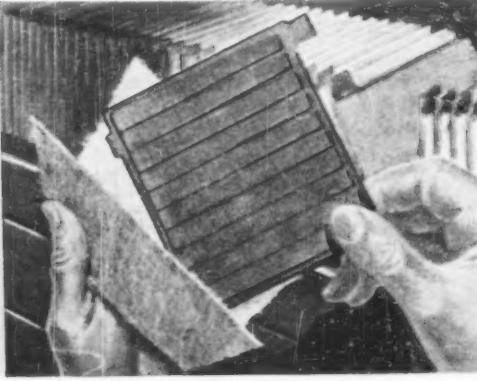


2. Because of added electrical equipment, today's automobiles need 40% more battery power than prewar cars.

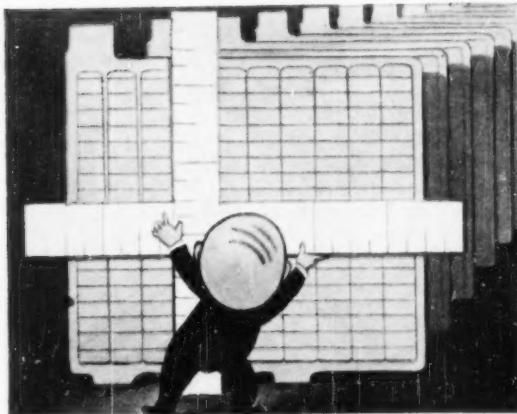
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New weapons help fight ARTHRITIS

RECENT medical discoveries have brought new hope to the 600,000 Canadians who have arthritis and other rheumatic diseases.

Medical science is definitely on the march against these afflictions. For example, experiments with many new substances have shown



great promise in test cases, even though they have not as yet been completely verified on a broad scale. These substances, however, are very scarce and at present are available only for research purposes and for limited use in treatment in certain hospitals.

Even without such substances, doctors today know more than ever before about arthritis and how to treat it. They also know that one of the big problems is to get people to have prompt medical attention in the early stages of the disease.



Too often those with arthritis rely on so-called "sure cures" which may temporarily relieve pain but generally do little or nothing to correct the fundamental situation. According to the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society, if proper treatment is started early, about 60 percent of the arthritis patients can be greatly helped and in some cases completely relieved.

There are many different forms of arthritis. The two most common are rheumatoid arthritis which usually begins before age 40, and osteoarthritis which is found most often in people past middle age. Using approved diagnostic methods, including a complete physical examination, the doctor can usually determine what type of arthritis is present and prescribe the treatment best suited to the patient's individual needs.

Among other things, the doctor may recommend bringing the weight



down to normal. Even as little as 10 or 15 pounds of extra weight may appreciably increase the pain of arthritis, especially in the weight-bearing joints. He may also suggest following a nutritious but moderate daily diet, maintaining proper posture, and paying careful attention to daily hygiene.

While great strides have been made in treating the disease, medical research is continuing its efforts to develop more effective weapons against the many forms of arthritis. Today, doctors believe that the future holds real hope for the thousands of people with this condition.

For other helpful information about the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, entitled "Arthritis."



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Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Is It Later Than They Say?

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor



job," he said, "but it would not have the same security. Working conditions wouldn't be so good, either—right now I'm only working 37½ hours a week."

After a few minutes' silence he added: "Even if I were a civilian, though, I don't think I'd volunteer for this Korea brigade. Can't see any advantage in it."

"Even if I were a civilian"—an odd phrase for a professional soldier to use in that context.

TOP - LEVEL Co-ordination Note: Recently the U. S. Navy wanted the ocean schedules of Canadian National and Canadian Pacific ships. They sent an enquiry to the Canadian Joint Staff in Washington.

The Canadian Joint Staff man didn't know, so he forwarded the enquiry to the Joint Planning Committee (tri-service) in Ottawa.

The Joint Planning Committee didn't know, so they forwarded the enquiry to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff didn't know, so they forwarded the enquiry to the civilian Maritime Commission.

The Maritime Commission didn't know, but they devised a solution to the problem. They sent an office boy across the street to the nearest travel agency. He was back in 10 minutes, with two timetables.

DRIVING to Montreal the other day I picked up a young corporal who was going home on a 48-hour leave. He'd been in the army three years and liked it very much. He was learning an interesting, highly skilled trade that would enable him to get a job anywhere, he thought. However, he'd pretty well decided to sign up for another five-year hitch in the army. (This was before the order-in-council putting the permanent force on active service. Now he has no chance.)

"I might get more pay in a civilian

"In our opinion and in the opinion of almost every witness, the recruiting methods were bad . . . Advertised recruiting had been left almost entirely to professional advertisers and specialists in commercial radio who have known nothing of the Navy, however skilled they may be in the sale of consumer goods to a coy and jaded public . . . 'Soft soap operas' do not contain the virility, dignity and patriotic appeal which should have been used to persuade young Canadians to serve their country."

The commission went on to quote a startling collection of slogans culled from official advertising:

"THE NAVY'S THE LIFE . . . Financial Security Now and a Pension for the Future."

"YOU CAN BECOME A SAILOR—and what a swell life it is . . . I joined the *Continued on page 68*



Some Canadians feel the politicians have misjudged Quebec feelings.



PIERRE TODAY is a fatalist. But the spirit of "La France" still smolders.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE by BEVERLEY BAXTER

A Nation Seeks Its Soul

I AM writing this letter from a hotel in the pleasant seaside community of Le Touquet, France, where I am visiting for a few days—my first trip to France since the winter of 1939-40.

Before the war Le Touquet was a favorite resort of rich Britons. The hotels were luxurious, the play at the Casino high, the golf course excellent and, if you really wanted to see the sea, there was nothing to prevent it providing you were willing to journey one mile from the Casino.

When France was occupied by the Germans, that pudgy voluptuous Hermann Goering took one of the villas here as his headquarters. As Le Touquet is only 20 miles from Boulogne he was ready to cross to England as soon as the German Army had landed on our coast and was sweeping toward London.

The war years followed each other until the situation was reversed. There came the great moment when the allied armies were ready to invade Europe. But where would they land? Hitler had one view; Goering had another; the only one who was right was Rommel but he was out of favor and no longer had the ear of the Führer. But there is a long deep beach at Paris Plage, next door to Le Touquet, and it could not be ruled out from the German calculations. Realizing this the Allied Air Force sent a bombing raid two or three days before the invasion.

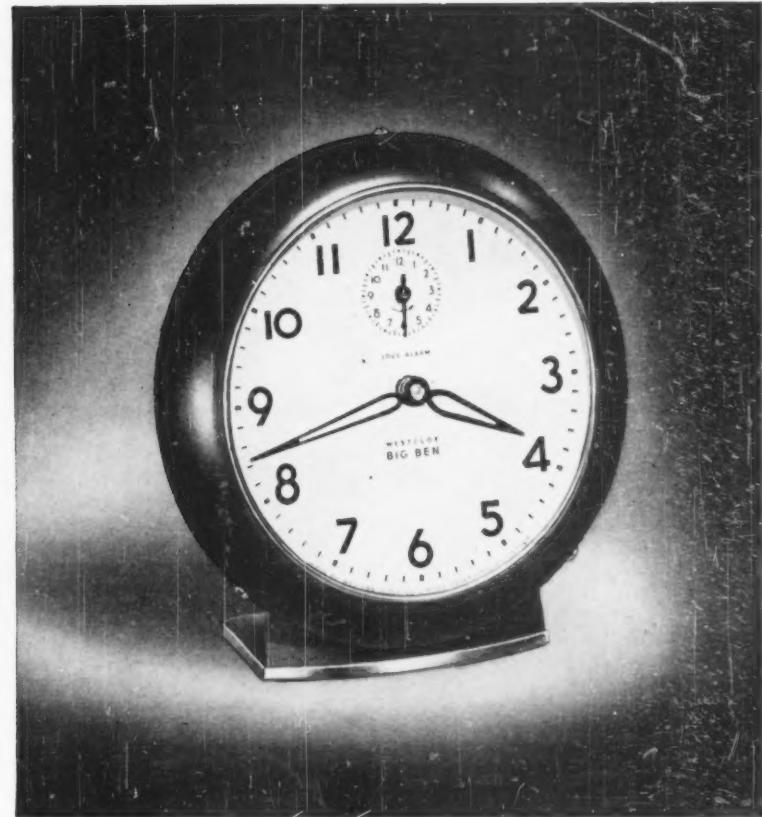
Goering's villa was demolished but, of course, he was back in Germany. The golf course was blasted in many places, some of the luxury hotels were destroyed, and as always a

number of little houses with their innocent inhabitants were blasted into eternity. But the bombardment kept a considerable body of Germans concentrated here for defense while the invasion thrust was made far away in Normandy.

The last time I was over here the Royal Air Force had asked me to visit units and talk to them, presumably to take their minds off the phony war. On that occasion, accompanied by my old Canadian friend of World War I, Major T. W. MacDowell, V.C., I went to Verdun and saw the endless snow-covered slopes with thousands upon thousands of little French crosses with their simple inscription: "Mort sur le Champ d'Honneur." In that immortal defense the French suffered nearly a million casualties as day after day, week after week, their troops moved into the trenches with the cry of "Aux armes les morts!" The slaughter was so terrible that living men literally fought beside dead. That cry of "To arms the dead!" was not merely the Gallic sense of the dramatic; it expressed the pride and glory of a nation which had conquered the land of the mind but had been bled almost to death in wars of conquest and defense.

MacDowell and I paused on our way to Alsace-Lorraine to visit the Hall of Memories erected at the top of the Verdun slope. There was invisible lighting which gave a sunset glow to the interior and on the walls were the names of boys and men, sons, brothers, husbands, fiancés, who had fallen at Verdun. But with that delicacy

Continued on page 30



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BIG BEN*

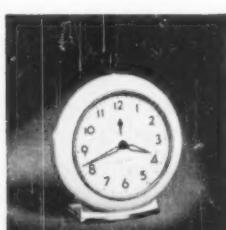
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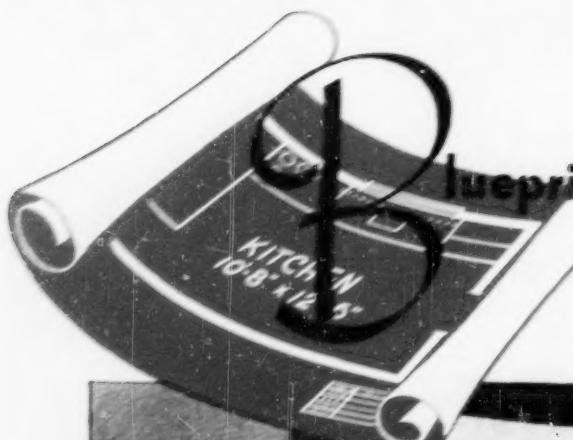


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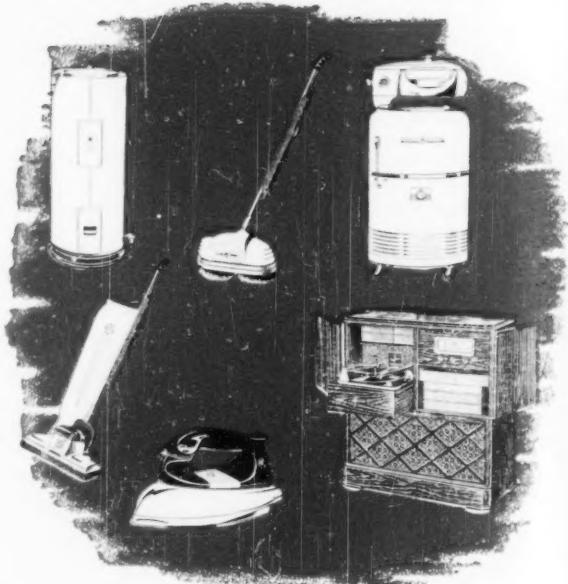
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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

THE GREATEST DANGER IS IN EUROPE

Even while the guns thunder from Asia this searching analysis shows the peril in Europe where fear is stronger than the will to fight

BY MATTHEW HALTON

CBC European Correspondent

PARIS—Recent headlines, easily read by the light of flames from a cold war suddenly turned hot, have directed the world's attention to Korea and the rest of Asia. But Europe is still the hottest, most dangerous area in a world full of danger.

It's no mistaken local pride that makes Europeans of the West claim for themselves this nervous distinction. They are frightened.

Paul Reynaud, of France, recently spoke for many Europeans when he asked: "It should be Russia who's afraid of us, not us who are afraid of Russia. What is the matter?"

What is the matter?

Why is the famous continent defenseless today, except for the incalculable shadow of the atom bomb, and as frightened as she has ever been before?

Europe includes the 50 million Britons, still as tough, stubborn and valorous as any people in the world. It includes the 42 million Frenchmen, still in many ways a proud and vigorous race. It includes the 50 million West Germans, perhaps the best military manpower in the world. It includes the 27 million people of Spain, which has the largest army in Europe. It includes the 46 million Italians, who though not martial could be far from negligible. It includes the 18 million Belgians and Dutch. All these people share a desire to resist the advance of Russian Communism. Behind them is the mighty potential of the United States and Canada.

Yet this is the most dangerous hour in the history of Europe since the fall of Rome 1,500 years ago.

Let the Kremlin give the word—and the temptation to move before the West is armed must surely be

gnawing at Soviet leaders—and the dark would plunge down over Europe, probably forever. The American Superfortresses in East Anglia would take off at once with their atom bombs, but Western Europe would be overrun within a few weeks.

What is the matter? And what can be done?

The immediate answer is that we have not got the essential 50 divisions behind the Elbe although in recent weeks a quickening awareness of the danger has been reflected in a brisker pace of preparedness. Attlee has increased Britain's Western defense force to three divisions; Truman has indicated willingness to increase the U. S. contribution; at the same time Churchill called for up to 70 divisions including two or three Canadian units. St. Laurent gave Canada's official position—she'd send no troops at this time, only arms.

The fact is that Europe lacks the morale and the dynamism to do this big job alone. If Atlantica—Western Europe and North America—were a working entity with a coherent governing intelligence the spark could be there.

This entity is growing up before our eyes, fast. But Korea has shown that we need large bodies of soldiers now—and we have to fortify Europe's morale somehow before she will make the effort to save herself. That means we must have many British, American and Canadian divisions east of the Rhine.

General de Lattre de Tassigny, commander-in-chief of the land forces of Western Europe, told me: "Europe needs dollars, arms and trained men, but above all she needs an idea, the idea that she can be saved." The Europeans do not want

Continued on page 36



VANCOUVER'S McLARNINS when Jimmy (second from right at top) was already a teen-age pro. He had his first fight at a smoker when he was

12. At 16 Pop Foster took him to the U.S. to win fame. Mrs. McLarnin had 12 children, 10 of them shown here. Three youngest are grandchildren.

PART TWO

DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE

By Jimmy McLarnin as told to Ralph Allen

WHEN I was 11 years old my father, Sam McLarnin, gave me two pairs of boxing gloves. I tied the laces together, slung the gloves across the back of my neck and started down the street. Our street was Union Street, not far from the docks in Vancouver. Some people would call it a poor street and some people would call it a tough street, but to me it was a good street because there was always something doing.

It was my idea to keep going down the street, a block at a time, putting on the gloves with a new kid at every corner. I licked the kid at the first corner and started for the second corner wondering if I wasn't being too conservative. Maybe after I was finished on my street I could branch out to the other streets. Maybe in time I could work my way down to the docks and get one of the ship's captains to put on the gloves with me. And then I could order the ship's captain to take me to Seattle or San Francisco and I could tie my gloves around my neck again and go looking for Jess Willard.

Fighters are made, not born. And Pop Foster, who knew as much about them as any man alive, made Jimmy McLarnin. He started by ordering a wiry kid of 12 to paint chairs with his left hand, and wound up with a champion of the world

At the second corner I met a kid named Wellington Wallace, whose brother Gordon later got to be a good welterweight. Wellington was a little bigger than I was, but he was the only kid in sight.

He beat my ears off. I took my gloves back and mumbled, "Great stuff, boxing."

"Yeah," Wellington said.

"We'll have to have another," I said.
"Sure. How about tomorrow?"

I took my gloves home and hung them up for a year. Even though I didn't know it at the time, I was beginning to learn the first lesson of boxing, the one without which none of the others can mean a thing. A boxer must be made. He cannot be born. Even if he is born as strong as an elephant, as brave as a lion and as swift as a gazelle—and I wasn't—someone has to teach him to be a boxer. The learning has to come slow and hard and it's never finished.

I can't deny that I started out with, or soon acquired, things that are useful to a fighter, things that a lot of kids don't have to start. My father, who is still alive and vigorous at 90, gave me the constitution of a ring-post. My mother, who died of cancer nine years ago, gave me a Methodist upbringing and I never had to be told that wine, women and song could ruin a boxer because I'd already been told and believed that wine, women and song could ruin anybody.

There were 12 kids in our family. We were always far from rich and seldom very far from poor.

An older brother of mine died in infancy and, as the oldest boy in the family, I sold papers from the time I was old enough to stake out a stand on the Vancouver docks and stubborn enough to hold it. I grew up believing that life was good, but that you had to work for what you got.

I was born on Lostburn Road, in Belfast, on December 19, 1907. As a young man my father had ranned in Alberta and then gone back to Ireland, married and opened a butcher shop. When I was three he brought the family back to Canada and started farming near Mortlach, Sask., a village about 25 miles west of Moose Jaw. When I was 9 we moved to Vancouver where my father opened a secondhand furniture shop.

It was about three years after this, and a year after Wellington Wallace had helped convince me that boxing could wait, that I met Pop Foster.

At that time, exactly 30 years ago, all I knew about Charles Foster was that he was a Liverpool Irishman getting on for middle age, that he had trouble walking, and that he worked on the docks one or two days a week as a stevedore. I didn't know he had fought in the Boer War with the Scots Guards and in World War I with the Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps, or that he had been blown up at Poperinghe in Belgium and almost lost both legs.

I'd heard he was interested in fights and fighters, but not that he knew as much about them as any man alive. Pop had been a fighter himself and a good one. He'd been a teacher of fighters and a great one. His own time in the ring went back to bare-knuckle days. Pop was fighting the day John L. Sullivan fought Jake Kilrain and he was fighting the day Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Jim Corbett. Pop's uncle, Tom Foster, was lightweight champion of Great Britain when Jem Mace was heavyweight champion. Pop's father ran a touring boxing circus and Pop traveled with the circus as a booth fighter. A booth fighter took on all comers, at all weights and sizes, and for every round the challenger stayed, the owner of the booth paid out a pound. The booth fighter sometimes took on as many as 15 challengers a day and if he didn't knock out at least a dozen of them in a round or less he didn't eat.

After he quit fighting, Pop trained and managed



POP FOSTER (left) told Sam McLarnin his son could be a worldbeater.

Spike Robson, the great Leeds lightweight who became champion of Britain and Europe. Around the turn of the century the lightweight division was full of giants and Robson fought them all from Jem Driscoll on his own side of the ocean to Joe Gans and Abe Attell over here.

I knew none of these things about Pop Foster then. Nor did I know the bigger things that were later to mean so much to me—his kindness, his quiet simple wisdom, his tenacity and patience, his loyalty and his unshakeable honesty. I wouldn't have suspected he could have all these qualities and still be as shrewd and hard and demanding as it was often necessary to be if you hoped to come out of a business like ours unhurt and solvent.

On the way home from the Vancouver docks to his rooming house Pop used to stop and pass the time of day with my father. One day a few of us kids were kicking a soccer ball around and Pop and my father stood watching us. If I wasn't quite the toughest kid on the street, I was the fastest.

After a while we stopped playing and I walked over to where my father and Pop were standing.

"You've got a fine pair of legs, Jimmy," Pop said.
I thanked him. Pop said, half to me and half to my father: "I could make a boxer of that boy."

"What kind of a boxer?" my father said.

"The only kind that's worth making," Pop said.

"What kind's that?" my father asked.

"A champion."

"A champion of what?"

"A champion of the world."

I was flattered although a little sceptical. I couldn't quite see how I could get to be the champion of the world unless Wellington Wallace found some other street to play on. Still, I thought, maybe after a few pointers from somebody who knew . . .

A few pointers! In Pop's book there was no such thing as a few pointers. You were either going to be a boxer or you weren't. If you weren't going to be a boxer you were better off knowing nothing about it. If you were going to be a boxer then you might as well make up your mind that there weren't enough hours in the day, enough days in the year or enough years in a lifetime to learn so much about it that you didn't need to learn still more.

I'm thankful I had sense enough to grasp this point almost from the start.

I've seen too many fighters—good fighters some of them too—sitting around gymnasiums with no place to go and nothing to do but wait for the next handout to have any doubt about its importance. Most fighters who get that way get that way because their managers were too lazy or incompetent to make them keep learning. Some of them thought they could learn by "experience" what they hadn't quite learned from practice and from study. They forgot, or never knew, that boxing is one business in which too much experience can be disastrous. Getting hit doesn't teach you how not to get hit. Getting hit too often slows your reflexes. The more often you get hit, the easier you become to hit, and the easier you become to hit the more often you get hit.

I know fighters who might have been world champions but who ended up punch-drunk simply because they made some mistake as small as holding their left elbows half an inch too high. The difference between an easy winning fight and a disastrous losing fight—which itself can mean the difference to a whole career—can be as slim as the difference between one punch that lands and the same punch that misses. And that difference in turn can be as small as the difference between five miles of roadwork and six miles of roadwork, between 50 minutes a day with the bag and an hour a day with the bag, between carrying a

Continued on page 71



HIS LEFT HAND won Jimmy McLarnin the welter championship after 14 years of learning how to use it properly. Here he straight lefts Tony Canzoneri.



A FAMOUS FOUR relax. Left to right: Fred Astaire, Joe Louis, Bob Hope, McLarnin. Jimmy knew big names, big money. He salted his cash away.



I SAW THE CHINESE REDS TAKE OVER

Civil war, China-style, paraded back and forth through this city while a Canadian watched. One of the few Westerners to live under Oriental Communism, he gives his own story of how the "new order" came to the country town of Pehpei

By NORMAN McLAREN,
as told to Herbert Steinhouse

THIS SUMMER of 1949 wasn't the best time for my first trip to China. And the straggling, hilly little town of Pehpei pronounced Bay-Pay wasn't the most serene place to live for eight months. But history swirled by me in Pehpei as I watched.

I arrived when the Chiang Kai-shek regime was still in power. I was there when the Communist troops marched in and the Nationalists marched out. I watched the change-over. I lived under the Communists. I am one of the few Westerners who have had this experience and I was the first to come out of the southwest region of China after the Reds took over. My "Foreigner's Travel Permit," issued by the Chungking Communist Government, was No. 661.

I'm a film animator employed by Canada's National Film Board. A summer ago the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization—UNESCO to most people—asked me to go to its pilot project deep in China's interior and teach Chinese artists film techniques for use in health campaigns.

I got leave from the Film Board and in August, 1949, found myself plucked from Ottawa's summertime calm and dropped in Hong Kong's hurly-burly. A decrepit Chinese cargo plane dropped me in Chungking. A jeep took me over 50 miles of dusty road northwest to Pehpei. In this little town of 20,000—no larger than, say, Brandon, Manitoba—I was to live for the next eight months.

I walked right into the civil war on my first day. I had been welcomed to town with a lunch of what appeared to be hot tennis balls. After that I had purchased at the local market place a tremendous straw hat, a pair of straw sandals and two bamboo mat beds. Returning with my purchases I strolled along the river bank to avoid the town's stifling heat. Turning a bend I almost stepped onto a whitened, corpulent body, washed up by the river. Later I was told that it was the corpse of a Nationalist general who had committed suicide. The strange part was that no one seemed excited by the event.

I sat on the darkened verandah of the brick and bamboo UNESCO headquarters after supper and listened to the sudden music of a percussion orchestra of drums, gongs and cymbals which began a frantic and insistent cacophony somewhere nearby. It was a *Siege*. *Continued on page 73*



PHOTO BY NORMAN McLAREN



THE UTTER POVERTY of the Chinese peasant leaves him prey to any overlord. Though debts are reduced he is still at starvation level.



REFUGEES POURED into Pehpei with tales of burning and looting by retreating Nationalist troops. So Mayor Lu worked out a cunning plan.



THE RED ARMY marches peaceably into Pehpei. Actually, the city was "captured" by a single truck. The citizens and children greeted the conquerors with flags, bands and bowls of rice.



THE MARKET in Pehpei. This city of 20,000 has a movie palace, is modern by Chinese standards.



PARADES, DANCES, OPERAS followed the Reds into Pehpei, delighting the young at whom most of the propaganda of the new regime is aimed. Radical changes hit the schools at once.

NEVER A DULL MOMENT AT THE LARCHEES

Something was always happening in this Victoria boardinghouse. There were the evacuee twins who drank the Major's whisky; Reggie Carstairs who got excited and proposed to Miss O'Hare; and Irma Grant who looked like a horse, but who could foretell the future

By ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG

ONLY in Victoria, B.C., could my boarding-house, The Larches, have existed. It was a very solid and rather dismal-looking house of peculiar and indeterminate architecture. When I went over to look at it, it was painted a dingy grey and looked rather like the half-submerged structure of a battleship. But after I took it over I had the front door and the shutters painted a bright blue, the roof red, and the rest of it a dazzling white.

Major Doncaster, my first boarder, tried to sketch it but, as he says, the architecture can only be appreciated from the inside. There are little flights of stairs going up and down, and alcoves and small leaded windows pop up in the most unexpected places. All it really needed was a family ghost and it may have had one but I am not as psychic as my boarder Miss Grant with her Ouija board, so I may have missed it.

Dear old ladies from Cheltenham and pukka sahibs from India always felt right at home in The Larches, and it could have been transported to South Kensington or Ealing without causing a stir in the neighborhood. And so, indeed, could my boarders. At The Larches we ate our pudding with spoon and fork and had our little flutters when the dear King spoke or the birthday honors list came out or on the terrible occasion when an American visitor remained seated when the King's health was drunk. There was seldom a dull moment at The Larches.

Our oldest boarder, Mrs. Barclay-Hodge (with the hyphen stressed), could always be relied upon to cause a little excitement. She once misplaced her pearl necklace. And our Miss O'Hare was quite a character, ready at the least provocation to recite her family tree, with all its branches, leaves and birds, from early Irish chieftains to herself. Like Mrs. Barclay-Hodge she was rather deaf and their conversations were a joy to listen to.

It was very seldom that a boarder left, but when one did the new arrival was subjected to close scrutiny.

"He seems quite a nice young man, but I like a more conservative style in a gentleman's dress."

One wet November night I heard the front doorbell ring, and as my old nurse and helper Mary was out, I went across the hall to open it, knowing by the silence in Mrs. Barclay-Hodge's room that she was on the alert. A tall good-looking man stood at the top of the steps. "Pardon me, Madam, for disturbing you at this hour, but the man at the drugstore said you might possibly be able to put me up. The hotel is full." I did not quite know what to say as I never took in strangers. He must have guessed my thoughts for he said with a smile, "I can give you the address of my bank manager, or Dr. Ridley will vouch for me, I know." On an impulse I asked him if he would like a cup of tea. Soon we were chatting away like old friends—it seemed to be understood that he was going to stay.

Poor Mrs. Barclay-Hodge must have spent an uneasy night as she knew a strange man had come



. . . A rakish figure in a nightgown, singing lustily, "It's A Long Way to Tipperary."

into the house and that he had not left. But next morning I ended her suspense and told her that Mr. Willard had taken the room vacated by Captain Agnew when he left for England.

Mr. Willard breakfasted early and only Major Doncaster was down when he left the house. But the news of his arrival traveled round and the two old ladies appeared at dinner looking very spruce—Mrs. Barclay-Hodge sporting the heirloom pearls and Miss O'Hare in her best black silk dress. Miss

Richards, a teacher at the local high school, was present, also Ted and Terry Ewan, the youngest boarders. Terry worked in a bank and Ted was articled to a lawyer. Mr. Willard was the object of much covert scrutiny. Miss O'Hare asked him several leading questions, but these he parried beautifully.

We were all mystery fans at The Larches, even Miss O'Hare. She woke us all up one night, after she had read a particularly juicy thriller, by shouting in her sleep, "Don't shoot, I'll come clean!"

Terry took several detective magazines, in one of which were published the pictures of criminals who were "wanted." At dinner one night, a week or so after Mr. Willard had come to the house, Terry was telling us all about a bank robber who was at large. In the middle of a sentence he looked at Mr. Willard and stopped.

"What did the bandit do then?" Ted asked in surprise.

"I don't know," Terry finished lamely.

The incident puzzled me, but I forgot all about it and, as we had arranged to play bridge, I went into the lounge to get the tables ready.

Just as I was putting out the packs Terry came into the room looking worried. "Mrs. Armstrong," he said, "I may be mistaken—but do you know anything about Willard? I think he is the man I was telling you about, who was mixed up in the bank robbery in Vancouver." I think he called him Lefty Smith, but it may have been One-eyed Pete.

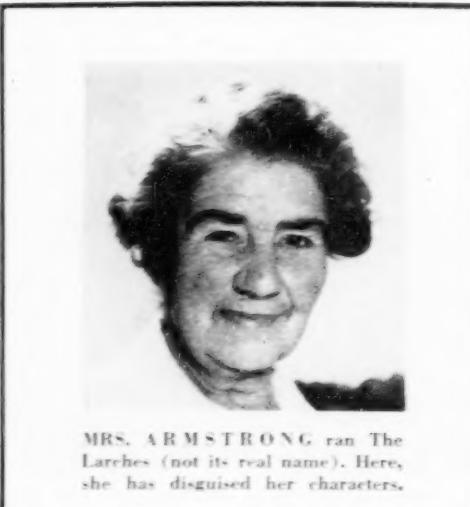
My heart missed a beat. After all, we knew little about the new boarder and I had not bothered to take up the matter of his references, but I laughed. "Don't be ridiculous, Terry, of course he isn't. Mr. Willard is a friend of Dr. Ridley's."

As I was plugging in the percolator for coffee later Mr. Willard walked into the kitchen smiling. "Don't let Terry scare you, Mrs. Armstrong," he said. "I'm not a bandit. I was using the phone in the hall and couldn't help hearing your conversation. As a matter of fact I came to Victoria to meet my brother who was supposed to arrive from China yesterday, but the boat is late. We have some business to transact before he goes back, but don't tell Terry this, he is getting a tremendous kick out of it."

But I was afraid that Terry might go to the police station so I told him. After that Terry and Mr. Willard became great friends.

The brother from China arrived, stayed awhile, then went back, but our Mr. Willard, as we called him, bought a piece of property with the intention of settling down in Victoria when he returned from a short trip to England.

Reginald Carstairs was retired from the Indian Civil Service and was particular about the I.C.S. after his name. He was very much the pukka sahib—a tall red-faced man who dressed whenever the weather was suitable in immaculate white flannels with a scarlet cummerbund and a path-



MRS. ARMSTRONG ran The Larches (not its real name). Here, she has disguised her characters.



ILLUSTRATED BY BILL BOOK

helmet. But although very pukka he was quite a lady's man and not above twirling his mustaches at a likely looking female. He was always ready with flowery old-fashioned compliments: "This is indeed a delightful dinner, Mrs. Armstrong, only to be excelled by our charming hostess." To hear him warble "Alice, Ben Bolt" at a social gathering was a perfect joy to the young people.

Mr. Carstairs was by no means a teetotaler, as one could gather from his complexion, and he enjoyed his nightly peg before retiring. At times he downed quite a number of pegs. Then, indeed, he became more pukka than ever and returned to the house with flowers and chocolates for the ladies.

In one of his more expansive moments Reginald proposed to Miss O'Hare and she accepted him.

Next morning at breakfast she coyly addressed him as Reginald. The poor old boy was at a loss for a moment, then he remembered and made a hasty retreat. We all liked our Reginald and felt sorry for him. Mr. Willard rose to the occasion with a real brain wave and sent the chastened man a telegram advising him to take the next boat to Calcutta where his wife was seriously ill. Mr. Carstairs left for the mainland the next morning before Miss O'Hare was up and wrote to her explaining about his alleged wife's illness, saying what a cad he had been, and, hinting at a broken heart, remained as ever hers, R. Carstairs.

Miss O'Hare wept copiously for a day or so, but believed him implicitly and spoke tenderly of "poor unhappy Reginald." But she had had her romance

and felt that an undying but hopeless love was being lavished upon her. She bought a lipstick and had a permanent wave on the strength of it, to greet Reginald on his return.

He stayed with a friend up the coast for several months, then returned to The Larches, looking the picture of health. He gave Miss O'Hare to understand that his wife had recovered but was confined to a lunatic asylum, and tried to look sad and woe-begone. But Miss O'Hare still addressed him as Reginald and he swore that he intended to sign the pledge, but he never did, though he avoided his cronies at the public house in Esquimalt for a long time.

Stephanie Richards, our high-school teacher, was a shy and rather

Continued on page 64

OTTAWA---FORTY CANADIANS KILLED 800 INJURED BY AUTO ON HIGHWAYS EACH

WEEK ACCORDING LATEST NATIONWIDE STATISTICS...



REN BILL

A

A LICENSE TO MURDER?

By FRED BODSWORTH



While thousands are killed and maimed each year on our roads several provinces still hand out driving licenses like dog tags. In fact, one man did get a license for his dog. Here is a dramatic demand for strict tests to keep the unfit off the road

AN OLD man shuffled into the office of an oculist in Toronto recently. "I think I need glasses," he said. Examination revealed he had less than 50% vision.

"Glasses won't help you much," the oculist told him. "You need a surgical operation." He took the man's arm and led him to a couch. "Sit there," he told him, "until whoever is driving you comes to pick you up."

"I'm driving myself," the old-timer said defiantly. The oculist stared in disbelief. "But you can't drive safely," he declared.

"Can't drive!" the man said belligerently. "I guess I can. I've been driving 20 years." He pulled on his hat and stalked out.

He hasn't returned to arrange for the operation and he is still driving. His driving permit is automatically renewed each year and he will probably continue to drive indefinitely, endangering the lives of every motorist and pedestrian he meets. Perhaps he'll end his motoring career as an involuntary suicide.

Last winter a car traveling at moderate speed skidded on icy pavement. The driver instinctively slammed on the brakes, and skidded still more. He swerved into the path of another car. Two people were killed. The driver had studied five afternoons a week for three months to qualify as a college football star, but the only instruction he ever received in the art of handling a ton-and-a-half, high-power machine which could take him into thousands of dangerous situations was an hour's lesson from an uncle and a 10-minute around-the-block license test. He had been licensed 10 years as a "capable" driver but he had never learned one of driving's fundamental safety rules—keep your foot off the brake when a tire blows or your car skids.

Near Niagara Falls last spring a driver suffered a heart attack at the wheel, crashed into another car. He was killed, five others were injured. A two-minute medical examination would have revealed the heart condition and labeled him as a highway menace. But no province in Canada gives medical tests to all drivers. Thousands who are likely to suffer sudden seizures at any moment get driving permits every year.

Every week about 40 Canadians are killed and 800 injured by autos. Car accidents are bringing death to Canadians at almost the same rate as the RCAF lost men, killed and missing, in World War II. But statistics tell only half the story. Statistics don't bleed and scream with pain. And the auto death toll mounts steadily. In 1938 it was 1,545; in 1948 it was 2,099.

Why? Police and safety experts say the main reason is that Canada, in an age of 100-horsepower 80-mile-per-hour cars, still issues licenses to drive as casually as it hands out dog tags. In some provinces the licensing system is a hypocritical form of taxation in which little effort is made to keep the unskilled and physically handicapped off the highways.

In fact, at least five provinces will shoot driving permits out through the mail with never a question about whether the recipient can see past his radiator. I know, for I have the permits, issued by Prince Edward Island, Quebec, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, on my desk. They are made out to a man who doesn't exist. If he did exist he

could be blind, paralyzed, a homicidal maniac, dope addict and escaped murderer, for the department which issued the permits made no real attempt to find out.

Says Inspector Vernon Page, head of Toronto police traffic division: "If Canada had a thorough system of testing drivers and culled out all the unqualified, 40% of people now driving cars would be pulled off the road. Inadequacy of driver testing is the major cause of accidents.

"The biggest fault which present testing doesn't reveal is lack of knowledge of simple rules of the road and safety practices. How many drivers know that it takes 115 feet to stop a car traveling at 40 miles per hour? How many know that slamming on brakes when a tire blows is a sure way of rolling a car over? A driver who doesn't know these things is not a safe driver.

"The second biggest driver fault is physical and visual defects. Canada's licensing systems let by thousands of drivers with eyesight and physical handicaps."

Another police chief told me: "How are we supposed to cut down accidents when permits are issued to fatheads who couldn't even drive a wheelbarrow safely?"

The Cars Are Better Than Their Drivers

Safety experts like W. A. Bryce, of the University of Toronto's school of public safety, say about 10% of drivers now licensed in Canada would be denied permits if medical tests alone were given. Most of these are unaware they have medical defects which make them poor drivers—250,000 potential killers zooming down our highways with the spectre of death always in the back seat. The common defects are faulty vision, epilepsy, heart conditions, diabetes, and certain arthritic conditions responsible for sudden pains and temporary paralyses.

Says Bryce: "Eighty-five per cent of accidents are due to human error, 10% to mechanical failure in the vehicle, 5% to road and weather conditions. It would cost millions to test all cars and keep them in perfect shape, and even then you would be eliminating the cause of only 10% of accidents. An all-round drivers' test which would detect physical handicaps and demand a thorough driving knowledge from the remainder would strike at the real source of accidents."

L. L. Theriault, motor vehicle registrar for New Brunswick, said recently that accident reports from police which reach his desk make it obvious that "there are many licensed drivers who are physically and mentally incompetent to handle a car." He added that his office was powerless to deal with the problem under present licensing regulations.

Police Chief J. J. Oakes, of Saint John, N.B., added: "Stricter licensing, when we get it, should cut down accidents a lot."

Recently the Vancouver Sun, discussing the system under which driving permits are automatically renewed each year, commented: "There is no means of telling how many hundreds of thousands of drivers are menaces to the public and themselves. Their vision may be poor, their reactions retarded by degenerative disease, but governments give them the right to take death-dealing machines at will onto public highways." *Continued on page 60*



Mach

COLOR

Lena Horne - GLAMOUR C.O.D.



The girl on Tomorrow Mountain. When she sings it the weather really gets stormy.

By LESLIE F. HANNON

SHE came threading her way quickly through the overcrowded Fiesta Room in Toronto's Prince George Hotel, into the haze of cigarette and cigar smoke and the splutter of applause. She gave no sign of acknowledgment; just walked up to the microphone standing on the dance floor and started to sing. The orchestra lifted smoothly into "Beale Street Blues."

Presenting Miss Lena Calhoun Horne busy picking up \$1,000.

She instantly cut the noise in the night club by singing softly, moodily, almost to herself so that the crowd had to strain to hear. As the attention of the crowd hardened she began to sing to them. Within a few moments the crowd was hers.

She stood tall at the mike in an orange and black gown, low cut from bare shoulders, the skintight velvet skirt slit knee-high, a flaring corsage at her waist. Her beautiful strong-coffee-colored face, smeared thick with pancake make-up, was passionate with the emotions of her song.

It was the dinner show and the service in the jammed Fiesta Room had been slow. You could feel the irritability of a lot of people who thought they had been packed in far too tightly at the price of \$5.50 per head dinner minimum.

But with one number Lena had challenged and beaten all this. The food waited cold, the ice melted in the highballs.

She stepped forward, straight on to Duke Ellington's "tomorrow Mountain":

*Just across Tomorrow Mountain
There's a happy city, they say,
Where the people are grand and time is planned
So it's Christmas every day.*

She told stories in song, usually love stories, usually yearning, often tragic. The voice was throaty and intimate, but it didn't add up to much in terms of real singing—it's what she did with it that mattered.

She sang straight through a bracket of maybe six songs, including some that movies and records have made almost exclusively hers: "Stormy Weather," "Can't Help Lovin' That Man," "The Lady Is a Tramp." Then she was gone, immediately beyond the reach of encores.

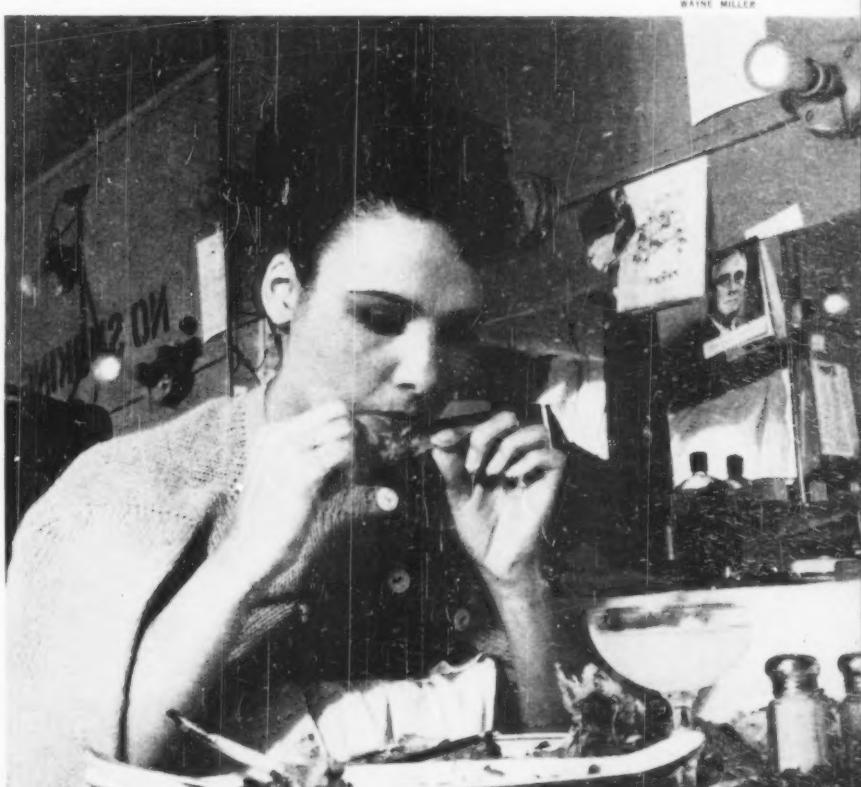
It's not strange perhaps that a big-name star comes to a second-string hotel in Toronto and wows the local nightfliers but when you know that that same person also wows them in London's Palladium, Paris' Champs Elysées, in Brussels and Rome, in Vancouver's Cave, in Burlington's Brant Inn, in New York's Copacabana, in Slapsie Maxie's of Hollywood; that she has picked up \$50,000 for two weeks at

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Canadians of two cities have jammed night clubs to hear this coffee-colored charmer who made almost \$400,000 last year. This is all because she sings her throaty songs to YOU



Strong for racial amity, Lena attends Toronto Junch for the Jewish Appeal.



Off-stage and into a chicken plate. Gone the gown, the make-up, the glamour.

GIANTS OF GOLGOTHA

Men the size of haystacks half-killing each other for her favors—what chance had a soft-soapin' preacher?

By FRED DELANO

I WAS about 10 years old, and in the third reader when Beth McCurdy come to teach at Golgotha school. I'll never forget that third reader. It was one of them old McGuffy kind, and had a story about some dwarfs that lived in a coal cellar. Now, I didn't think much of them dwarfs — them being so little. I don't reckon they amounted to much, because you've got to be mostly he-man to get anywhere in this world.

But to get back to Beth McCurdy. She wasn't a timid thing, like they usually are in storybooks. She'd come from Deadwood, knew one end of a horse from the other, and was strong enough to knock the kids for a loop when they needed it, which was frequent.

You see, Dad run the store at Golgotha and believed in e'ucation. He always said a man ought to have something above the whiskers besides eyebrows and bone, and he thought a man who signed his name with an X was too lazy to live and worse than a heathen. Anyway, he drove all the way to Basin after Beth McCurdy, and that was no mean chore, the round trip being 130 slow miles.

And I'll never forget how Beth looked the first time I seen her. Dad got in town with her just as Mom and me was setting down to supper. He brought Beth into the kitchen, and with the first squint I almost busted my hackamore.

She was sort of round and smooth and darkish, and I said to myself, "Sonofabuck, if Dad ain't brung us an Indian

for a teacher!" When she got unwrapped I found out different. Brother, was she pretty! She had the blackest hair and the whitest teeth and her eyes was like a pair of big, black chokecherries. I reckon she must have been about 20 years old.

As soon as word got around that a new teacher had hit town, Dad did a good business in hats and scarfs and fancy shirts. It seemed all the young fellows in the country went on a duding-up spree, and the hitch rack in front of the store was lined with saddle horses every evening.

The boys would set around and smoke and tell jokes and spit at flies, like they had nothing on their minds at all, but everyone knew why the other fellow was there. Only one or two of 'em ever had nerve enough to get farther than the store except on special occasions, like when there was a dance in the hall above the store, or when they put on a Sunday rodeo at the old roundup pens north of town. Anyhow, most of 'em lost heart and drifted away when they found Uncle Long Lazard and Baker Boone was paying court to the teacher.

NAMES is funny things. Now, Uncle Long's real name was Henry, but when he was a kid someone called him "Long Ton" on account of his size and the name stuck. But it was so long they finally shortened it to "Long," if you get what I mean.

Uncle Long had a big, black

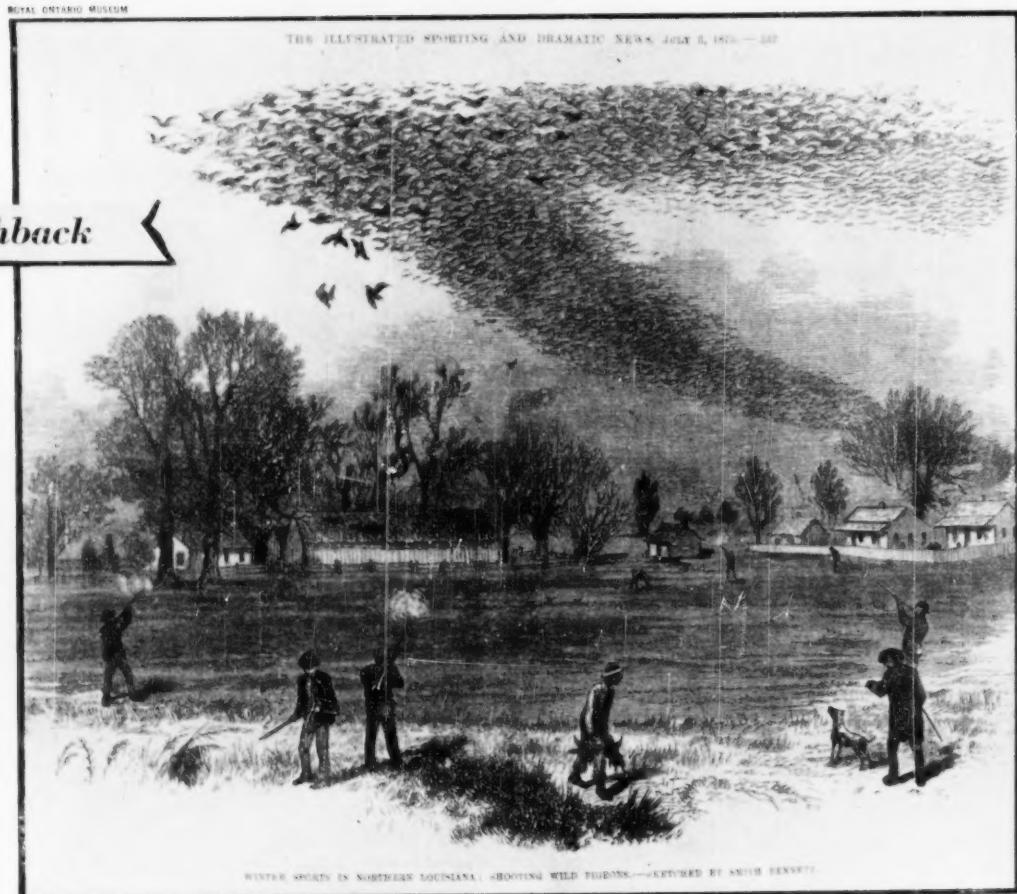
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ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WINTER



Man alive, they hit hard!
Their blows jarred the
ground when they landed.





FLOCKS were so dense that everyone was a marksman. One Maritimer got 132 at one shot.

How We Massacred the Passenger Pigeon

Once these birds would blot out the sun in Eastern Canada. Then the hunters went to work with guns and nets and a wanton fury. Soon the last passenger pigeon in the world died in a cage in Cincinnati.

By CHARLES NEVILLE

TN MAY, 1860, an English traveler and sportsman, W. Ross King, stopped off at Fort Mississauga, near Niagara, on a tour of Eastern Canada. One dawn he was awakened hurriedly by his servant: "The pigeons are flying, sir. You must see it."

King wrote in his diary: "Hurrying out, I was amazed to behold the air filled, the sun obscured by millions of pigeons . . . a vast mass a mile or more in breadth and stretching before and behind as far as the eye could reach. Swiftly and steadily the column passed over with a rushing sound and for hours continued in undiminished myriads . . . It was late afternoon before any decrease in the mass was perceptible . . . the duration of the flight being about 14 hours, from 4 a.m. to 6 p.m. The column, allowing a probable velocity of 60 miles per hour, could not have been less than 300 miles in length."

King was most conservative in allowing for probable gaps in the flock, or maybe his arithmetic was faulty, for 14 hours at 60

Grand Pigeon Match,



At the Golden Lion Inn, Yonge-Street.

A Grand Pigeon SHOOTING MATCH

Will take place at *Sheppard's Inn*, as above, on WEDNESDAY, 26th of SEPTEMBER, instant. Upwards of Three Hundred Pigeons are provided for the occasion, and it is purposed to give Three Prizes as follows:

For the Best Shot, a Prize of £10.—Second best £5.—Third £3.—A Grand Prize £1.

47 Shooting to commence at 11 o'Clock, before which Hour the Gentlemen wishing to participate in the Sport, will be required to enter their names, and to comply with such Regulations for the government of the Sport, as may be arranged amongst themselves after their arrival.

The money will be on the Table at 4 o'Clock

Dinner will be on the Table at 4 o'clock.
TOKY, 16th Sept. 1833.

mph would give the flock a length of more than 800 miles.

This was the passenger pigeon, a bird so numerous in pioneer America that flocks frequently kept the sun blacked out for hours at a time. When the pigeons passed over the beat of hundreds of thousands of wings became a roar of uninterrupted thunder and men had to shout into each other's ears to make themselves heard. America had two great wonders that astounded travelers Niagara Falls and the passenger pigeon.

The story of the passenger pigeon is one of the most incredible chapters of Canadian and U. S. history. They nested in colonies so vast that sometimes every tree in 100 square miles of forest would contain from 10 to 50 nests. Yet today not one of America's once most spectacular bird survives.

This stupendous host of bird life was wiped out by man in a ruthless orgy of slaughter. The passenger pigeon's powerful breast muscles which carried it through the air at 60 mph were tastier eating than wild duck. They were roasted, stewed, fried, made into soup, but most wound up in pioneer America's

famous pigeon pie, with a piece of fat pork added to make gravy. City residents clamored for them and millions were sold at the markets for from 50 cents to \$1 a dozen.

They were easy to kill. They loved their own company and clung together in flocks so vast that one hunter could sometimes bag thousands in a day. They were not intelligent and would flock by hundreds to grain bait under trap nets. They were carried to city markets by the barrel and wagon-load. Discarded wings and feathers were used to fill mudholes in roads. One Michigan market hunter amassed \$60,000 selling pigeons for 40 to 50 cents per dozen.

During the spring of 1859 one gunner bagged 3,500 pigeons within a mile of Ottawa. Bill Loane, a well-known Toronto market hunter who died in 1907, once caught more than 1,000 birds in a single haul of his trap net on Toronto Islands. In 1878, 500 gunners from all parts of Canada and the U. S. converged on one of the last great pigeon nestings at Petoskey, Mich., and shipped out an average of 50 barrels of birds per day from March to August.

The passenger pigeon became a sacrifice to man's greed and stupidity.

It was the aristocrat of the pigeons, a bird clan which numbers about 500 species throughout the world. Most pigeons, though expert flyers, are stubby and short-tailed, but the passenger pigeon was a slim highly colored bird with a long tail that gave it grace and manoeuvrability possessed by few of its cousins. It was large, too, as pigeons go, usually more than 16 inches long (a little shorter than a crow, though slimmer and much more graceful). Slaty-blue on the back and head, reddish below, its plumage was sleek and thick and had an iridescent sheen.

C. A. Fleming, writing on the wild pigeon in the Owen Sound Sun-Times 20 years ago, recalled: "When the sun shone on them as they flew there was a perfect riot of color. The flash of brilliant color and the wonderful whir of their wings can never be forgotten." But most of Fleming's generation have joined the pigeons and today it is all but forgotten. Only men and women in their 80's can now recall the pigeons' glory. A handful of dusty museum skins alone remain as faded mementoes.

Passenger pigeon bones have been found dating back to the Pleistocene age, one million years ago. Thousands of years of ice didn't faze it. But 100 years of civilization and the double-barreled musket purged it million by million and finally bird by bird until literally the last one was gone.

The passenger pigeon, unlike most migratory birds, was erratic and wandering, appearing by the million one year, missing entirely from the same area the next. These erratic movements were searches for food. The pigeon lived mainly on the mast of beechnuts, acorns and chestnuts and it had to go each year where there had been a good nut crop the year before. Alexander Wilson, father of American ornithology, once computed that a flock of two billion pigeons he saw would require 17,424,000 bushels of mast daily, allowing a conservative half-pint per bird.

It was a bird of the hardwood forests and ranged from the Rockies eastward to the Atlantic and north to the latitude of Hudson Bay wherever the forests grew. In Canada it was common in the Maritimes, southern Quebec, Ontario and in the wooded areas of southern Manitoba. In reduced numbers it overflowed into the conifer forests of Hudson and James Bays, northern Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Mackenzie Valley. It was rarely seen on the Prairies. It migrated in winter to the southern states.

Charles Fothergill, first postmaster at Port Hope, and Ontario's earliest known naturalist, wrote in his diary in 1827: "As to computing the numbers that migrate into Canada, some conception may be formed from the fact that I have known 1,500,000 to pass over one small field in a single day. Similar streams are pouring from the south every 100 yards or less along a frontier of nearly 1,800 miles."

Men dropped work in the fields, women rushed outdoors, schools closed and all stood gazing in

astonishment as the mighty armies thundered overhead. Near Owen Sound, Ont., 70 years ago a 50-foot elm in the centre of a field was used extensively as an observation roost by passing pigeon flocks. Because prevailing winds blew from the west most of the tree's branches extended to the east. The weight of thousands of pigeons roosting constantly on the tree's one side caused it to bend over and grow in a half-circle until finally its top rested on the ground.

An old document describing Acadia (Nova Scotia) in 1662 says: "Pigeons abound in such numbers that this year one man killed 132 at a single shot."

Hundreds of references to the passenger pigeon lie

hidden in old and forgotten publications and diaries. Scores of them have been collected and preserved by James L. Braillie, ornithologist at the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology, Toronto, and by Margaret Mitchell, whose book, "The Passenger Pigeon in Ontario," is rated as the finest study of the species ever published.

Alexander Wilson was once visiting a settler's cabin in Ohio. He wrote: "I was suddenly struck with astonishment at a loud rushing roar, succeeded by instant darkness, which I took for a tornado about to overwhelm the house." When the Ohio family noticed Wilson trembling in alarm they told him: "It is only a flock of pigeons."

Sometimes exhausted pigeons flew so low over hilltops and lake cliffs they were knocked down with poles. Dr. A. B. Welford, of Woodstock, Ont., shot 400 pigeons before 10 one April morning in 1870, ran out of ammunition, then "I hid myself behind a fence and taking a long slender cedar rail knocked down many more as they came over."

In John Geikie's "Life in the Woods," a little-known Canadian travelogue published in 1864: "I heard of a man who had to throw himself on his face to escape being hit by the pigeon flocks. I have seen bagfuls killed with nothing but poles."

Most flocking birds separate at mating time but the passenger pigeon clung together in vast colonies even for nesting. Near

Continued on page 52



MARTHA, the world's last passenger pigeon, died at 29 in 1914 surrounded by weeping men who had vainly fought to save the species.

RECIPE: Take One Steamboat —



The shore dinners served up by Tony Didier, chef of the CPR's Algonquin Hotel at St. Andrews, N.B., delight pampered palates.

Clams, lobsters, oysters, salmon, shad, sole — even the words are good enough to eat. This Maritimer takes you to a traditional shore dinner that's cooked between seaweed, then tells you how to duplicate the dishes in your own kitchen

By IAN SCLANDERS

FIVE hundred delegates to a Trades and Labor Congress convention loosened their belts and stretched out on the white sand. A gentle breeze sang through the tall pine trees behind them, and New Brunswick's St. John River meandered along in front. Scores of them dropped off into contented slumber—even though the sun was still high.

They were stuffed, happy, at peace with the world, for they had just had a feast prepared by Frank Tilley Belyea.

They had consumed, among other things, six barrels of clams, three barrels of lobsters, 10 large salmon, 100 pounds of finnan haddie, two hindquarters of mildly pickled baby beef, 50 chickens, 100 dozen eggs, one barrel of corn on the cob, one barrel of cabbage, one barrel of cauliflower, one barrel of potatoes, half a barrel of turnips, half a barrel of carrots, oranges, ban-

anas, 1,000 pints of ale, 36 bottles of Scotch (for medicinal purposes) and 150 pounds of dulse (seaweed).

Belyea, a chunky white-haired man, adjusted the small brown tam he always wears and beamed with triumph as his blue eyes surveyed the debris and the sleepers. There wasn't enough food left to attract a stray cat—and once again he had maintained his reputation as maestro of the shore dinner.

His magic touch brings clams and lobsters and salmon to succulent perfection—but his

recipes, unfortunately, are a bit unwieldy for the average household. Each begins: "Take one steamboat. Scour boiler very clean . . ."

Belyea, now retired, was formerly chief engineer of the Saint John (N.B.) General Hospital. His hobby is cooking for crowds, and he has achieved his greatest successes by combining culinary art and engineering know-how.

He selects a beach beside a wharf where a steamboat can be tied up. From the boiler of the vessel (scoured very clean) he pipes live steam ashore into an arrangement of large casks in which the ingredients of the meal have been packed in fresh seaweed.

Lacking a steamboat, Belyea can still produce a gourmet's dream, but his other method is also too cumbersome for the ordinary family. He digs a pit four feet deep, five feet wide, and 10 feet long, and lines it with stones. *Continued on page 54*





Host to Thirsty Main Street

Inviting you to the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola

The People Only Death Will Touch

Leprosy has been the world's most feared disease for centuries but this missionary went into Africa to find there's no foundation for blind fear and that new drugs show promise of a cure

BY THE REV. ARTHUR PAYTON AND LAWRENCE EARL

I SHALL never forget Rosa.

She was very short and stocky and her clothes had been repaired so often it was impossible to tell which was patch and which original cloth. Her white hair contrasted sharply with her wrinkled black skin. She was about 70.

Rosa sold peanuts at the door of my house on an island in the Leeward group of the West Indies. She wouldn't sell them to me, perhaps because I was a missionary. Every morning when I came out to begin my rounds she would bare her brown stumps of teeth in a grin and give me three or four nuts.

One day a friend saw me accept her gift. With a look of horror he knocked the peanuts out of my hand.

"Never do that again," he snapped.

I was startled and annoyed. "Why not?"

He lowered his voice. "Rosa is a leper."

I was frightened stiff. I admit it. Like nine in ten who will read these words I thought of leprosy as something accursed and incredibly vile.

A few days later Dr. Ernest Muir, perhaps the world's foremost specialist on leprosy, came to visit our island. I told him about Rosa.

He laughed at my fears. "There are two kinds of leprosy," he said. "Infectious and noninfectious. Rosa has the kind that attacks the nerves and cannot be transmitted. But any case of leprosy, infectious or not, can be treated medically and soon we hope to be able to cure every one who has it, no matter how far it is advanced. Fear of it is simply a barbaric hang-over—a greater danger than the disease itself."

Thus assured, I continued to accept Rosa's nuts. It may sound like whistling in the dark, but I felt I was helping in a

Continued on page 47



NIGERIAN LEPERS get treatment check painted on their bodies to reduce paper work. This age-old disease still lingers in Canada.



WHEN HE WINS . . .

... YOU WIN TOO

*In fitting animals for exhibition,
farmers learn to convert the nutrients
of feed into extra pounds of meat.

Modern farm machines help them step
up the meat-making nutrients in the
crops they grow.*

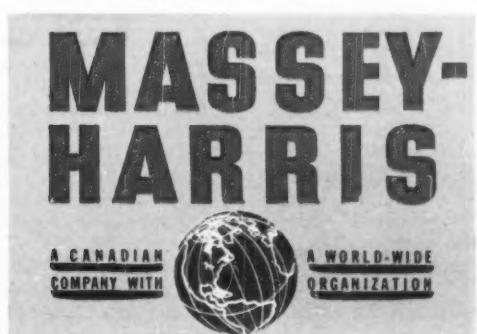
Meat is a "manufactured" product . . . manufactured on the farm by cattle, pigs and lambs, from the meat-making nutrients of pasture, hay, corn, oats, barley and other feed crops. The amount of meat a farmer can produce depends equally on the quantity and quality of the crops he grows, and his skill in converting them.

Efficient feeding is more an art than a science. There is no substitute for experience. One steer may gain $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight per day, while another steer on the same ration gains less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. a day. For greatest yield of meat per ton of feed, the feeder must know how to judge his animals and how to adjust his feeding program to their needs.

More and more Canadian meat producers are learning the fine points of the art of feeding . . . through competitions and agricultural courses. At the same time, modern farm machines are helping them to increase and conserve the meat-making nutrients in the crops they grow . . . through pasture renovation, better tillage, more efficient hay-making, timely harvesting and silo-filling. It brightens the outlook for beefsteaks . . . and for continuing prosperity in Canada.

Every Canadian benefits . . .

when Farmers are prosperous





"It takes so little time to gain a softer, smoother, clearer-looking skin with the new Noxzema 'Home Facial,'" says attractive Patricia Pottinger of Victoria. "This easy beauty routine is such a help, too, in clearing up occasional blemishes."



"Dry skin was a real problem until I used Noxzema," says lovely Nina Blanchard of Toronto. "Now I use Noxzema every morning and night—as a powder base and an overnight cream, too. It's so pleasant to use, so cooling and refreshing!"

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK



"Light, soothing Noxzema is just fine for my sensitive skin," says Avril Kehler of Montreal. "I use Noxzema every night, before retiring, to help a very dry condition. And Noxzema is a delightful powder base for me."



"Blemishes troubled pretty Pat Marlowe of Toronto. "But Noxzema quickly helped heal them," she says. "Now it's my daily beauty aid—so effective that I've recommended it to friends many times."

Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine! Helps 4 out of 5 women in Clinical Tests!

- Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry rough skin, annoying blemishes... if your hands are red and rough from housework... here's real news!

A skin specialist, using one cream-medicated Noxzema—has developed a New Home Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here is the specialist's 4 Simple Step Routine.

Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin looks and feels.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how really clean it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Put a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is

greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was clinically-tested by skin specialists with amazing results!

Softer, Whiter Hands

And if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework... or painfully chapped from exposure—try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 9 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter, lovelier-looking hands in just 24 hours!

Money-Back Offer

So sure are we that Noxzema's results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Tonight—smooth Noxzema on your hands. Tomorrow—start using this New Home Facial. See if your hands don't look softer, whiter in 24 hours. See if your complexion isn't smoother, softer and lovelier-looking in just 10 days. If not completely satisfied, return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto, Canada—your money cheerfully refunded.

But you will be delighted! Try it. Get Noxzema Skin Cream now—while you can get a big 93¢ jar for only 79¢.



"Long as I can remember, I've used Noxzema," says Sally Rhyns of Toronto. "And her soft, smooth complexion speaks eloquently of daily care! Sally adds, "Noxzema brings a lovely glow to my skin, too!"

**MONEY-SAVING
OFFER**

Big 93¢ Jar of

NOXZEMA

now only **79¢**

Made in Canada



MCLEAREN'S HAND, which draws music, locates the scene of his Chinese adventure.

In the Editors' Confidence

NORMAN MCLEAREN, who tells on page 10 about the coming of the Communists to the town of Peh-pei where he was working for UNESCO, was known to his Chinese friends as "Ma." This was the closest they could come to the name he acquired by being born to Mr. and Mrs. McLaren of Stirling, Scotland, 36 years ago.

McLaren moved to Canada in 1940 to work for the National Film Board where he is known as Norman. He is also known as one of the liveliest and most successful Canadians engaged in movie-making today.

He won high praise at the 1949 film festival at Knocke-le-Zoute, Belgium for his "Hen Hop" and "Fiddle Dee Dee." Both these films were drawn on raw celluloid by McLaren who is one of the few men in the business who draws music on the sound track and co-ordinates it with free and charming design of his own creation.

These films have had a bigger sale in the U.S. than any other Canadian film and the people in Hollywood who watch the horizon closely for promising strangers have already observed him through their sunglasses.

• We offer a copy of a field report for the benefit of anyone who still cherishes the idea that magazine

writers are carefree men sitting around their studies clutching pipes in their strong white teeth while they count the checks in their mail and on the sleeves of their Harris tweed jackets. As a matter of fact, they are little different from the average man who gets folders marked "Householder" in the mail.

Listen to what Ian Selanders, who did the mouth-watering story about shore dinners on page 24, wrote us the other day. We had written him to his home in Saint John, N.B., where he is an editor on a paper with more names than the baby princess, telling him how much we liked the piece and asking him more or less rhetorically how every little thing was.

Here's how it was:

"I should have written earlier to say how glad I was that the shore dinner piece made you drool. But things have been hectic here. In one week:

1. My wife gave birth to a baby girl.
2. My other child blossomed forth with an earache.
3. One of the goldfish died.
4. The cat got fleas.
5. I put a pound of butter in the oven to soften it for sandwiches and forgot about it until it dripped onto the element, caught fire, caused a minor explosion and filled the house with greasy smoke.
6. My car battery went dead.
7. I picked up three parking tickets in three days."

MACLEAN'S



REX WOODS felt he was lucky to get a real football star for his model in this cover. Fred Doty had the sweater, the football and an impressive record as a backfield star with the University of Toronto and the Toronto Argonauts. Besides he is engaged to the girl, Beverly Brown, who posed with the rake. Woods feels this was what persuaded Fred to sit, or sprawl, for the painting. The small boys needed no encouragement. They swarmed over the fence from all directions offering their services and advice.

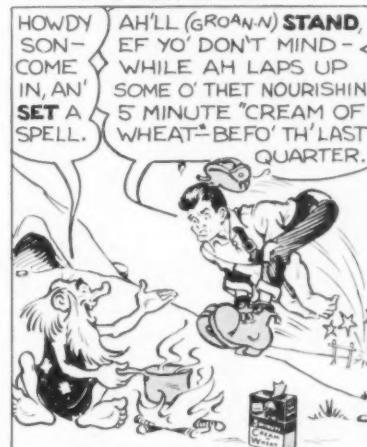
LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WATCH OUT, LI'L ABNER!!



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*FOR DIETS DEFICIENT IN THESE ELEMENTS

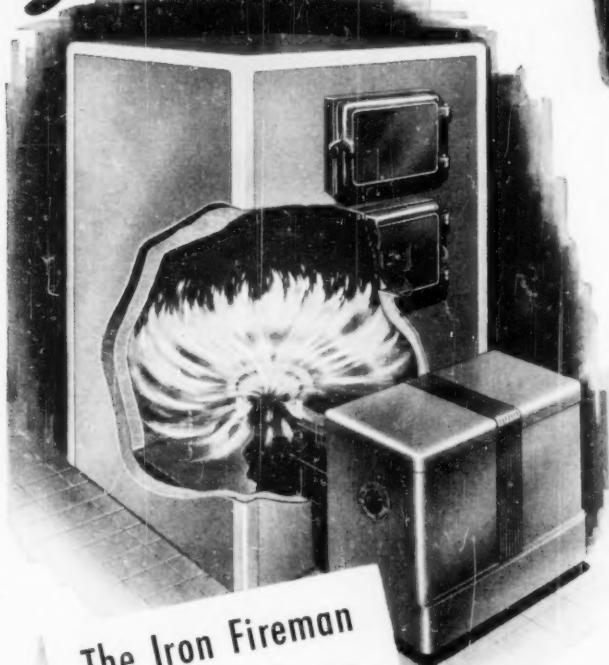


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VORTEX OIL BURNER
Saves you money**



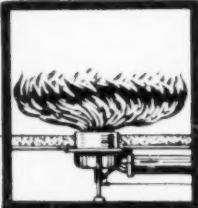
The Iron Fireman
Vortex oil flame
is the reason

Exclusive with Iron Fireman, the Vortex oil flame gives you greater home comfort while cutting your fuel bills as much as one third.

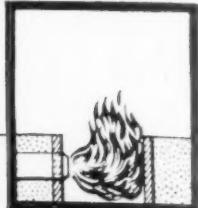
No other oil burner has this fuel saving flame. Re-

leasing its heat above the grate line, the Iron Fireman Vortex flame completely covers the hearth and blankets the sidewalls of your furnace. Rich radiant heat is absorbed quickly by the primary heating surfaces and released in the rooms of your house, instead of up the chimney

GRATE
LINE



Vortex flame applies heat instantly to entire primary heating surface of furnace or boiler.



Ordinary burners release heat in ash pit, missing important heating surfaces.

... saving as much as 30% on oil bills.

You also get the economy of the Iron Fireman Vortex flame in complete furnace or boiler units with built-in Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner, for warm air, steam, or hot water heating.

See your dealer or mail coupon.



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IRON FIREMAN

AUTOMATIC HEATING WITH OIL, GAS, COAL

Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

ABOTT & COSTELLO IN THE FOREIGN LEGION: Only once or twice does this loud Algerian farce recall the robust flavor of the partners' first big hit ("Buck Privates," 1940). Recommended, though, for juveniles and other A & C addicts.

THE BLACK ROSE: Tyrone Power, as a 13th-century English adventurer, survives Mongolian tortures and wins the approval of his Norman masters. Full-blown, lavish and rather tedious heroics.

THE BLUE LAMP (British): A warmly human, unpretentious yarn about the murder of an affable London policeman. The many amusing incidents are part and parcel of the story, not lugged in for "comic relief."

FANCY PANTS: Not as hilarious as "The Paleface," but still one of the best of the Bob Hope comedies. This time he's an American ham actor impersonating an English nobleman in New Mexico. Lucille Ball, as a western gal, is both decorative and diverting.

THE FURIES: Highfalutin' cow-country sex and violence in the same vein as "Duel in the Sun." The round dialogue is uttered by the late Walter Huston and others worthy of better material.

MYSTERY STREET: You won't find any box-office champions in the lineup, but this is one of Hollywood's finest efforts in the field of Homicide Squad drama. Elsa Lanchester, as a furtive landlady, is practically unforgettable.

THE RELUCTANT WIDOW (British): A couple of naughty droll moments fail to alone for a couple of hundred dull

ones in this cloak-and-sword boudoir fable about Napoleonic spies in John Bull's island.

STELLA: An occasionally lively comedy about a dead drunkard's kinsmen who want his insurance but can't remember where they secretly buried his remains. A conventional courtship (Ann Sheridan vs. Victor Mature) merely blunts the edge of the fun.

SUNSET BOULEVARD: A witty, caustic but compassionate scandal-yarn about a faded Hollywood queen and the cynical young writer whom she corrupts and kills. For grown-ups, a truly absorbing item.

THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED (British): There is a decent sense of Anglo-American understanding in this well-intended chronicle of the Guards Armored Division but story and the characterizations are disappointingly shallow.

THE TITAN: A beautiful and profoundly stirring record of the life and works of Michelangelo. By any conceivable standard a filmic masterpiece.

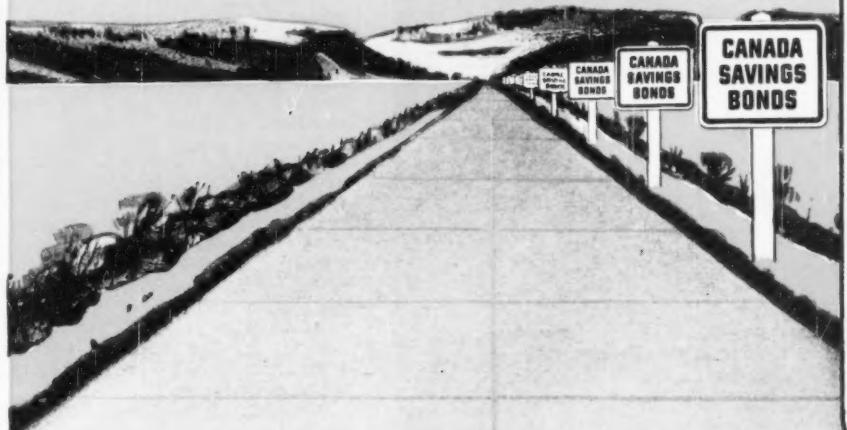
THREE LITTLE WORDS: Not a bad little Tin Pan Alley musical, but not a very good one, either. Fred Astaire dances gaily, and Red Skelton's clowning is more subdued than usual. Vera Ellen is an excellent hoofer, but her "acting" is something else.

WINCHESTER '73: The activities of a seductive showgirl (Shelley Winters) are wisely subordinated to those of James Stewart and several tough adversaries, all hellbent after a valuable repeater rifle. A good western.

GILMOUR RATES —

All the King's Men: Drama. Excellent.
Annie Get Your Gun: Musical. Good.
Asphalt Jungle: Crime. Excellent.
Big Hangover: Legal comedy. Fair.
Big Lift: Berlin drama. Fair.
Bright Leaf: Tobacco drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: "Injun" drama. Good.
Cariboo Trail: Western. Poor.
Chain Lighting: Air action. Fair.
Cheaper by the Dozen: Comedy. Fair.
Chiltern Hundreds: Comedy. Good.
Cinderella: Fantasy. Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.
Comanche Territory: Western. Good.
Curtain Call at Cactus Creek: Western show-business comedy. Good.
Duchess of Idaho: Musical. Fair.
Father of the Bride: Comedy. Good.
Francis: Military farce. Fair.
Glass Mountain: Opera drama. Fair.
Golden Twenties: Historical. Good.
Good Humor Man: Slapstick. Fair.
Great Jewel Robber: Crime. Fair.
Guilty of Treason: Drama. Fair.
Gunfighters: Western. Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragedy-comedy. Good.
In a Lonely Place: Suspense. Fair.
Intruder in the Dust: Drama. Good.
Johnny Holiday: Boy drama. Fair.
Key in the City: Love comedy. Fair.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murder. Excellent for adults.
Lady Without Passport: Drama. Poor.
Lost Boundaries: Social drama. Good.
Louise: Gay comedy. Comedy. Fair.
Love Happy: Marx Bros. farce. Fair.
Man on Eiffel Tower: Suspense. Fair.
Miss Grant Takes Richmond: Comedy romance. Fair.
Morning Departure: Sea drama. Fair.
Mother Didn't Tell Me: Comedy. Poor.
My Foolish Heart: Romance. Fair.
Night and the City: Crime drama. Good.
No Sad Songs For Me: Drama. Fair.
Our Very Own: Family drama. Fair.
Peggy: Adolescent comedy. Poor.
Perfect Strangers: Romance. Fair.
Prelude to Fame: Music drama. Good.
Reformer and Redheads: Comedy. Fair.
Riding High: Turf comedy. Good.
Rocketship XM: Space drama. Fair.
Rocking Horse Winner: Tragedy. Fair.
Secret Fury: Suspense. Poor.
Shadow on the Wall: Suspense. Fair.
Sheriff's Daughter: Western comedy. Good. (Also called "A Ticket to Tomahawk.")
Skipper Surprised His Wife: Domestic comedy. Fair.
Spy Hunt: Espionage. Fair.
Stage Fright: Comic suspense. Good.
Stars in My Crown: Old west. Fair.
State Dep't. File 649: Drama. Fair.
Third Man: Vienna drama. Good.
Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.
Three Came Home: P.O.W. drama. Good.
Twelve O'Clock High: Air war. Tops.
Under My Skin: Turf drama. Fair.
Wabash Avenue: Musical. Fair.
Wagonmaster: Western. Good.
When Willie Comes Morning Home: Military comedy. Excellent.
Where the Sidewalk Ends: Detective melodrama. Fair.
White Tower: Alpine thrillers. Fair.
Woman of Distinction: Comedy. Fair.
Woman on Pier 13: Spy drama. Fair.
Yellow Cab Man: Slapstick. Fair.

the road to independence ...



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Payroll Savings Plan. Can-
ada Savings Bonds can be
cashed at any time, at any
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earned interest.

Everyone has something to save for!

A Nation Seeks Its Soul

Continued from page 5

which is the very essence of the French mind there were only the first names: Louis, Raoul, Jean, Pierre, Edouard, François, Philippe, Jan, André, Charles, Paul . . . There had been tears of joy at their birth; there had been tears of grief at their death.

In 1939 when the French Army moved up to the Maginot Line the

battalions had to march along the Verdun Road by those miles and miles of crosses. I am not pretending that either MacDowell or myself foresaw the swift collapse of France which was to take place a few months later but we asked ourselves what must have been the thoughts of the men as they marched on that road of death to the new war against the old enemy.

I have deliberately looked back to those times today because even in this brief visit of a few days I realize how easy it is to simplify one's feelings toward a country and how dangerous

a thing oversimplification can be. It is true that the French Army fought badly in 1940, but was it entirely France's fault? Where were the British? Yes, we had half a dozen divisions there which fought heroically against preposterous odds. Where were the Americans? The United States were not at war. As in 1914 it was left to the French to take the massed onslaught of the forces of aggression.

The French politicians were as unequal to the crisis as were the French generals. But governments cannot be stronger than the people they govern

and the contemptible vacillations of Reynaud, Laval, Petain and Weygand showed that France could not face a third war against Germany in living memory. You who read these words in a land which has never known the terrible spiritual debasement of enemy occupation should try to understand the feelings of the French who were occupied by Bismarck's Army in 1871, by the Kaiser's Army in 1914, and in 1940 were facing their third invasion by Hitler's Army and Gestapo in 1940.

We in Britain were protected by a tank trap called the English Channel. The rivers of France supplied no such defense to the invader. America and the outer British Empire were guarded by the vast oceans. France had nothing to protect her but the young white bodies of the sons of men who had died at Verdun.

The Two Faces of France

It does not need a vast imagination to understand what happens to a nation occupied by an enemy for four years. All that is best and all that is worst comes to the surface. Frenchmen in the resistance movement were tortured until death took mercy on them but they did not betray their comrades. Frenchmen came to terms with the conqueror and made more money than their avarice had ever dreamed of. Frenchmen who had spoken their minds without fear or had written plays and books in that Paris where freedom of thought was in the very air became ghosts who wandered piteously in the *faubourgs* and the *boulevards*. Frenchmen were sent as slaves to Germany; Frenchmen served drinks to their conquerors, waited on them at dinner or performed comedies for their amusement. Frenchmen escaped in boats to England where they could find honor and death in fighting the enemy.

It is easy enough for us who never experienced this to say how we would have behaved in similar circumstances. When it was suggested to Churchill in 1940 that if the invasion came he should leave for Canada with the Royal Navy and carry on the war from there he replied: "Under such circumstances I think some kind of a British government should go to Canada but I, and I hope my principal ministers, will face a firing squad and spill our blood on the soil we tried to save."

But supposing the Germans had come and had put an end to organized resistance. Supposing they had formed a collaborationist government and had offered any one of us the post of minister of police. If a British politician accepted it and did his best to spare the British people the worst horrors of a cruel regime it would have earned him the contempt of his countrymen and a firing squad after the Germans lost the war. Pierre Laval's daughter sent me a copy of her father's diary which, truthfully or untruthfully, told how Laval saved thousands of Frenchmen by lying to the Germans under whom he administered Occupied France. But when the Germans left Paris Laval was arrested, tried, sentenced, took poison in prison but was dragged to the gallows just the same.

France today is a nation in search of its soul. The wits are at work again in the Paris theatre and there is brilliance in the air. The dress designers of Paris are once more decreeing the shape women must be and there is no serious rival to their dictatorship. The restaurants, the hotels, the shops and the night clubs are courting the U.S. dollar. The casinos have reopened and from Le Touquet to the Riviera one hears the cry of the croupier: "*Il n'en va plus*." France is herself once more . . . on the surface. She may deceive

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the tourist; she does not deceive herself. When as a soldier I came to this country in World War I and talked to the peasants behind the line they spoke of "La France" with a reverence and affection that made their suffering and sacrifice seem of little importance to themselves. France must live even if they died. France had given the cry of "Liberté, égalité, fraternité" to mankind. France had achieved the age of reason. France had proclaimed the rule of the mind. France had made the spirit master over the material.

I have talked to many French people on this visit and I agree that it may only be a coincidence but I have hardly heard one speak of "La France." They talk of de Gaulle with the fatalism of the gambler who looks upon his last remaining chip at the tables. They discuss the French Communist Party and assume that if Russia makes war the Communists will be traitors to their own country. And with ill-concealed bitterness they say that the Britons and the Americans as usual want the French to supply the army to meet the onslaught of the enemy.

Yet they have not changed as individuals. In their ordinary lives they have a spirit which I find just as intoxicating as when I first came here 35 years ago.

A Caddy With 12 Kids

I do not mean to be frivolous but let me introduce you to the woman who caddies for me at the Le Touquet golf club. Yes, the majority of the caddies are women or girls. When I slice into the woods Madame X runs like a retriever and plunges into the undergrowth. When I tell her not to bother she replies that a ball costs money and she must find it, which she always does. When I sink a putt she is enchanted; if I miss one she is *désolée*.

Now may I command the attention of my women readers, specially those who find housework and the care of children an almost insupportable burden. This caddy of mine has had 12 children. Five of them are married and have presented her with 20 grandchildren. All this I have verified.

These indomitable women of France, working from daylight to dusk in the fields, bringing up huge families and ministering to the comfort of the husband—they surely have no equal in the world. We saw them sowing the spring seed in 1918 when the German Army was plunging madly toward them. They are eternal, unconquerable, magnificent. Who says that France is finished while her women still live and love and labor?

Yet, I repeat, France is a country in search of her soul. Something was lost in the German occupation, something vital yet elusive, something terribly essential. What can we from the outside world do to help her recover it?

It is clear that the answer falls into two categories—the spiritual and the material; or, if you like, the physical and the psychological. France is haunted by lack of internal unity and the threat of invasion by the Red Army. How can the gap be closed?

I do not believe it either possible or desirable to station British and American armies in France. Nothing creates trouble more quickly than an idle army of occupation in a friendly country. They have not even police duties to give reason to their presence. Admittedly, this does not apply to the same extent to an air force in which the numbers are comparatively few and the servicing and flying of planes keep the men occupied.

Britain cannot ignore her responsibility for empire defense, and the U.S. must maintain her power in the Far

East. I know that Churchill is in favor of a federalized Europe with Britain as a full partner, but I do not believe that he will carry a majority of his own party, much less the Socialists, for such a project.

I think therefore that Britain will have to increase the size of her army, but only move troops to France if there is reason to believe that a Russian attack is imminent. On the other hand, it is imperative that the U.S. should increase its air force both in France and Britain.

The federation of Europe should be achieved by the virtual partnership of France and Western Germany allied to the Benelux countries and seeking the incorporation of Italy and Spain. That would be better and certainly more

Uneasy Exit

I find it easy to forget

Certain rules of etiquette.

For instance, I am quite nonplussed

When we're about to be debussed.

I can't remember, though I try:

Should she leave first, or is it I?

I guess I'll have to take an oath to

Remember that, at least, we both do.

—Ivan J. Collins.

realistic than to try to include Britain with her far-flung overseas commitments. With such a setup, Western Europe, backed by the British Commonwealth and the United States, would be a formidable defense against the admitted military might of "peace-loving" Russia.

In the realm of the spiritual and the psychological there must be delicacy of approach and real understanding. Clement Attlee, to give him credit, showed the way when the President of France was invited last spring to London to be the guest of the King and to be honored by both Houses of Parliament. It would be a fine thing if President Truman would issue a similar invitation to President Auriol to visit Washington. And it would be a mutually graceful act if the head of the French Republic would address the Canadian parliament and visit the ancient citadel city of Quebec.

The Paris Opera might also go to New York just as the Covent Garden Ballet went last year to the Metropolitan. Politicians are so concerned with the difficulties of international affairs that they lose sight of the intangibles, of the amity of the arts, of the world of self-expression that admits no frontiers. We must show France that the tragedy of 1940 is left for history to appraise and that we look to her again as a supreme expressionist of Western civilization.

If there were no France someone would have to create her. For the sake of Europe, for the future of the world, and in our debt to the silent dead who sleep by the road that runs past Verdun, we should reach out our hands to France as if she had never known the cruel shadows of defeat and occupation. ★

what is the difference between
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Carpet makers in Europe, U.S.A., Canada and other countries use similar methods, similar machines, and sometimes identical wools.

The wools of some lands excel in beauty; others wear longer; still others of reasonable quality have the advantage of cheapness. To make a good carpet—beautiful, long-wearing, and reasonably priced—a manufacturer imports wools from several lands, to make a "yarn blend" containing all their various advantages.

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Lena Horne— Glamour C.O.D.

Continued from page 17

Chicago's Oriental Theatre; that she has appeared in a dozen or more MGM movies and recently voluntarily voided a contract worth \$1,000 a week; that she was off on an all-summer tour of Europe that would take her as far as Tel Aviv, Palestine; that she made \$375,000 last year (President Truman: \$100,000)—when you know all this, and remember that she was just a colored kid on the back streets of Brooklyn, there's excellent reason for wondering how Lena does it.

I went backstage to talk to her. She was still in the shower—she is always wet with sweat after a performance—when I pushed into the shabby dressing-bedroom. There was quite a crowd in there, maybe a dozen people. Ralph Harris, Lena's manager, was busy giving Jock Carroll, of the Montreal Standard, dope for a newspaper piece, Lennie Hayton, Lena's husband and musical director, chose food from a packed tray for two places set on a card table between the twin beds; Thelma Carpenter, on a vaudeville bill with Jerry Colonna over at the Uptown Theatre, chatted with CBC balladeer Ed McCurdy; Helen Simmons, Lena's maid, picked up the things her boss had flung off on the way to the shower; a bus boy pushed in behind me with popping eyes and a bucket of champagne.

Lena came out of the bathroom. Gone was the orange and black gown, gone the make-up, gone the glamour, gone the remoteness. She wore a faded and rumpled blue robe; a waterproof cap hid her piled and intricate hair. A quick hello and she fell on a plate of chicken. Hayton sat opposite.

Everybody talked, Lena more than anybody. With utter disregard for the perils of indigestion she carried on six conversations at once, never ceasing her attack on the chicken.

She talked child psychology, of her love for London and the pubs of Ben Johnson, of her detective fiction heroes, of television, of the Washington spy

probes, of her deep affection for Canada—of anything but the show she had just finished. She was relaxed, yet there was still a glitter in her eyes; friendly, with a take-it-or-leave-it charm.

When she had finished the chicken and some salad and refused an éclair I got a chance to talk to her.

"Can you put your finger on the thing about your singing that's put you in the big time?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I can't."

She whirled off the bed to the big mirror, lifted her long arms high, then curtsied. In a flat monotone she said to herself in the mirror, "Presenting Lena Horne, star of stage, screen and nuttin'." She bit off the last word hard.

Then she and Thelma Carpenter burst into an impromptu charade in comic blackface on the subject of whether the moon (in the U. S.) really did belong to everyone. Lena, with Aunt Jemima accent and gesture, maintained it didn't, not while the ladies' washroom had two doors, white and colored.

Just as suddenly she was back on the bed, ready to talk.

She is easy to talk to, but hard to keep on the rails. By the time I had extracted a sketch of her crowded life we had discussed the representation of Maoris in the New Zealand House of Representatives, the relative merits of Erle Stanley Gardner and Ngao Marsh, whether Toronto was bigger than Ottawa.

Lena is 33, mother of two children, around 130 lbs., about 5 feet 8 inches, with a 34 bust, 36 hips, a 26 waist and 7½ AAA feet. She is inclined to hips, but dresses to make the most of them.

She was born in Brooklyn on June 30, 1917, the only child of Edna and Teddy Horne. Her father was a commission salesman, her mother a pretty Harlem actress who played under her maiden name of Scothran. When Lena was three her parents were divorced and she was bounced around the tank towns, living out of her mother's suitcase or farmed out to friends and relatives.

She picked up a flimsy education here

Continued on page 34



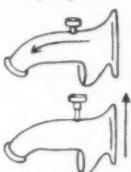


*Little
Plumbing Ideas
that pay Big
Dividends!*

Before you start building or re-modelling any room, it always pays to spend a little time in planning. The bathroom is no exception. There are so many ideas that can make a big difference in convenience and lasting satisfaction. Here are a few typical suggestions of the kind you'll want to talk over with your plumbing and heating contractor.

STORAGE SPACE—With a little planning, you can often provide for valuable extra storage space—to hold towels and face towels, and large containers that don't fit into the medicine cabinet. Some ideas: recessed shelves and cabinets, a cabinet of drawers at the end of the recessed bathtub, a built-in linen closet with full-length mirror doors. (You'll probably want to have, if possible, a full-length mirror somewhere in the bathroom.) Have in mind, too, clothing hooks and plenty of towel bar space—and possibly provision for scales, waste basket, seat and laundry basket.

SHELF—An extra convenient shelf is automatically provided if you have a toilet tank with a cover designed, as are those in the modern Crane line, for this purpose.



SPOUT for showers—When considering shower fixtures, ask about the Crane "Deviator" spout. Here's how it works. You turn on the water, it runs from the spout. You get the right temperature (probably de-

termined by the time-honoured "Toe Test"!). Then you lift the knob on the spout and the water gushes from the shower. When the water is shut off, the knob automatically drops back. No chance of getting a surprise shower!

ANTI-SCALDING—You'll be interested, too, in a clever new device: The Crane Thermostatic Valve which controls the temperature of the water supply at the bathtub. It prevents the water going above 140 degrees, is a valuable safeguard against scalding.

HEADS—Remember there are several types of shower heads available from which you can make your selection to give you the kind of shower you like. If for example, you prefer the stinging "Needle" kind, then the "Rainbeau" is the shower head for you.

STOPs—It's always a good idea to have a little shut-off valve at each fixture. Then you can make any local repair or adjustment without turning off the home's complete water system.

COLOR IS HERE—The use of colors to assure a bathroom both charming and harmonious is, of course, a matter of personal taste. You may prefer to have the bathroom fixtures white and add the desired color accent in floor, walls, ceiling, towels, or curtains. But if you are one of the many who would like to have color in the fixtures, too—they are now available. From a choice of eight charming colors (in addition to white)—you can make your own selection in the Crane line to harmonize with your desired color scheme. Whatever the basic material of bathtub, wash basin or toilet—whether vitreous-china, porcelain enamelled cast iron or

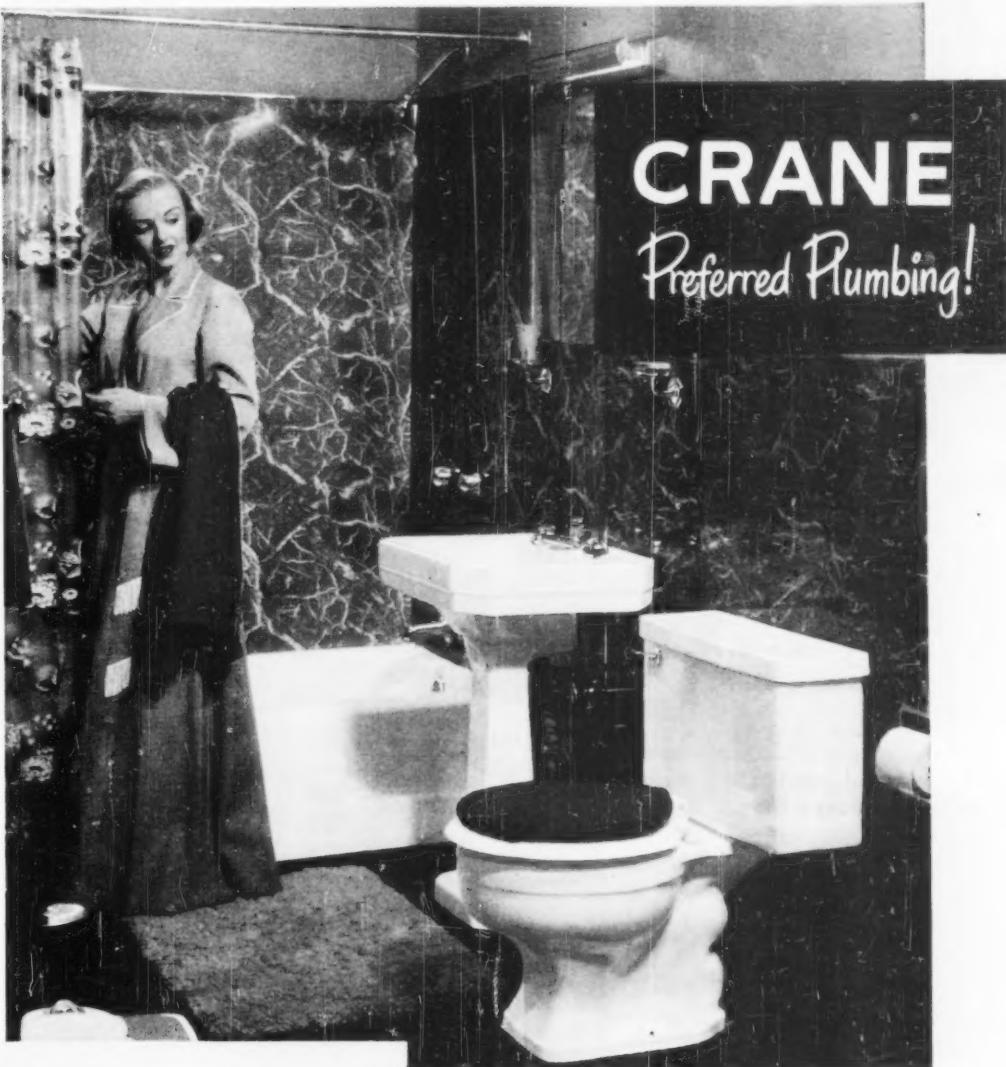
porcelain-on-steel—any set of Crane fixtures will harmonize, not only in style, but also in color values. Colors which are now available: Suntan, French Grey, Persian Red, Citrus Yellow, Pale Jade, India Ivory, Sky Blue, Shell Pink. Ask your plumbing and heating contractor to show you samples.

DISCOLORATION IS OUT!—It is perhaps not generally realized that yellowing and discoloration of bathroom fixtures is now largely a thing of the past. Vitreous china does NOT discolor; porcelain enamel on cast iron is now available with acid-resisting qualities; porcelain-on-steel is stainproof.

INFORMATION—Several booklets and folders have been published on home plumbing. Two, for example, which you will find helpful, are: "Planning your Bathroom and Kitchen", and ADM-5005 "Plumbing and Heating for the Home". You can get these from your plumbing and heating contractor or by writing direct to Crane's General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal, or the Crane branch nearest you.



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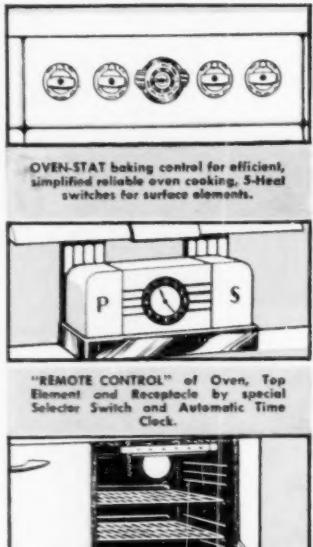


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Continued from page 32

and there, getting a final polish with two years at the Girls' High School, Brooklyn. She couldn't sing much, but she was long, slim and good to look at. Good enough to get a start at 16 in the chorus line at the Cotton Club.

Noble Sissle spotted her there and snapped her up for his touring band show. She didn't sing much even then, but joined in when the boys in the band harmonized. Sometimes, early in the morning she'd be allowed to try a solo chorus. Her voice was pleasant in a wayward husky fashion, but nothing more than that.

Band leader Charlie Barnet picked her up next: she was his first Negro vocalist. She began to develop her own singing style, copying no one, simply learning by crowd reaction what went over and what didn't. Bluebird Records became interested, tried Horne on a few platters. Her "Good For Nothin' Joe" caught on. There were definite signs of a career shaping up; nobody saw her as a world beater, but she was doing okay.

Then, at 19, she met and married Louis Jones, Negro who worked in the county coroner's office in Pittsburgh. They had two children swiftly, Gail and Teddy, then divorced in 1940. Lena has Gail, Teddy is with his father.

So, 10 years ago, the 22-year-old girl was making a comeback. She had learned a lot. She'd been happy, and unhappy; she'd taken her knocks, and knew that she was alone on the tough road ahead. Some part of all this went into her singing, into her presentation. The semi-tragic dreaming element of her personality started to come through.

That fall the manager of New York's Cafe Society needed a single entertainer and a talent scout sold him Lena on trial.

In a clinging gown she stood remote and reserved before a critical crowd.

She sang from "Tomorrow Mountain":

There you will be
A lucky sinner
With no conscience for your guide,
Each horse you pick
Will be a winner
And the doors of every bank are open wide . . .

She was a hit.

Hollywood, the bright lights, the big dough—it all came in a great flood

then to the kid from Brooklyn.

It was in Hollywood about four years ago that Lena met Lennie Hayton, a short handsome composed intelligent white man, who is under contract to MGM as musical director. They married secretly in Paris in December, 1947, but refused to admit the fact until three months ago. The intolerance of mixed marriage displayed by many whites and Negroes in the States kept them silent. But it was no real secret to showfolk.

There's no doubt that Lennie, now 42 and looking older with his goatee, is important to Lena. She sometimes calls him "Daddy," seems more peaceful when he's around.

On September 16 last year, when she was playing a Chicago date, Lena set off for Caruso's restaurant in a mixed party of four Negroes and two whites (one of them Ralph Harris, her manager). They wanted a table for six but according to Lena, Caruso told them he was very sorry—the restaurant was really a private club.

Lena departed without fuss, then filed charges of racial discrimination. Under Illinois law Caruso can be fined \$500 if found guilty. But the case has gone from court to court without an actual hearing being set.

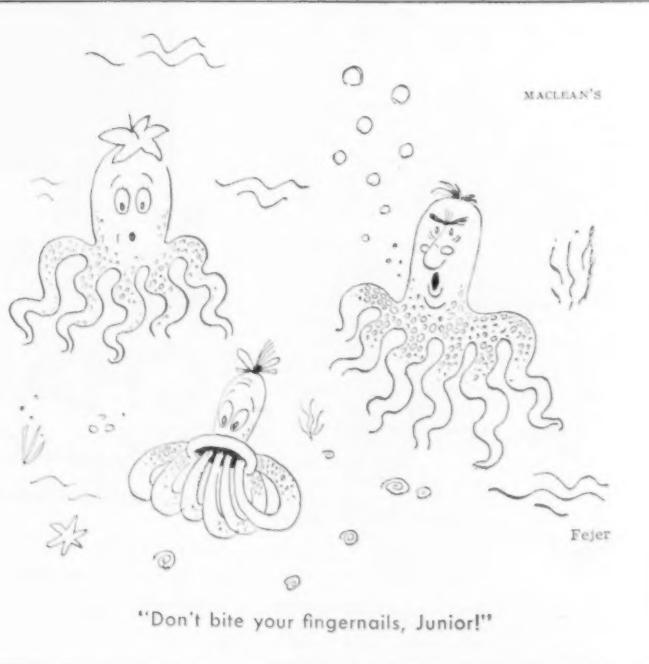
With a wry smile Lena tells of the time she turned down a spot on Edgar Bergen's program because they insisted she address Charlie McCarthy as "Mr. McCarthy" for the benefit of listeners in the South.

Lena gives voice and money eagerly to any cause she believes progressive, any movement aimed at breaking down race or religion barriers. In Toronto she spoke to a luncheon of United Jewish Appeal executives. In the U.S. presidential race in 1948 she supported Henry Wallace. Before that she supported Franklin D. Roosevelt. She admires Paul Robeson who helped her get started in show business.

She's sure that education of both sides is the key to the Negro problem, to any minority problem. Her daughter Gail, now 12, was with her in Europe this summer. Then she returned to the New Lincoln School, a model inter-racial school in New York City.

Lena has a deep attachment for her children, deep for a show-business mother, that is. Here's one story she likes to tell:

Gail had been boasting to the other



kids at the school about her famous and glamorous mother, proudly showing publicity pictures of Mommy in a glittering white Paris model, hair lacquered and upswept. Then Lena, in typical off-stage manner, turned up at the school wearing rumpled slacks and a turban. Lena's sorry that Gail was so bitterly disappointed but feels that the child learned something from the incident.

This is important in the story of Lena Horne. That the glittering glamour of her is something that is sold on the dotted line for as much cash as the traffic will bear. It's no real part of her.

Jack Scott, the Vancouver columnist, got to know the off-stage Lena when she first played the Cave Cabaret there at \$7,000 a week. He traveled to Seattle to meet her as a Hollywood figure, came back to write in his column about her as the most beautiful woman since Cleopatra who had, besides, warmth, dignity and a brilliant grasp of racial problems. He almost forgot to mention she was a singer.

During Lena's second appearance in Vancouver last year, Frankie Laine was singing at the competing Palomar Club, wildly supported by the bobby-sox brigade. Lena won hands down.

Why? Because of the way she does it, they said in the West.

I asked the CBC's folk singer, Ed McCurdy—How does Lena do it? "An incredible amount of work," he said. "With Lena it's always the next show that counts. She never sells short. Out there at the mike she's working as hard as anyone ever works. Every facial movement, every lift of a hand, every change in tone is worked on and polished to perfection."

It's the Sincerity

It was Mistinguette, in Paris, an artist in the Horne mold, who put her finger on the core of Lena's appeal.

Lena told it this way: "When Mistinguette came to my dressing room in Paris she didn't say anything about tone or stage presence or anything like that. She said she liked the sincerity of the songs. That's as nice a thing as one gal can say to another in show business—or, I guess, in any business."

In her eight nights in Toronto Lena jammed crowds of up to 400 into the Fiesta Room, which usually seats around 250.

Proprietor Harry Smith's gross take was around \$50,000; his net about \$15,000.

Lena picked up a cheque for \$7,200 plus an undisclosed cut of the gross. The night after Lena left exactly six people dined in the Fiesta Room to the antics of comic Joey Bishop.

Backstage in her dressing room Lena was getting ready for the last show. Sitting at her cluttered dressing table, after waving her visitors to their chairs, she worked on her eyes, adding inch-long lashes to the purpled lids. Helen Simmons fussed with her hair. Item by item she built up the glamorous portrait of the Lena Horne the public sees out front.

While she worked on her face Lena talked. "Every time is the first time. Always butterflies in the stomach. I can never tell till I'm standing out there what it's going to be like this time."

She stood tall and straight, in her stunning gown, sipping some brandy. She turned her face slowly in the mirror, smiled intimately with slowly curling lips. She tried it again with lifting head and half lidded eyes—perfect. She turned, still smiling, and cut at manager Harris with a sharp tongue; then she scolded the maid. They took

it meekly as a sign of the build-up for the merciless mike.

A last searching look at the strange face in the mirror then Lena led an entourage along the hall. Helen Simmons carried a spotless bed sheet; when Lena stopped down went the sheet for her to stand on, keeping the skirt edge off the floor.

There was small talk at the door of the Fiesta Room to cut the tension while waiting for her own drummer, Chico Hamilton, to roll the cue. Lena turned to me to say that show business stinks—she'd rather be hearing Gail

her lessons. But she didn't really mean it.

Chico's drums rolled. All animation dropped from her face, her head went up, nose tilting, eyelids drooping. Lena Horne onstage.

Lena—the cash-on-the-line Lena—stood dim in the haze of smoke and, with ease, took command of the noisy crowd.

*Can't you see Tomorrow Mountain
Can't you watch it shimmer and glow
It's a wonderful town
That's upside down*

*And full of easy dough.
It's a land that's fair to see—
Oh, won't you travel there with me?*

As she started to sing, the question I had asked her earlier in the dressing room was answered for me. She's been a success in show business because she gets inside a song. She doesn't sing about other people; she sings about Lena.

While she's singing she is the girl on Tomorrow Mountain. She's out there in the Stormy Weather.

That's right—she's sincere. ★

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The Greatest Danger Is In Europe

Continued from page 7

to be liberated again. That is a hard and unpleasant thing to say, but it is the key to the problem. What was liberated would be the ashes of civilization.

Here then is the vicious circle of impotence and defeatism that somehow we must break, and break swiftly. The morale is to the physical as three to one, but the Europeans will not have the morale until the 50 divisions are in being and the divisions will not be there until there is a new morale. We talk comfortably of the overwhelming numerical superiority of the non-Communist world over the Communist world but the grim fact is that only the United States, Britain and the countries of the Commonwealth have the *will* to resist alone. Europe will have the will to resist only when she has the means to back the will. And seldom has there been so much to do in so short a time. Let us hope Winston Churchill was wrong when he said in July, "Time is not on our side." If time is not on our side we are lost today.

More recently Churchill put the situation squarely to the world: "The supreme peril threatening the world is in Europe." He said the danger in Europe was closer than in Korea and on an incomparably larger scale. "It is a melancholy thought," he added, "that nothing preserves Europe from overwhelming military attack except the devastating resources of the United States."

France As a Neutral?

There are brave and great men in Western Europe trying valiantly to bolster the will to resist the Red pressure. There are men like Ernst Reuter, the good bold mayor of west Berlin, who told me this spring: "Nothing is lost! Don't talk to me about 'inevitables' and 'the logic of history'! Men make history. But only a great act of courage and will power will save us—something comparable to, but far vaster and more courageous than, Churchill's offer to France in 1940. I mean an effective, working council of the West." There are men like de Latte de Tassigny, who is making a fierce and remarkably successful effort to infuse the new French Army with that spirit of the offensive which died on the approaches to Paris in the ghastly drain of World War I. There are men like Paul-Henri Spaak, of Belgium, who toils for action in Western defense instead of words.

But defeatism has made its inroads in Europe. A leading British Methodist, Dr. Donald Soper, said the other day: "Better that the whole world should go Communist than that there should be a third world war." His speech was angrily denounced, but throughout Europe there are many who quietly wonder whether he is not right.

In France, Italy and Germany this pessimism is widespread. It will be dissipated as our strength grows; but it is plain that we need speed when even such a newspaper as *Le Monde*, the best in France, can carry as it did last winter a series of articles "examining" —though explicitly not "advocating"—a policy of neutrality. There are all too many people who say, as a German priest said to me: "The barbarian invasion is inevitable and there's nothing we can do."

The defense of Europe must be studied under the three headings of economics, armies and morale. There are danger signs in each.

The economic recovery of Western Europe has been astonishing; it would have been called impossible three years ago. Marshall Aid, plus the native energies and skills of the Europeans, has won a great defensive battle against Communism. Since 1947 the dollar gap has been halved. West Europe's industrial production has increased 30% (Britain's is 50% higher than ever before) and agricultural production 20%. Exports have risen by 50%. The production of steel, textiles and most other basic commodities has gone up and up. Controls have been lifted. The shattered economies of only five years ago have been repaired. The \$10 billions of E.R.P. funds have not been wasted.

But it must be remembered that this has been only a delaying action against Europe's growing and frightening economic problems. These problems, serious enough now, will become progressively more serious. Even now there are pessimists among American E.R.P. experts who see no long-term solution. Agricultural production is still below the pre-war level. And there are more people—20 millions more than in 1939. West Europe's population is increasing at the rate of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions a year, and the average person eats 10% less than before the war. The threat of overpopulation is now ever present.

And as the population grows, and as people demand more and more, not less and less, the resources of the continent are declining. When and if Marshall Aid ends the situation will be most precarious. There will still be a dollar gap of over \$2 billions a year. The improved indices of production look so spectacular only because they were so low when recovery started; each new improvement now requires greater and greater effort. The elastic grows tauter.

There is already serious unemployment in Germany, Italy and Belgium. In the coming years immense efforts and more skilled techniques will be needed to improve agriculture in every way, to reclaim land, to find industrial substitutes, to save and harness water supplies and above all, to encourage emigration. Europe's economy is no longer a naturally expanding one. It is delicately poised, at the mercy of almost any trade wind that blows.

Yet the growing numbers demand ever higher wages, ever better social services, an ever fuller life. At best the problems were grave and now Europe is asked to rearm. "The danger is," say the French economists, "that the cost and effort of defending Europe may so ruin economic recovery that she will not be worth defending." It is heartbreaking for Britain to have to postpone her rewards after the magnificent economic recovery she has made; for France and Italy, with their millions of Communists, it is outright dangerous.

"Peace Campaign" Weapon

In this respect the totalitarian governments have an immense advantage over the democracies: they can force their peoples to accept guns instead of butter and, at the same time, through their absolute control of the mediums of public information, persuade them they are having more butter than the democracies. But in democracies the people vote for the party that offers them the most.

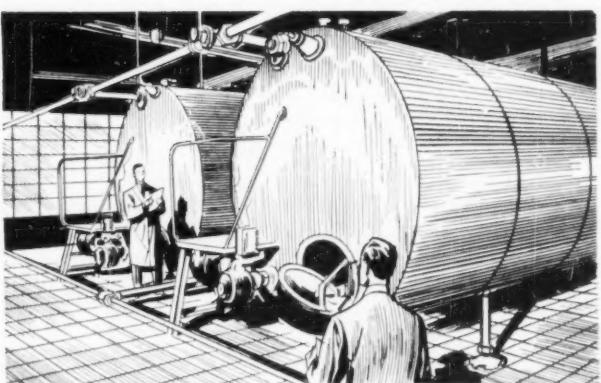
Russia spends 13% of her national income on her armed services (the percentage would be far higher if she paid her soldiers \$1,200 a year, as the United States does, instead of only \$40) but Britain and the United States are just getting around to 10%.

Continued on page 38

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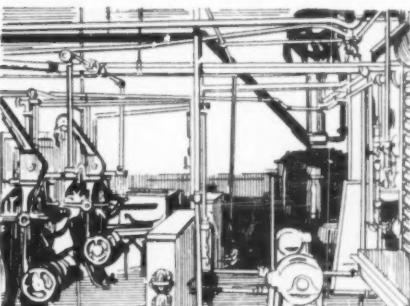
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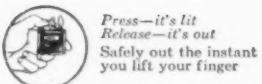


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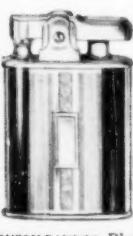


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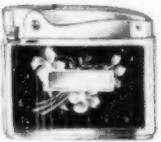


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Continued from page 36
Canada is currently spending slightly more than 3% and it seems likely parliament will increase this to around 5%. Canada and the United States can afford both guns and whipped cream. And even Europe's standard of living, if it were cut by as much as a quarter, would still be far higher than Russia's. But cut it, even for defense against destruction, and the Communist vote goes up.

The Communist leaders in Western Europe are now exploiting the fears of the average man with revolting hypocrisy and with Machiavellian cunning and ruthless determination. In actual numbers the Communist parties of Free Europe have been decreasing. With 2 million party members in Italy and 750,000 in France—which means a strength at the polls of three times those numbers—they are still strong enough, but they are losing numbers. What they have lost numerically, however, they have more than made up in militancy and organization. And they have had much success in what is now their main task—the encouragement of defeatism and non-resistance.

Their latest weapon is the "peace campaign." Many millions of Europeans, including many who should know better, have signed the "Stockholm peace petition" demanding the abolition of all atom bombs. The fact is, of course, that the Red armies would be at Calais and Marseilles next month if the United States did not have her stockpile of atom bombs. But with bottomless cynicism the Communists pursue their campaign of trying to condition the Europeans to defeatism, or at least to the shoulder-shrugging attitude of the millions who, though not Communists, just do not care enough to fight back.

Only confidence can dispel defeatism. Only strength can give confidence. And the strength and confidence will only come, I believe, when the 50 divisions are on the Elbe and when a considerable proportion of them are British and American. The West has heard the tocsin. The United States and Britain are now turning their energies to the greatest peacetime arms programs in their histories. The only question now is whether our watching enemy will allow us to rear in peace. "Shall we have the time?" asked Churchill at Strasbourg. "No one can say for certain. But to assume we are too late would be the very madness of despair."

The best sign that Russia does not intend to attack in Europe now is—touch wood!—that she has not in fact attacked. Clearly—touch wood!—the Kremlin is afraid of atom bombs. Yet the awful temptation must be there; the Politburo must always be calculating the fatal comparatives. Just as Hitler attacked before he was fully prepared, on the grounds that the balance of strength would never again be so much in his favor, so too the Russians must be wondering whether, in spite of the atom bomb, now is the time to go.

The balance of strength is certainly appalling today. If the hour struck, we are told, Russia could throw 50 well-trained and fully equipped divisions across the Elbe at once, 12 of them armored, and within three months she could have another 100 divisions in the field. Russia has 30,000 tanks and the best of them are the best in the world. The aggressor would be far superior at first in numbers of both tactical and strategic aircraft.

Against this the West would have seven divisions ready for immediate action in Germany—two American, two British and three French. Twenty divisions altogether could be scraped

together in Western Europe today—three British, two American, five French, five Italian and five or six Belgian, Dutch, Danish, and Norwegian—but only seven would be fully trained and equipped and in the crucial position at the crucial time.

Monty Makes Headway

In 1939 France regarded 100 divisions as the necessary minimum for her eastern front. Today she has five, two of them armored. She has two more divisions in North Africa and elements of others, including some airborne units. Nearly 100,000 of her soldiers, including the best officers and N.C.O.'s, so badly needed in Europe as the cadres of a new army, are in Indochina. The new army, specializing in its training on toughness and morale, is excellent. (Montgomery has described French training as the best he has ever seen.) But its equipment is discarded American equipment. It still has not much of a tactical air force. The United States, one gathers, has developed remarkable new weapons which give infantry 15 times as much firepower as it had 10 years ago, but she is not yet sending this equipment to Europe lest the secrets fall into Communist hands. Finally, the period of conscription in France is only one year, soon to be lengthened to 18 months. Even in Britain, with her long tradition against conscription in peacetime, it is a year and a half and will soon be increased to two years.

So there is Europe, rich, famed, glorious and virile in so many ways, Europe which could not survive another occupation; there is Europe with seven divisions and at the mercy of a Kremlin calculation.

All this is not to say that nothing has been moving. The Western Union

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Defense Headquarters under Montgomery has made some headway against the walls of inertia and fatalism. Real progress has been made in such things as the co-ordination of armaments, signals, training and tactics. Truman's intention to send more divisions to Europe was a good sign. So was the conference of foreign ministers on European defense.

The framework for the defense of Europe does now exist and the plans are good. But they are the plans for what would be done if it could be done.

We have not got the large bodies of well-trained, well-equipped troops to do it. We have not got the 50 divisions on and behind the Elbe.

And the divisions must include Americans and Britons. France has openly rejected the original Atlantic Pact principle of "balanced, collective forces," of specialization—the principle that France should provide at first the bulk of the European army while the Anglo-Saxons provided the navies, air forces, weapons, atom bombs and money. We come back to morale, and to the memories of the two world wars. The French balk at the prospect of taking almost alone the shock of another invasion. They cry for a general pool of money, arms and men on the basis of equality of sacrifice in blood as well as in gold.

A worried French politician put the matter to me like this: "France could have 12 divisions in place within a year if the will were there and the will would be there if the United States and Britain would undertake even half such an effort. If 12 French divisions, eight American and perhaps two Canadian, six British, three Belgian, two Dutch, and one Danish were in Europe now the whole climate of the world crisis would be bettered overnight."

"Save Europe and you save all; lose

Europe and the United States and Canada are alone in the world. Such an effort would hold the fort until Germany is integrated into the Atlantic community and takes her place in the defense of the West."

That brings us to the stickiest and trickiest problem of all: the problem of Germany and German rearmament.

History is full of mockery, but when has there been such a reversal as this, with the former allies struggling anxiously for the body and soul of Germany? Can it be only five years ago that we had the beaten German down at last in his reeking ruins and swore that he should never rise? We vowed a Punic peace; our soldiers were forbidden at first even to talk to German children; Roosevelt actually initiated the Morgenthau plan for the reduction of Germany to a land of peasants and cowherds. But a greater menace has made short work of retribution.

We are in Berlin and on the Rhine and the Elbe not as custodians but as guarantors and friends. In Berlin especially today the Anglo-Americans and the Germans form almost a mutual admiration society. German delegates have just been to Strasbourg as welcomed members of the Council of Europe. And the question of the hour among growing numbers of the non-Germans is not even "Shall Germany be armed?" but "How and how quickly can it be done?"

Germans Had a Skinful

To discuss all this with the Germans themselves is both fascinating and terrifying. During a recent trip to Germany I questioned many ordinary Germans about it. What did they think of the fact that so soon after the war they were back in the Western family as courted allies, already at Strasbourg, and soon, probably, to be rearmed within the Atlantic Pact? Many times came the expected but galling reply: "We told you so! We fought the barbarians. We tried to hold Asia at arms length—and now you need us. Goebbels was right after all." It served no purpose to tell them that Nazism was as evil to us as Communism. (One woman even told me that the West had "stabbed Germany in the back" by fighting her. On the other hand, many Germans say the war was all Britain's fault for not stopping Hitler in time.)

When I referred to the fact that the Western conquerors had poured about \$3 billions worth of food and supplies into Germany since the war I got this reply: "Yes, but not for our sake. Only to prevent us from going Communist." And to that, of course, there is little to reply.

But here is the irony within the irony of Germany's new and reversed situation: Many of the German people, whose last rearmament terrified Europe, are not too anxious to rearm now that Europe needs them.

There are various explanations of this and the first brings us back once more to fear and fatalism in face of the ever-present shadow of the Russian juggernaut; back to our vicious circle of impotence—Germany wants to take a dynamic part in the defense of Europe only when she is sure Europe can be defended.

The German masses, for the present at least, have had a skinful of war. In the last struggle, in which Britain lost about a quarter of a million troops killed and 60,000 civilians, and the United States more than 300,000 troops, Germany lost about $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions over all. And the fear of the Russians is even more harrowing than the memories of the recent past.

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BUTTERFLY BUNS

(Makes 20 Buns)

Measure into a large bowl
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lukewarm water
 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
 and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of
 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal
 Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.
 In the meantime, scald

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm;
 add to yeast mixture. Stir in
 1 well-beaten egg

Stir in
 2 cups once-sifted bread flour
 and beat until smooth; work in
 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and
 knead dough lightly until smooth and
 elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top
 with melted butter or shortening. Cover
 and set dough in warm place, free from
 draught and let rise until doubled in bulk.
 While dough is rising, combine

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar (lightly
 pressed down)
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons ground cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup washed and dried seedless
 raisins
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped candied peels

Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal
 portions: form into smooth balls. Roll each

piece into an oblong 24 inches long and
 $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide; loosen dough.
 Spread each oblong with
 2 tablespoons soft butter or
 margarine

and sprinkle with the raisin mixture. Beg-
 ginning at the long edges, roll each side up
 to the centre, jelly-roll fashion. Flatten
 slightly and cut each strip crosswise into
 10 pieces. Using a lightly-floured handle
 of a knife, make a deep crease in the centre
 of each bun, parallel to the cut sides. Place,
 well apart, on greased cookie sheets.
 Grease tops. Cover and let rise until
 doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot
 oven, 375°, about 18 minutes. If desired,
 cool and spread with confectioners' icing.



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Broiled sausages or steaks with Aylmer Boston Brown Beans and steaming cups of coffee!

YOUR FAMILY DESERVES AYLMER QUALITY!

Rhineland you can still see the washed-out outlines of a slogan that we found painted everywhere when we crossed the Rhine in 1945: *SIEG ODER SIBERIEN* (Victory or Siberia). When I mentioned this to a German as we drove through the Ruhr one day he said: "It is still our nightmare. If the Russians come again they will transport millions of Germans and other West Europeans to the east."

Official Germany opposes rearmament except on its own terms. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and his West German Cabinet demand, as the basis for a German contribution to defense, a peace settlement, the restoration of full sovereignty, and an equal place in the Atlantic Pact. Ex-officers' associations all over Germany, including a group led by former Panzer General Kurt von Manteuffel in Düsseldorf, are clamoring for rearmament—again on their own terms. The German Socialist delegates at Strasbourg, with better reasons and motives, also opposed the piecemeal introduction of German troops into a Western army. First, they said, get West Germany safely tied up in a federation which will harness her strength but confine her fury.

It will all come. It is all on the way. And what else can we do? The Communists have had a remarkable and disturbing success in the Russian zone in their efforts to identify Communism and German nationalism. There they have a German army. There are already 200,000 troops in the People's Police and more than 50,000 special stormtroops in the Red S.S., armed with artillery and Russian T-34 tanks. On our side the Americans have already begun to arm German volunteers. They are enlisting 26,000 Germans as guards for bridges, airfields and military depots. It is the first step on the inevitable road.

The Face of Russia

The rearmament of Germany will have three obvious dangers. The prospect of it might possibly be the deciding factor in a Russian decision to stake everything now. A rearmed Germany might someday provoke a war against Russia to regain her lost unity, her lost provinces and her revenge. Or a rearmed Germany—and this spectre is already haunting Europe—might make a deal with Russia.

Certain groups are openly saying: "Our future is with the East. The scientific, industrial and military genius of the Germans in league with the masses, the space and the raw materials of Russia would make the most powerful combination the world has ever seen. Nothing could stop us. And when victory was won against the West we would soon dominate the Russian herds." There's a nightmare for you, while you're having them!

In Berlin I asked Mayor Reuter what he thought of the danger of the Germans and the Russians coming together. He said: "You can forget it. One must never underestimate the neo-Nazis and their complete political amorality, but the German people have seen the face of Russia much too closely ever to like it."

But hate is not always lasting—as we are learning ourselves. National Communism would be no harder for the Germans to swallow than National Socialism; and even Reuter qualified his assertion with the sober words: "Nothing will be safe or certain until we are all bound together in a federation of the Western world."

And so we return to the question posed at the beginning: Why should Europe tremble? What must be done? —and to the twofold answer. The situation will be redressed only when we have a real army on the Elbe. No matter what the cost, no matter what the effort, we must have those 50 divisions, with strong British and American components, deployed in Europe. Only that will put heart into Western Europe and it is heart she needs. It may be asked how Britain and North America with all their commitments and preoccupations can put many divisions into Europe. I don't know how but I am sure they must do it.

The second imperative is to press on swiftly with the creation of Atlantica. A powerful and imaginative initiative from the United States and Canada is needed, and it is needed now. Events and needs have run ahead of even such bold and hopeful schemes and ideas as the Schuman Plan and the Council of Europe and the Atlantic Pact. To reenthuse Europe, to tie up Germany, even to produce the machinery of effective action, requires something more than we have yet done. It is easier to write the words than to achieve the reality.

But it must be achieved. ★



Giants of Golgotha

Continued from page 18

beard, and he must have weighed nearly 300, and he was so tall he had to stoop for all the doors in town to keep from hitting his head off. He was the town blacksmith, and mighty strong. He could lift the biggest horse in the world—one end at a time—and he could make curlicues out of horse-shoes with his bare hands, and stand on his head with his arms folded. He was the most accomplished man in Golgotha, or in the whole country for that matter.

Baker Boone was just as big as Uncle Long, and just as strong, but I wouldn't admit that when I was a kid.

They was always in a contest of some kind—like lifting houses by putting their shoulders under the tops of the door frames, or throwing big rocks, or seeing which could drink the most without getting the weaves, and it seemed they always come out about even. Then they would shake hands and start all over. They got along pretty good 'til Beth McCurdy showed up.

You see, this here Boone was a sort of saddle bum. He rode the grub line most of the time, and lived in a little cabin on the Twenty Mile near where the C-Z home ranch now is. But when Beth arrived he began setting in Dad's store a lot, so he could get a glimpse of her now and then. Uncle Long had the edge on Boone there because Beth boarded with us and Uncle Long, being Dad's brother, could come to the house without any excuse.

Well, Beth didn't encourage either one of them, and she had a twinkly way of looking at a fellow, so he couldn't be certain if she was laughing at him or with him.

After a while Boone got kinda sore at Uncle Long because he was a privileged character and Boone wouldn't speak half the time when they met. But Uncle Long didn't mind. He was easy-going.

But with Beth it was different. It had her plenty worried. I noticed sometimes at school she didn't seem to have her mind on her work, but being a kid I didn't know what the trouble was until one night I heard her talking to Mom when she was drying the dishes.

"I didn't come here looking for a man," she said. "All I wanted was a job. But those two elephants seem determined to change my mind, either by finesse or force."

I didn't savvy what finesse was, but the force I could understand. Uncle Long and Baker Boone had plenty of that.

"Don't take it too seriously, Beth," Mom said. "Maybe they'll kill one another off some day." Mom sounded real hopeful.

It was plain to see that they'd tangle sooner or later, but things drifted along through the winter, and vacation time finally came without anything happening.

Beth stayed on at our place that summer, because she didn't have any folks and it was a long way to Deadwood. Everything considered, staying in one place was the easiest thing a woman could do.

WELL, one day in July, I was snaring gophers on the hills above the schoolhouse when I saw a man ride into town leading a red horse. He stopped at the store and went in, and then after a while he came back out with Dad. They took his horses to our barn and then went on to the house. Thinking maybe it was another uncle who'd been living on Ten Sleep creek

in the Big Horns, I rolled up my snare string and ran for town.

When I got to the house, Dad had gone back to the store and this man was setting in the parlor with Beth McCurdy. I saw I was mistaken about him being my uncle. He was a stranger, dark as a Mexican, and smooth-shaved, and just as big as Uncle Long or Baker Boone. I stared at him for a minute, and I guess my mouth fell open far enough to have held a cue ball. I could hardly believe it!

Mom made me come in to meet him. I pulled back like a loosed horse, but

after a tussle she got me through the door.

"Bob," she said, "this is the Reverend Lemuel Brown. He's going to hold some meetings here at the schoolhouse."

I ducked my head and tried to get back outside but Mom hung on to the neck of my shirt.

"Where have you been?" she asked, looking at my dusty pants.

She'd bawled me out more than once for what she called "choking gophers," so I lied a little out of the first stuff that come to mind.

"I've been up on the hill-looking for Indians," I said.

Mom got red in the face because she knew I wasn't telling the truth, but Preacher Brown just grinned at me and winked.

"Good idea," he said. "I've heard they're getting restless on the reservation, you can't tell what they'll do."

I got away from Mom and went back up on the hill, but I didn't figure on snaring any more gophers. If Preacher Brown thought it was the thing to do, then, by gosh, I'd watch for Indians all the rest of the summer.



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WELL, Preacher Brown began his meetings the next night. I'd never been to church, and I didn't know what it would be like, but I soon found out. Brown had brought some songbooks with him, so they passed them around and everybody sang, while Beth McCurdy played on the little organ.

Brown read some stories out of the Bible and told some of his own. Then he began to preach, and when he got warmed up good he would beat with his fist on the table at the front of the platform. Brother, I never saw such energy and lung power! He preached hell-fire and damnation, and hit the table so hard it shook the schoolhouse and rattled dirt down from the roof. And he talked so loud you could hear him clear to the creek ford, a mile away. I couldn't see no reason for yelling like that, but I was strong for Brown, so it was all right with me.

It must have been all right with the rest, too, because the crowds got bigger all the time. Most of the town people went, and riders I hadn't seen since fall roundup the year before began drifting in to the meetings. Even old Duke Wellington, the town soak, went every night to see the sinners get sprung loose from whatever it was that made 'em lie and cheat and steal and believe in a easy heaven and a cool hell. Yes, and that Old Crow was good for rheumatism if it was rubbed on the inside.

I believed most everything Brown said, but when he was preaching one night about David and Goliath he told us that size didn't count. If it did, he said, a cow could outrun a rabbit. Now, I couldn't swallow that, not even from Brown, and I know Beth McCurdy couldn't either. All the men I knew that amounted to anything was all good-sized, including Dad. And as for Beth, well, the giants of Golgotha was sure causing her a lot of worry, and their size alone had chased away a lot of smaller men.

Uncle Long and Baker Boone would sit by the water bucket on the bench in the back of the room because the other seats was too small for their frames. After preaching, they'd both hang around, hoping for a chance to walk Beth home, but Brown soon took over that part of the show. Neither Uncle Long nor Boone liked the way things was going, and that was partly what caused the big fight.

THE second Sunday night, after the meeting, Beth had left with Brown. I was running down the hill when I come up behind Uncle Long and Boone and heard the beginning of their quarrel. I don't know what Boone said first, but I heard Uncle Long say: "Brown's all right for my money, bud." He said it so sharp that Boone snorted like a hot stud and hauled up short.

By that time they'd reached the street. The moon was bright and I could see them pretty plain, tall and black like a couple of mountains and making big shadows on the ground, but them being so near the same size it was hard to tell which was which.

"Brown's nothing but a bum," Boone said, "and I bet he never done a day's work in his life. Soft-soaping ladies ain't no man's job."

"I ain't never see you doing much of anything else," Uncle Long said. "Maybe you better quit soft-soaping Beth McCurdy."

That touched off the fireworks. Boone yelled: "I'll talk to her whenever I damned please!"

"Not after tonight, you won't," Uncle Long said.

Then the two dark mountains come together. There was a noise like someone slamming a barn door and one of the mountains fell down.

"Come on, get up," I heard Uncle Long say, kinda gritty like. "Your knees weak or something?"

That's how I knew the mountain on the ground was Baker Boone.

Uncle Long pranced a circle around Boone, waiting for him to get stood on end again. I yelled "Fight!" and the other kids yelled "Fight!" and people ran into the street, and some of the riders just leaving town came loping back to see the excitement. Dad and Mom was in the crowd, and in a minute Preacher Brown and Beth showed up.

After he got the fuzz out of his brain, Boone scrambled to his feet and him and Uncle Long pitched into one another. They sure raised an aitch of a dust and sounded, with their heaving and snorting and pawing around, like a couple of bulls in a gravel pit. All of a sudden one of them was on the ground again and the other stood there, weaving around and breathing like a windbroke horse.

"Come on, get up," he panted. "Your knees weak or something?"

It was Boone talking, so I figured the one on the ground must be Uncle Long. I didn't think that could ever happen, but there he was, flat as a pancake. Then Uncle Long lunged at Boone's legs, pulling him down, and they went roping around in the dust, rolling over and over.

I heard Beth McCurdy say: "Don't you think you should stop them, Lemuel?"

"Heck, no," Brown said. "One of 'em's got to get licked, sooner or later."

He talked kinda low and easy, and the thought hit me that maybe he was scared to get tangled up in the scrap. Somehow, I had an idea that Beth was thinking the same way, because she shut up and didn't say no more.

Uncle Long and Boone finally shook apart and got up. They leaned over with their hands on their knees, gasping like a couple of grounded steelheads, and watching for a good opening. They kept edging closer and closer and after awhile they was battling away again at arm's length.

Man alive, they hit hard!—so hard that the blows jarred the ground when they landed. Not even Uncle Long or Baker Boone could stand that kind of punishment forever, because I reckon any one of them licks would have paralyzed a steer. Their footwork slowed up and their arms hung down and they staggered around, hitting at thin air most of the time and falling over each other when they failed to connect.

At last Dad walked in and caught Uncle Long around the belly from behind. Uncle Long tried to hit him, probably thinking it was Boone grabbing him.

"Take it easy, Henry," Dad said. "You'll have to quit for a while."

"Yeah," Uncle Long mumbled. "Yeah, I guess so. I can't see the sonofagun any more. But you tell him I'll get him tomorrow."

WELL, Dad opened the store and lit the lamp so the boys could patch Boone up, and Uncle Long went to our house. Mom had a piece of beefsteak left from Sunday dinner, and Dad put some of the raw meat on Uncle Long's eyes. Then he gave him a drink of whisky and put him to bed.

I kept running back and forth between home and the store, comparing the damages and trying to get Uncle Long on the winning end. That wasn't hard for me to do, but maybe I cheated a little.

Some of the riders put Boone on his horse and took him to his cabin on Twenty Mile. Boone also swore he'd get Uncle Long the next day, so the fight was just warming up good.

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?



PANDA

Are Finders Keepers?

By C. WALTER HODGSON

A VANCOUVER bank clerk looked up from his work and spotted a wallet which a customer had left on the circular desk in the middle of the bank. He was amazed to find the wallet contained \$800.

He turned the money over to the bank, which advertised the find; but when two years passed with no claimant the clerk asked for the \$800 back. The bank kept saying no for another two years so the clerk took his case to court in October, 1911.

The clerk admitted on the stand that he hadn't put in any

immediate claim for the money when he found it but, quite apart from this, the county court judge in Vancouver declared the bank employee could not claim to have found the money: technically, said the judge, it had never been lost. It had been intentionally placed on the desk by the owner in the course of doing business with the bank and then forgotten — hence it had been left in the bank's protection.

Did the bank clerk get a square deal? If you had been one of the three justices of the court of appeal for British Columbia when the wallet's finder carried his case to them, what would your verdict have been?

Answers on page 48

Of course, Beth McCurdy knew the fight had started over her, but Uncle Long didn't say anything about it, and I wasn't talking either. Preacher Brown wouldn't make no comments, one way or the other, and I noticed that Beth kept watching him, like she remembered him not wanting to mix in the fight and maybe wondering about that some.

I got up early the next morning, and while I was dressing I heard Dad and Uncle Long arguing on the back porch. Dad was trying to talk him out of riding to Twenty Mile after Boone, but Uncle Long was as cross-grained as a tired steer and at last Dad gave in.

"But don't take any guns," he said. "Promise me you won't."

"I don't need a gun for that knot-head," Uncle Long said. "All I want is to get my fist on him in the right place."

Uncle Long looked plenty bad, all battered up like he was, but he could see all right in a sort of slit-eyed way, so after breakfast he saddled up and rode forth.

Beth McCurdy cried when he left, because I reckon she expected one of them to get killed before they finished their argument.

I wanted to go along and watch Boone get lambasted, but I knew there was no use asking, so I went back to

my Indian lookout and watched Uncle Long ride away over the hills.

I was getting fed up with watching for Indians, and I'd about decided to try my string on the gophers again when suddenly I heard a gunshot, kinda ropy and worn-out with distance. It had come from the north, so I jumped up and took a quick look in that direction.

Uncle Long was so far away I could hardly see him. His horse had wheeled and was coming back toward town at a run. At first I thought Uncle Long had fallen off, but I finally made out he was all bent over and giving his horse the iron.

About then I noticed another rider on a grey horse come out of a coulee about a quarter behind Uncle Long and make off in the opposite direction. It didn't take me but a second to figure out what had happened, because the grey horse was familiar. It belonged to Baker Boone.

Believe me, being keyed up with the fight and everything, I felt like I'd been stung by a bumblebee. I began making jumps for town, and squalling at every jump. When I run across the street, Dad and Preacher Brown was standing in front of the store.

"Murder!" I yelled. "Uncle Long's been murdered!"

Continued on page 45

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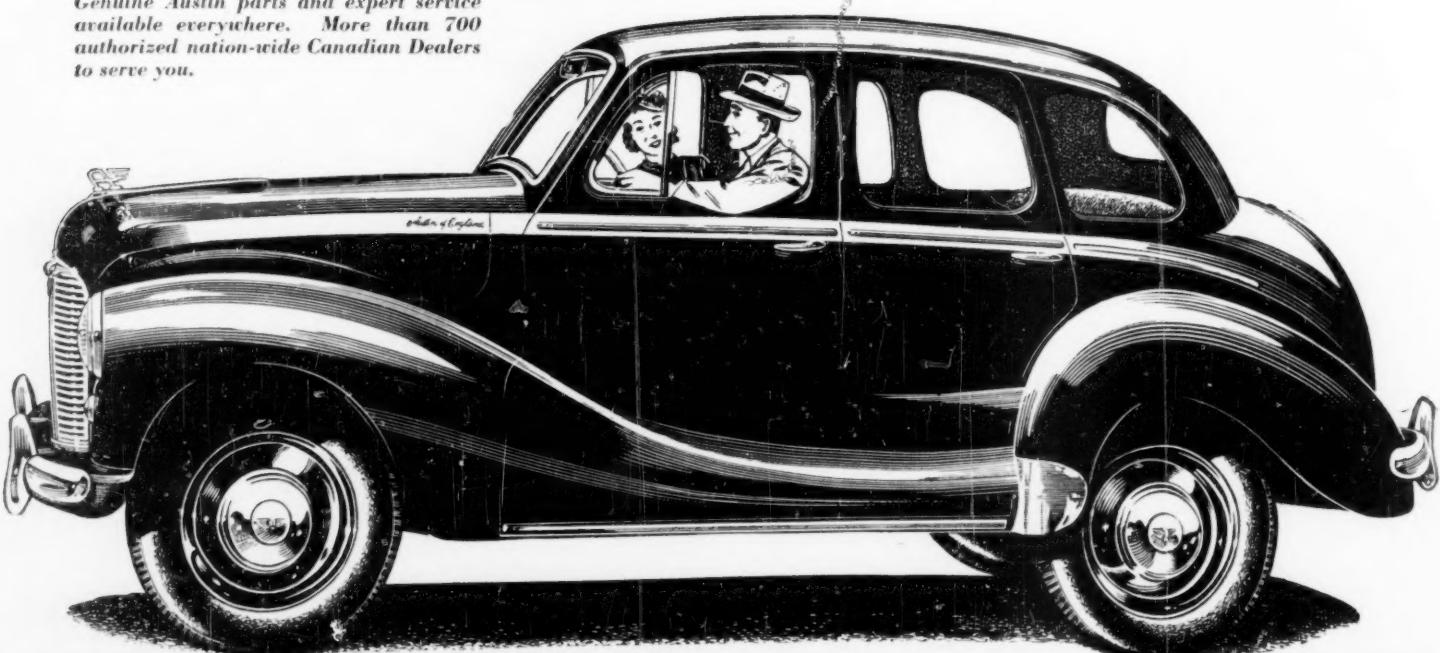
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Continued from page 43

Dad just laughed and tried to feel my head. "You've been sitting in the sun too much, kid," he said. "You'll go dippy if you don't cut it out."

"It's true, Dad," I said. "Baker Boone dry-gulched him out in the hills. Anyway, he tried to, and Uncle Long's coming back to town. You'll see!"

About that time we could hear Uncle Long's horse and in a minute he hit the end of the street, coming as hard as he could.

"Hey," Dad said, "maybe the kid's right."

"Could be," Brown said, and they both squared around for a look.

UNCLE LONG hauled up in front of the store and climbed down, holding his left arm tight, and with a funny look on his face. He'd been shot, sure enough, for his shirt sleeve was all soaked with blood around the shoulder. "What happened?" Dad asked.

"That's a fine question," Uncle Long yelled. "What does it look like happened? That Boone was waiting for me out along the trail, like I might have expected. You and your 'Now, don't take any guns, Henry.' Boone brought his, you notice. Ed, you ain't got as much sense as a baboon!"

"Maybe not," Dad said. "Come on to the house and we'll see about that arm."

It was sure exciting, and Mom and Beth was fit to be tied. Well, Dad got Uncle Long's shirt off and found that the bullet had only plowed through the fleshly part of his shoulder. Except for losing a little blood, he wasn't hurt bad. When he saw how it was, he got mad again, and after he'd had a snort of liquor he was ready to start back for Twenty Mile.

"I'll take my thirty-thirty this time," he said, "and I'll give Boone a dose of his own medicine."

"I don't think you'd better," Brown said. "You stay here. I'll go out and talk with the man."

Well, Brown had a way of telling people what to do as if he expected it done, and Uncle Long listened to him.

Beth McCurdy looked at Brown kinda funny, like she was surprised, and I was sure then that she'd made up her mind that Brown didn't have no stomach for a tussle, even if he was as big as a beef.

AFTER Brown left, Beth kinda simmered down, and Uncle Long cooled off, too, and went to have another drink to ease the pain in his shoulder, so he said.

I thought he was pretty much of a hero, being all shot up like that. I reckon Uncle Long thought so, too, for after a couple more drinks he began to show off. Dad couldn't keep him still at all. He kept strutting around, and every little while his shoulder would get hurting again and he'd need another shot of painkiller. By 10 o'clock he looked less like a hero and more like a sponge returning to its natural state.

Dad and Mom was ashamed of him. But Beth was just plain disgusted, and mad, because I reckon she felt that she was being pushed around. When Uncle Long saw how they all felt about him, he got ugly and went and sat on the store porch and wouldn't talk.

Time drug along kinda slow and Dad got restless, and it seemed like Mom was beginning to worry a little. By 2 o'clock things did look bad. Barring all accidents, Brown should have been back before then.

Some of the town people, including Mom and Beth, gathered at the store for a powwow, and there was a lot of talk about trouble on the Twenty Mile. Boone had already tried to kill Uncle Long and there was no ground to think

he'd be very chummy toward Preacher Brown, especially since Boone felt the way he did toward Beth McCurdy. He was in a killing mood and there was no telling what might have happened.

But while they was talking about it, Brown come riding into town, just poking along with his head hanging down, like he hated to come back at all. And I'll never forget how awful sad he looked when he got off his horse there in that crowd. He had a couple big bruises on his face, one eye was almost shut, and his hands was all bunged up. He just stood there for a while and didn't say anything.

Finally, Uncle Long said: "Well, what's the word. Where's Boone—I thought you might bring him back with you."

"I don't know where he is," Brown said.

Then Uncle Long got mean. "You don't know," he sneered. "I'm going out there and blow him apart!"

Right then, Preacher Brown moved over in front of Uncle Long and spit in the dust and looked Uncle Long right in the eye.

"Brother Long," he said, "you're not going anywhere unless you lick me first. After that you can go and shoot Boone if you want to—if you can find him. I got all messed up trying to keep you men from killing each other. I don't want to do it all over again, but I will if it's necessary."

Uncle Long kinda backed up and said: "Well, now, I don't know about that."

And Brown said: "Well, I do. Believe me, my brother, I do. I've done the best I could, and I intend to make it stick. Being a minister, I don't like to mix into fights, but I went out there just as I said I would and talked with Boone. He got his gun, and I took that away from him. Then he wanted to argue, so we argued. After that, I poured cold water on him 'til he came to. Well, I persuaded him to move to a new range, and I know he's gone because I helped him get started. Now, if everybody's satisfied, we'll just let the matter drop and go on from here like good friends."

Well, sir, Brown stared around at everyone for a while and then he said: "Folks, I'm sorry I lost my temper like that, and I want you all to forgive me. You see, we big men have to sort of stick together and help one another out, because well, because it's no kid's job." He spit on the ground again and then looked at Uncle Long. "Brother Long," he said, "my horse has thrown a front shoe. I'd appreciate it if you'd fix him up, when your arm gets better."

And Uncle Long said: "Why, now, I'd be glad to, Parson."

Later that night I heard Preacher Brown and Beth talking on the front porch in the dark, and Beth said to Brown, "You know, Lemuel, after you wouldn't break up that fight last night, I wondered for a while if you were just a big windbag or a regular giant."

"And what did you finally decide, my dear?" Brown asked.

Well, I couldn't make out a darned word from there on. All I could hear was Beth McCurdy saying: "M-m-m—M-M-M!" ★

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2. There was no driver on the wagon! Something had frightened the animal who was now dragging the vehicle in a crazy fashion right down into the main traffic centre. Out of the corner of his eye Prenovost could see children playing on the sidewalks . . . people crossing the street . . . automobiles, bicycles. He knew that disaster, probably tragedy, was not far away. Quickly he ran out to meet the charging horse.



3. Although he was still suffering from fractured ribs which he had sustained in a previous accident, Auguste Prenovost wasted no time thinking of his own safety. Throwing himself at the horse's reins, he was dragged several yards before he was able, finally, to bring the wild ride to a halt. For his quick thinking, cool courage, we are proud to pay tribute to this brave Canadian citizen through the presentation of **THE DOW AWARD**.

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The People Only Death Will Touch

Continued from page 24

small way to show that there was no need to be frightened, no need to treat Rosa as an outcast. But, at the back of my mind I kept wondering: What had Muir meant when he spoke of fear of leprosy being a barbaric hang-over? In time I found out.

It was in 1944 that I signed up for a five-year term with the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. Two years after that I went to work in the field. My headquarters was the Uzuakoli Leprosy Settlement, in the Owerri province of southeastern Nigeria.

The settlement, begun in 1933, was caring for 1,600 in-patients and 23,000 out-patients by the time I arrived. Two doctors, one nursing sister, two lay workers and about 15 African helpers comprised the entire staff.

I was surprised at my first glimpse of Uzuakoli. It looked like a beautiful park. The sweet odors of magnolia, orange and tangerine blossoms mingled. But when I reached the settlement proper the prevailing odor was that of chaulmoogra, a heavy oily smell spiced with medicinal creosote. This oil, used for centuries in the treatment of leprosy, is injected into the muscles and under the skin.

The settlement was almost gaily colorful—terra cotta for the sun-baked mud huts and bright green for the palm-mat roofs. A mud church, seating 1,000 rows of long mud pews, was its core. Surrounding it was a school, a children's feeding centre, hospital and recreation ground. Around these, spreading like a fan, were the homes of the patients: Women's Town, Married Quarters, Men's Town. It was all comfortable and pleasant; far cheerier than any native town.

A Diagnosis From Clay Pots

Soon after I arrived I met a young man of perhaps 30. He was a patient but he didn't have the telltale leprous nodules or the clearly marked discolored patches on his skin. In fact, he didn't to my then-untrained eyes look to be suffering from leprosy at all. But stretching from one shoulder to the other and down the small of his back was a horrible scar where he had been burned.

I asked Dr. Charles Ross, a big jovial Northern Irishman in charge of the settlement, why the man was there. Ross pointed to the edges of the scar. "Look," he said. On the unburned skin, spreading outward, were faint patches of lighter-colored skin—the marks of leprosy.

"How did you get burned?" I asked the patient.

He shrugged, pretending not to understand. I persisted. Finally, glancing nervously over his shoulder, he told me that a witch doctor had treated him for *Norio Ocha*—Ibo for leprosy—by the use of fire. Deathly afraid of witch doctors and of juju, the pagan gods and religion of the Ibo tribe, he would say nothing more. Later, through bribing some of the patients with rice chickens to re-enact the witch doctor's fire "cure," I learned how it was done.

Our make-believe victim was a small boy of 11. His name was David. Once the others had agreed to re-enact the tribal custom for me they pitched in as if it were the real thing.

David's parents took him to the chief and the headmen and informed them that their son had *Norio Ocha*. The chief, frowning, nodded and said

he would have to consult his private juju. This was two inverted clay pots on a tripod under a tiny palm shelter.

Everyone gathered around solemnly. The chief poured palm wine over the juju, mumbling incantations. He followed this by bleeding a cockerel to death over the pots. Then all were silent while the chief listened for "voices" to tell him what action to take. Finally he nodded. The "voices," he said, had asked for the services of a certain witch doctor. The chief sent for him.

Cure By Flame

The witch doctor was a wizened pigmy, dressed in a postage-stamp cloth and nothing else. In a bag over his shoulder he carried his drugs and instruments. Slowly and solemnly he walked into the group, his eyes fastened on the boy. Fear showed starkly on the face of every native.

The witch doctor turned to David's father. "You must pay me five pounds," he demanded, "before I act."

"Four," the boy's father offered. "Five, then!"

He turned back. David's father pretended to produce the £5 and the witch doctor set up his own juju—this time a single inverted pot. There were grunts, almost inaudible incantations and now and then a weird terrifying screech. He, too, poured palm wine and cockerel's blood as an offering.

All this time the boy was being held firmly by two of the headmen. The witch doctor turned to them. "Put the boy face down on the ground," he ordered. They did so.

The witch doctor produced a white powder from his bag of tricks and sprinkled it over a leprous patch on the boy's right shoulder. Then he snatched a flaming brand from the fire and, before I could move, he pressed it on the powdered patch.

"Stop!" I shouted. I knocked the brand away. I had found out what I wanted to know, but I hadn't counted on the fierce little witch doctor throwing himself so realistically into his role.

Leprosy, like its sister disease tuberculosis, is caused by a germ. The disease was first recorded more than 5,000 years ago, but it wasn't until 1874 that Dr. Gerhard Hansen, of Norway, discovered the *lepra bacillus*. Since then scientists have been trying, without success, to grow it artificially outside the human body.

They tried inoculation to transmit it from human to human. That also failed. For while it was once thought leprosy was "the touch of death" it is known today that healthy adults are normally immune to it. It attacks successfully only when physical defenses are weak through other illness or directly through an open wound.

Leprosy Does Not Kill

When the germ does invade it can land on two possible beachheads—the nerves or the skin. Nerve leprosy wastes, deforms, cripples and is usually noninfectious. The nerves are surrounded and strangled while on the surface of the body the signposts are blotches of discolored skin, without feeling or the ability to perspire. The bones are not properly fed and tend to shrink and waste away, especially the fingers and toes.

Skin leprosy, which is infectious, carries with it ugly nodules of thickening skin, under which the germs grow to a seething density unknown in any other disease.

It is important to remember that leprosy itself does not kill. It can cause racking pain, it can distort and cripple,

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MAGIC BIRTHDAY CAKE

3 cups sifted pastry flour or 2½ cups sifted hard-wheat flour	6 tbsps. butter or margarine
4 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder	1½ cups granulated sugar
¾ tsp. salt	4 eggs, well beaten
6 tbsps. shortening	1½ tbsps. grated orange rind
	1¼ cups milk
	1½ tbsps. vanilla

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream shortening and butter or margarine together; gradually blend in sugar. Add beaten eggs, part at a time, beating well after each addition; mix in orange rind. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into one 7" and one 9" round cake pan, 1½" deep, which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper—if pans are shallow, line sides with a "collar" of greased heavy paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 35 to 45 minutes, depending upon size of cake. Cover and decorate cold cake with butter icing—tinted to match candles, for filling and lower layer.



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it can blind, but sufferers usually die from tuberculosis or kidney disease.

The classic treatment for the disease for centuries had been the oil of the chaulmoogra, a tropical nut, but with this cures were effective only in early cases. Advanced cases could be retarded and eased.

The greatest advance in the history of the disease came in 1941 when drugs of the sulphone family—including sulphethrone, an all-British development—administered orally or injected into the muscles were found to produce results so startling that some doctors believe they now have the means to cure almost any sufferer.

These drugs may eventually enable nine out of every 10 patients to return to their homes to enjoy a normal happy life. Of course, even though this sulphone news is far more hopeful than any of us dreamed even a few years ago, until doctors have cured their patients and checked on them for at least five years after the cure they will not say results are final and definite.

Doctors today do say this much though: No leprosy case is hopeless any more. But this is small comfort to the fieldworkers who know that only 10% of the world's estimated 3 million sufferers can be treated with the resources now available. For, apart from Africa, leprosy is also common in Asia, South America, the West Indies, parts of the south Pacific and Europe. Even Canada has two lazarettos—at Tracadie, N.B., and Bentinck Island, B.C.—where eight patients are at present under treatment.

Leprosy is rarely passed on to a healthy European. Babies are never born with leprosy, but children kept in contact with leprosy parents for more than six months are likely to contract it within a few years. In spite of popular myths it cannot be caught from a fur coat or a banana skin. People who go to work among leprosy sufferers—we are trying to burn the word "leper" out of the language—rarely become pariahs. They regularly go home on leave.

One of our major jobs at Uzuakoli is to find early cases of leprosy and persuade them to come forward for treatment. Sometimes this is difficult. In the Ibo tribe it is believed that if leprosy attacks a person it is because the juju is upset by him; therefore he is accused. When he discovers signs of the disease on his body the victim tries to conceal it. Eventually one of the headmen is certain to find out. Then he calls the witch doctor who, in turn, will make one of two decisions.

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Answer to
WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?
(See Page 43)

The three appeal justices unanimously upheld the county court decision and the bank kept the \$800. One of the justices suggested that if the bank clerk had seen a street urchin or a beggar—someone obviously not the owner of the purse—wander in and pick it up, he would have cried "Leave that alone!" tacitly admitting it was his duty as a bank employee to protect the forgotten property. The court also noted that it was not the clerk but his employers who had been put to the expense of advertising the find.

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He may demand money and promise a cure, a promise he cannot fulfill. Or he may confirm the belief that the victim has upset the local juju and cast him out from his home and village.

We are opposed to compulsory segregation or treatment. This tends to drive the disease underground. We have to use persuasion. Our method is to carry out surveys of an entire clan at a time.

My first experience of this was with a clan where we had done no previous work. We arranged to meet the paramount chief and his chieftains to discuss the possibility of making our survey. At first we met stolid resistance.

Suddenly Dr. Ross had an idea. "I want to make it perfectly clear," he said, "that we have come only to examine everybody for leprosy. We are not interested in taking a census for the tax department."

A grin broke like a sharp new moon on the chief's face. "That," he said, "is different."

To prepare for the survey our entire staff, African and European, set out with two trucks loaded with food and equipment. We then split up into twos and threes, with at least one African in each party to act as interpreter. Everyone in the clan had been instructed to remain in his home until someone had examined him. We went into every compound and every hut.

We listed every case. To each we gave a chit of paper with his name written on it and told him to assemble at noon at our prearranged central meeting place. In three days we examined 3,000 people. Seven in every 100 had leprosy. One fifth of the 210 were contagious cases.

A Double Check With Blindfolds

After the first part of our survey we set up a field laboratory and re-examined the cases by blindfolding them and, while touching various parts of their bodies, asking them to indicate when they were touched.

When we touched a leprous spot they could feel nothing. We took slides of skin and nasal scrapings and scrapings from the lobe of an ear, numbered them and packed them up to be taken back to the settlement for microscopic tests.

Then we reported back to the chieftains. We told how many cases we had found and which of them should come to live in the settlement. We also said that we would need to provide treatment on the spot for the others: cleared land in a central location and materials with which to erect on it a segregation village for infectious cases. Nearby, we asked them to build a clinic for non-infectious patients.

This was only a beginning.

We trained some of our more intelligent patients as male nurses so that they were able to give chaulmoogra injections and administer other treatments. Two went to live in the new clinic. Others we trained as leprosy inspectors—these were healthy Africans, of course—one of whom would live among the clan and constantly go over the ground looking for new cases. Once a month after this the doctor called to check over the treatments and examine patients.

This is slow work. With the manpower and money at our disposal we have been able to cover only one fifth of Owerri Province. It is sad and frustrating to realize that with enough of both we could probably kill the threat of leprosy everywhere forever. In Africa only one in 20 who has leprosy is being treated.

Once a native woman was cast out from her home, her husband and her four children. Alone she stumbled

through 40 miles of deep bush to the gates of Uzuakoli. She asked to be admitted. "Sorry," she was told. "There isn't room for even one more." And there wasn't.

She refused to take no for a final answer. All that day she sat at the gates, begging everyone who passed to let her in for treatment. At sunset she shuffled hopelessly away.

Next morning she was back at the settlement; but this time she was brought inside. She was dead. A bush policeman had found her, hanging by the neck from a tree.

20 Minutes to Have a Baby

Heartbreaking? Of course. But the settlement just didn't have the money to stretch its resources farther.

Tragic as many cases are, others help to balance the picture.

There are, for instance, the discharge ceremonies, when cured patients are given certificates of good health and allowed to go home. The atmosphere is like that of a college graduation. The entire settlement, patients and staff, black and white, turns out in its Sunday best. There are special seats for the departing patients and the doctor in charge presents them with their "diplomas."

At one of these ceremonies I saw a young married girl, one of the "graduates," rise suddenly from her seat just before the presentations. Dressed voluminously in all the finery she owned she hurried toward the operating theatre. I wondered what was wrong.

Twenty minutes later she was back. In her arms, incredible as it may seem, she carried her newly born first baby. Joyfully she waltzed forward to collect her certificate, happy in the knowledge that if she had become a mother only a few short months before she would have been, for its sake, separated from her child.

Often at Uzuakoli I heard patients speak with fearful awe of a place they called the "Home of Leprosy." It was located in the Niger Delta, which is made up of thousands of tiny islands. Almost everyone who lived there, so went the reports, suffered from leprosy. Later we found that, in cold fact, 60% had it. These people, unlike others we worked among, took the disease fatalistically: if it had to be, it had to be. They did not cast out those who caught it or did they attempt cures. We knew it was a festering sore that needed cleaning out.

One day Dr. Ross and I drove from Uzuakoli into Abua, about 100 miles south. There we were joined by one of our African public health workers, named Dunbar. He told us he had been to see the people of Amelego—the "Home of Leprosy."

"They are most anxious for you to come," Dunbar said. But Ross had a full schedule. Regrettably, he told Dunbar he would have to put it off for a later date.

Next morning at 6 a.m. Dunbar was on our doorstep. Without batting an eye he confessed he had sent drum messages during the night saying we would come. The people of Amelego had sent a canoe to fetch us.

Ross was put out, of course, but I could see he wasn't going to be able to withstand Dunbar's stubbornness. Sure enough, a little after 2 in the afternoon, into the 20-foot dugout canoe went Dunbar, Ross, six paddlers and myself.

We paddled down the river for hours. At 6 the sun went behind dark clouds and the breeze stiffened to a gale.

"We're going to run into a tornado," Ross said.

He had hardly spoken when it hit us. Rain in solid sheets. Thunder shook the earth and lightning bolts

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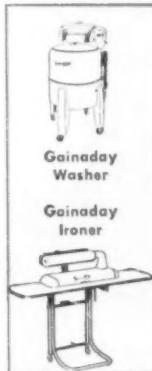


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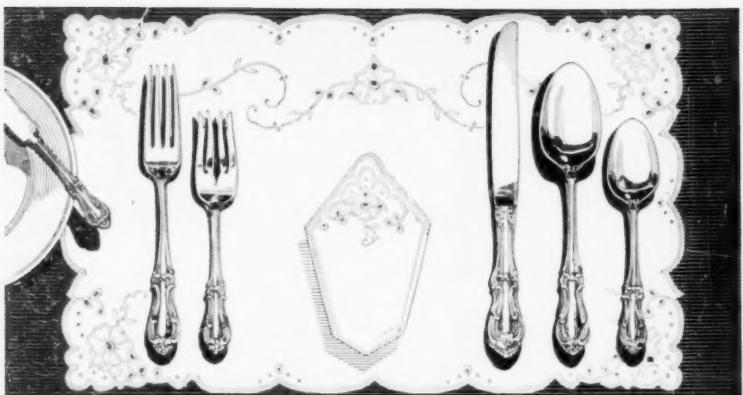


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played tag across the black sky. We were soaked to the skin. My pith helmet was limp as a rag.

We reached Amelgo half an hour later. We were led into the town hall, a corrugated iron roof supported on stilts. In it were half a dozen cows of a breed immune to the tsetse fly and held in high reverence by the natives. The cows, used to having the free run of the village, objected to being turned out of the town hall into the fresh mud.

Then the chieftain set out three chairs for us and the entire village gathered under the roof to begin the powwow. We were tired, wet and hungry. Especially Ross.

"Get all those women out of here," he thundered suddenly. The women got out.

"Now," he said, "we need a fire." In 10 minutes there was a roaring blaze in the middle of the town hall.

"Ah!" said Ross, and peeled off all his wet clothes. I did the same, to the fascination of the natives. They judge manhood by the number of hairs on one's chest. I boast a round half dozen. One of the chiefs came over to me.

"Master, you be very small boy for Africa," he said. "When you come from school?" He was only a year older than I, but, judging by his chest, he was indeed a man.

Ross, Dunbar and I each made a speech, repeating over and over again that they must take leprosy seriously. When we finished a young man in his twenties stepped forward from the crowd with a young woman.

"Will doctor look at my sister?" he asked.

"Sister" is a term often used by a native when he means his wife. Ross examined her. "How do you live?" he asked.

"Together in a small house with our two children," she said.

"Then you must live in a separate part of the house and not mingle with the children. You have infectious leprosy."

Without another word the pair stepped back, tears streaming down their cheeks. As if by a signal, the crowd divided, leaving a wide path for them to walk through. Pathetic as it was, this was our first sign our talks had been taken to heart. I knew then we could count on co-operation in the "Home of Leprosy."

I felt good about it. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, I thought of Rosa and the peanuts she had given me and of how terribly frightened I had been. I couldn't help looking back over the years and laughing at my ignorance. For here I was, in a district where six in every 10 living mortals had the disease.

I knew leprosy could be conquered and that there is no reason any longer to fear it.

No, I shall never forget Rosa. ★

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WHAT SHIP, MATES?

Maclean's Quiz by Gordon Dustan

THE MIGHTY monarchs of the sea—battleships and ocean greyhounds—are interesting, but a whole flotilla of smaller craft of fact and fiction are remembered out of all proportion to their size. Here, for example, is a group of 15, together with four possible persons associated with each. Be warned that it isn't the captain in every case, or even a member of the crew. Can you get 12 of the 15 for a good shipshape score? All yare? Then cast off and get under way. Check your course on page 54.

1. Jervis Bay
(a) Capt. Fogarty-Fegen
(c) Commander Seymore
 2. Golden Hind
(a) Jason
(c) Sir Francis Drake
 3. Santa Maria
(a) Cartier
(c) Cabot
 4. Victory
(a) Midshipman Easy
(c) Capt. Coxon
 5. Pinafore
(a) Robinson Crusoe
(c) Capt. Wilder
 6. Bluenose
(a) Capt. Angus Walters
(c) Capt. Savage
 7. Pequod
(a) Deruchette
(c) Admiral Darlan
 8. Julie Plante
(a) Manuel
(c) Gaquoil
 9. Revenge
(a) Mr. Roberts
(c) Sir Richard Grenville
 10. Flying Dutchman
(a) Admiral Van Tromp
(c) F. Blankers-Koen
 11. Temeraire ("The Fighting")
(a) J. M. W. Turner, R.A.
(c) Capt. Ledoux
 12. Hispaniola
(a) John Halifax
(c) Jim Hawkins
 13. Half Moon
(a) Henry Hudson
(c) Lieut. Bulkeley
 14. Bounty
(a) Robert E. Peary
(c) Sir Philip Sidney
 15. Bellerophon
(a) Lord Kitchener
(c) Admiral Rodney
- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| (b) Admiral Jellicoe | (d) Robert Browning |
| (b) John Paul Jones | (d) Capt. Nemo |
| (b) Columbus | (d) Champlain |
| (b) Capt. Smollet | (d) Capt. Hardy |
| (b) Capt. Corcoran | (d) Capt. Morgan |
| (b) Capt. Elias Hoseason | (d) Capt. Blood |
| (b) Lemuel Gulliver | (d) Capt. Ahab |
| (b) Rosie | (d) Count de la Perouse |
| (b) Capt. John Oxenham | (d) Capt. William H. Macy |
| (b) Richard Hakluyt | (d) Richard Wagner |
| (b) Capt. Malu | (d) Commodore Peary |
| (b) Amerigo Vespucci | (d) John Masefield |
| (b) Lord Thomas Howard | (c) Capt. Kidd |
| (b) Capt. William Bligh | (d) Lord Charles Beresford |
| (b) Admiral Richard Byrd | (d) Napoleon Bonaparte |



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And that's what our bank manager is there for—to help you and me to manage. He's a good man to know.

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How We Massacred The Passenger Pigeon

Continued from page 21

Goderich, Ont., around 1870 a nesting colony covered an area 11 by 13 miles, 143 square miles in which practically every tree contained a few nests. Another in Elgin County, near Lake Erie, was 20 miles across. One in Oxford County in 1846 was reported as 10 miles square.

Sometimes so many nests were crowded into one tree that, as the young squabs (one only to a nest) were fed and grew fatter, limbs would break under their weight. The din of millions of cooing pigeons would be heard five miles away; horses driven close would be terrified by the noise and settlers would have to walk at their heads to keep them from running away.

The largest recorded passenger pigeon nesting was in Wisconsin, west of Lake Michigan, in 1871. It had a minimum length of 75 miles, a width of 10 to 15 miles, covered at least 850 square miles. One description states: "Every tree contained from one to 400 nests. We saw more than 100 trees that had fallen, by reason of the number of nests built upon their branches."

It is one of the most bewildering stories in biological literature that a species so incredibly numerous could be wiped out to the last bird.

Pigeons were hunted as soon as the first white men arrived in America. After a winter of eating salt pork the arrival of the spring pigeon flocks was a happy occasion for settlers. Barrels of pigeon breasts, smoked or pickled in brine, were put away for winter use. The squabs, which became very fat before they left the nests, were melted down by the kettleful and the fat used as a substitute for lard and butter. Pigeons were such a regular dish that servants and farmhands sometimes stated in their employment contracts that they would eat pigeon only three times a week.

Traced by Telegraph

Hunting by settlers for food didn't seriously affect the vast flocks. The pigeon's death knell came about 1850 when professional hunters began killing thousands daily to keep the city markets supplied. At one time there were 5,000 professional pigeons in Canada and the U. S. making \$10 to \$40 a day selling pigeons which rarely brought more than 50 cents a dozen.

The spreading of railroad and telegraph networks turned pigeon hunting into big business. Telegraph enabled hunters to keep tab on the flocks, railroads enabled them to converge swiftly on the colonies and ship out the slaughtered birds.

Most commercial hunting was done in nesting colonies where the pigeons were easy prey. As adult birds were killed millions of helpless squabs starved in the nests. Pigeons, driven from one nesting, would fly hundreds of miles, attempt to nest again, only to have the market hunters follow them.

Shooting and netting were the most common means of taking pigeons and the net took a far greater toll than the gun. An area the size of the net, from 10 to 100 feet square, was baited with grain and the net was staked down along one edge. The other edge was attached to two spring poles and rigged with a pull-string leading to a blind. The hidden hunter would release the poles and throw the net across the bait bed when a flock of pigeons was feeding beneath.

It was in pigeon netting that the term "stool pigeon" originated, now a

term commonly used for a criminal who informs on another. Netters frequently had a tame pigeon, sometimes with its eyes sewn shut, tied to a stool over the bait to attract flocks flying over.

Besides shooting and netting, many other methods of destruction were used. Farmers knocked squabs from the nests with poles and drove pigs into the woods to fatten on the young pigeons which fell.

Hunters carried sulphur pots under the nesting trees and when the pigeons were stupefied by fumes they were knocked off the nests with poles or tossed down by boys who climbed the trees.

David Clarke, of Stouffville, near Toronto, told Margaret Mitchell that a favorite method of capturing pigeons in his boyhood was to prepare a wooden platform, cover it with soft tar or wax, bait it with wheat and then pick up the pigeons when their feet stuck on the platform.

In the Hull area farmers selected a long straight limb on which dozens of pigeons roosted, attached a spring pole to the base of the limb and drew the pole back like a bow. When the limb was crowded with pigeons the pole was released and, as it snapped back, it would knock a score of injured pigeons to the ground.

He Got Them Drunk

One hunter in Michigan used grain soaked in whisky for bait. After pigeons gorged themselves on the intoxicating grain all he had to do was walk up and wring their necks by the hundred.

During the big Wisconsin nesting of 1871, 100 barrels (300 pigeons to the barrel) were shipped daily for 40 days. Every hunter had two guns. When one became too hot for reloading he dropped it and began using another.

Because rail service to the big markets was slow from Canada, pigeon hunting was not the big business here that it was in the U. S. But Canadian hunters got in on the bonanza whenever they could. Markets in Buffalo, Cleveland, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec and other Canadian cities were supplied mainly by pigeons taken in Ontario.

In 1830 huge flocks passed for days over Toronto (then York). William Dunlop describes the slaughter in his 1832 book, "A Backwoodsman." "For three or four days the town resounded with one continuous roll of firing—every gun, pistol, musket, blunderbuss and firearm was in use. The police were on the alert and offenders without number were pulled up—among whom were members of the executive and legislative councils and crown lawyers and, last of all, the sheriff of the county . . ." (The offense, evidently, was shooting within town limits, for game had no protection then.) Dunlop adds that attempts to enforce the law were finally abandoned "and a sporting jubilee proclaimed to all and sundry."

Laws Came Too Late

One Canadian boasted he brought down 99 pigeons with one discharge of his gun. Asked why he didn't call it 100, he replied: "I certainly wouldn't lie for the sake of one small pigeon."

The great pigeon flocks declined gradually between 1850 and the 80s. The billions were reduced to millions, then thousands. A few scientists cried warnings that the slaughter must stop—and were ridiculed for their trouble. No one would believe that the decline was continent-wide—the pigeons had merely gone somewhere else where the nut crop was heavier.

When the flocks were so small that market hunters could no longer make a

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living off them they insisted the pigeons had merely moved west and would return to the east again when the whim hit them. But the hunters waited in vain. Laws were hastily enacted to protect the pigeons. It was too late.

The pigeons disappeared first from the U.S. Atlantic seaboard and Canadian Maritimes but by 1890 only single pairs or flocks of 10 to 20 were seen anywhere. The last Manitoba passenger pigeons were shot by Dan Smith, at St. Boniface, in the fall of 1893, and at Lake Winnipegosis in April, 1898.

In 1898 about 20 pigeons nested near Kingston, Ont., the last authenticated breeding record for the continent. In 1899, 10 were seen near Orangeville; in 1900 five at Centre Island, Toronto. The last of the Ontario millions was one lone unmated pigeon seen by A. L. Young in 1902 at Penetanguishene.

There are three later records. One was killed in Maine in 1904, one in Missouri in 1906. The last known wild passenger pigeon fell on Canadian soil. It was shot by Pacifico Couture, near St. Vincent, Que., September 23, 1907. But another seven years was to pass before the last caged bird died.

Although the main cause of the passenger pigeon becoming extinct was undoubtedly the ruthless slaughtering by market hunters at the nestings, many theories were advanced to explain the disappearance—most of them aimed at shifting the blame to nature. Storms over the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic and the Great Lakes were mentioned; some held the pigeons had flown to Australia; some maintained that a forest fire in Wisconsin had wiped them out.

They Refused to Mate

People still ask how it was possible for man to kill them all. Actually, he didn't have to. He merely killed most of them and nature did the rest. Every species has a minimum population below which it cannot carry on against the natural forces and diseases which keep its numbers in check.

The frantic efforts of aviary men to save the species in captivity is one of biology's most tragic stories. Out of the millions of pigeons netted alive there was only one small captive flock of about 15 birds in 1900, all descended from a single wild pair captured in 1883. The continent's best aviary men were put in charge of them, ornithologists watched anxiously as every effort was made to increase the flock.

But the pigeon was a pernickety creature in confinement. Usually they refused to mate; frequently when an egg was laid the pair would destroy it before the young bird hatched. Old birds died off more rapidly than young ones were produced. In 1909 only one pair remained in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens—a male, and a female called Martha, both 24 years old.

The final blow came the following year. The Cincinnati pair mated—but their egg didn't hatch. Years of inbreeding had weakened the strain and the old birds—the world's last passenger pigeons—were now sterile. A reward of several thousand dollars was offered for one live wild passenger pigeon to bring new blood into the strain. The reward was never claimed.

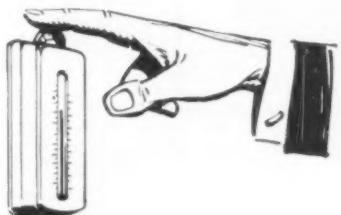
The male died. In 1914 only Martha remained. In August of that year S. A. Stephan, manager of the Cincinnati Zoo, noticed that Martha was beginning to fail. At 1 p.m. central time, Sept. 1, 1914, surrounded by scientists some of whom wept, 29-year-old Martha died. The passenger pigeon was extinct. ★

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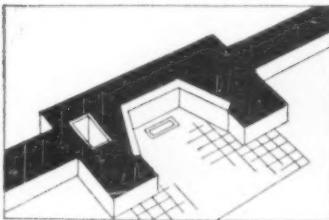
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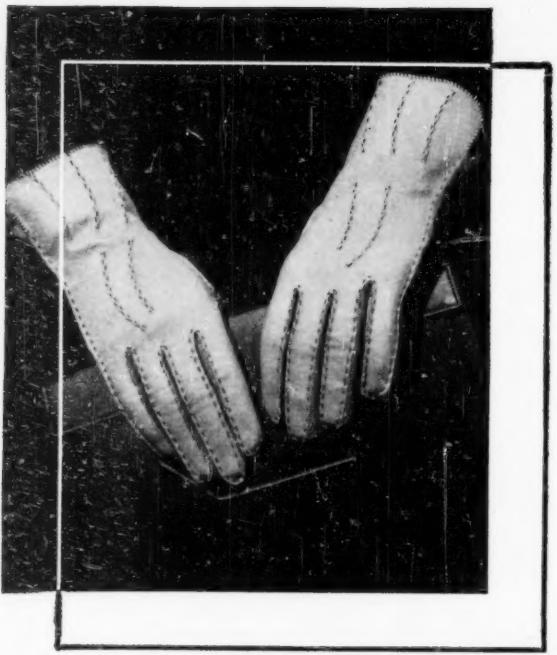
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Recipe:

Take One Steamboat —

Continued from page 22

on the bottom and on this he piles salmon, lobsters, clams, potatoes, corn and eggs. Another layer of seaweed goes on top and is covered by a canvas tarpaulin. After that you sit around for an hour with your tongue hanging out, sniff the fragrant steam, watch the tarpaulin billow, and get hungrier than you ever did before. Finally, you gorge yourself.

There are those who claim they can obtain the same results as Frank Belyea with less effort. One of them is breezy amiable Tony Didier, *chef de cuisine* of the Canadian Pacific's swank summer hotel, the Algonquin, at St. Andrews, N.B. Tony says a steamboat isn't necessary and neither is a pit. Here's his recipe for an Atlantic shore dinner for 100 persons:

"One hundred live baby lobsters; one barrel of clams; 15 dozen corn on the cob; one bag of washed potatoes. The fire must be started in the afternoon (for a mid-evening feed) with hardwood and driftwood. When it has burned to embers and there is no flame put flat stones on and let them heat for half an hour. On these you place first the lobsters, then the clams, then the corn on the cob. Cover with seaweed, then cover with canvas and burlap. In half an hour all will be ready. The baked potatoes are cooked in the ashes, separately. You will need lots of bread and butter and paper napkins."

Indians Invented It

It will be noted that Didier puts the lobsters right on the hot stones, skipping the underlayer of seaweed. This speeds up the cooking, but causes Frank Belyea to snort with indignation.

"Imagine treating seafood that way!" But Tony Didier's clientele includes many of North America's most pampered palates—and they think he's wonderful.

While Belyea and Didier disagree on major points there are others on which they are in complete agreement:

First, if you plan to serve lobsters it is far better to buy them live and cook them yourself, and no more difficult than boiling eggs.

Second, when you select lobsters, whether live or already boiled, be sure their shells are hard. (The harder the shell, the meatier the lobster.)

Third, clams can be persuaded to disgorge sand if you soak them in fresh water, but they should then be soaked in salt water before being cooked.

The credit for inventing the shore dinner seems to belong to the Indians. Hot stones, to them, were what the electric range is to the modern housewife and seaweed was their equivalent of the pressure cooker.

Samuel de Champlain probably ate shore dinners with the Micmacs when he explored Canada's Atlantic coast in 1604, but his narratives do not mention it. Nicholas Denys, of the Company of New France, on the other hand, had a true appreciation of seafood. In 1634 gales forced him to run his ship into the mouth of a stream which empties into Northumberland Strait on the New Brunswick side. He later wrote:

"I have named this river the River Cocagne because I found there so much with which to make good cheer during the eight days bad weather obliged me to remain." He added that all his party, even the dogs, had been so satiated with "salmon, trout, mackerel, smelts, oysters, and other kinds of good fish that they could wish no more."

"Cocagne" may be roughly translated as "abundance." Today a village of that name, beside the river, is still

Answers to Quiz

WHAT SHIP, MATES?

(See page 51)

- 1—a. Capt. Fogarty-Fegen won a posthumous V.C. for leading the merchant cruiser Jervis Bay against overwhelming German naval forces during the Battle of the Atlantic.
- 2—c. Drake, in the Golden Hind, was the first Englishman to sail around the world.
- 3—b. The Santa Maria was Columbus' flagship.
- 4—d. Hardy was captain of Nelson's flagship, the Victory, at Trafalgar.
- 5—b. Corcoran was captain of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore."
- 6—a. Walters sailed the Bluenose to the championship of the North Atlantic fishing fleets.
- 7—d. In the Pequod, Capt. Ahab went after the great whale in Melville's novel, "Moby Dick."
- 8—b. Rosie, the cook from Lachine, perished on the barge Julie Plante when she broke up on Lac St. Pierre in Drummond's poem.
- 9—c. The Revenge, under Grenville, engaged Spanish treasure fleet, was sunk after a heroic battle.
- 10—d. Wagner wrote an opera based on the legend of the ghostly Dutch ship condemned to sail forever around the Cape of Good Hope.
- 11—a. The Fighting Temeraire is one of Turner's most famous paintings.
- 12—c. Jim Hawkins was cabin boy on the Hispaniola in Stevenson's "Treasure Island."
- 13—a. Hudson commanded the Half Moon on his voyages of discovery.
- 14—b. Bligh was the tyrannical captain during the mutiny on the Bounty.
- 15—d. The Bellerophon carried Napoleon to exile on St. Helena.

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famous for clam, oyster and lobster dinners.

Elaborate shore dinners like those of Frank Belyea and Tony Didier are a tradition, a ritual and a delight in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland. But they are reserved for special occasions. A shore dinner consisting of a single course can be just as satisfying.

On a chilly autumn day I went in an open boat to an island in the Bay of Fundy to meet Allan Moses, a naturalist. I arrived half-frozen and half-starved.

In jigtine he dug a mess of clams from a sandbar. He steamed them briefly in a bucket until the shells parted to release the meat and juice. He browned diced salt pork in a saucepan and mixed in clam meat and juice, cubed potatoes, chopped onions. When this had boiled 15 minutes he poured in cold milk and waited for it to get piping hot.

It was sheer poetry, that clam chowder. It warmed you down to the toes and all the tang of the sea was in its flavor.

If you want to try it use a piece of salt pork the size of a cigarette package, three potatoes, one big onion and one pint of clams to one quart of milk. You can substitute butter for the salt pork and toss in a cup of chopped celery. Season with salt and pepper and, if you like, with celery salt and paprika. Canned clams will do if the fresh article isn't available. In the New England states north of Boston, and Canada's Atlantic provinces, clam chowder is concocted pretty much according to this recipe.

The seashore is the right setting for steamed clams, but they're delicious anywhere. And they don't have to be cooked with hot stones and seaweed. Put quarter of an inch of water in a

large pot, fill the pot with carefully washed clams, cover, and pop it on the stove. When all the shells are open the clams are ready for the table. Strain the liquor in the pot through a cloth and serve it in soup bowls. Also serve dishes of melted butter. Each clam, as it is forked from its shell, should be rinsed in the broth, then dunked in the butter. Most folks wind up the meal by drinking the broth. Allow two or three dozen clams per person.

Shelled clams are being distributed fairly widely in Canada these days. They are shipped inland from the coast in iced containers and are first-rate for frying. Just dip them in evaporated milk, roll in corn meal, sizzle in deep fat for three or four minutes, and drain on brown paper.

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Clams are raked from sandbars exposed at low tide. When the season is in swing, clam-rakers build pictureque shantytowns on the beaches by the clam grounds. With prices as they are now an expert raker earns \$10 or \$15 a day, and sometimes a family earns \$30 or \$40 a day. Yet clams are so plentiful they remain cheap.

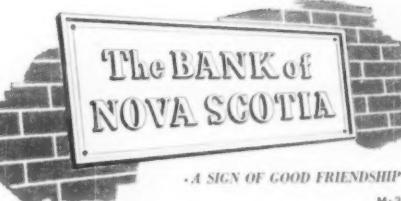
But let's switch to the lobster, king of crustaceans and joy of trenchermen. In its own habitat the lobster is an ugly stupid creature. Its shell is mottled bluish-green and its claws are strong enough to snap a lead pencil. It crawls backward, always traveling tailfirst. It grows by shedding its shell, which explains the lobster with the hardest shell is the meatiest. When the shell is soft it's new and the animal inside doesn't fill it. When the shell is hard the lobster has been wearing it for quite a while, is crowded for space, and is about to cast it off and acquire roomier quarters.



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Lobsters are caught in traps constructed of slats and twine. They are lured into a funnel-shaped mouth by salt-herring bait and can't find their way out. As fishermen empty the traps they drive wooden pegs into the claws of the lobsters so they won't be able to snap.

The easiest method of cooking lobsters is to boil them. Thrust them headfirst into well-salted water that is boiling hard and pull them out when they turn bright scarlet. Ten minutes in the pot is enough for a one-pound lobster. Avoid overcooking or the flesh will be tough.

Boiled lobsters should be chilled before served. As in the case of steamed clams provide individual helpings of melted butter for dunking. French-fried potatoes and a tossed salad go with boiled lobsters the way cabbage goes with corned beef.

Nova Scotians seem to prefer their lobsters broiled. This is more complicated. Split the body lengthwise with a cleaver, remove the sac behind the eye, dab with butter and season with salt and pepper. Crack the claws. Cook in moderate oven. A one-pound lobster takes half an hour.

Prince Edward Islanders swear by lobster stew. Chop up one pound of boiled lobster meat, fry in lots of butter, add one quart of milk, and bring to scalding point. Season with salt, pepper, paprika.

If you want to be fancy there's lobster *thermidor*, the crowning achievement of kitchen magicians. Here's Tony Didier's own recipe:

"Four fresh-boiled lobsters about two pounds each; four tablespoons butter; one-quarter pound mushrooms diced; one teaspoon dry mustard; one small glass sherry wine; one cup cream; one cup thick cream sauce; three egg yolks; one teaspoon paprika; grated Parmesan cheese; salt. Split lobsters and take meat out of claws and body shells, keeping body shells after washing them. Sauté mushrooms in butter five minutes. Add lobster meat cut into cubes. Sprinkle with mustard, salt, paprika. Add sherry and let simmer until sherry is almost evaporated. Add cream and cream sauce. Boil two minutes. Take away from fire and add egg yolks, stirring. Pour into body shells, spread with Parmesan cheese and glaze under broiler flame. Serves eight."

Oysters In Cages

If any sea delicacy is better than a lobster it's an oyster. Oysters aren't included in the traditional shore dinner — as cooked with hot stones and seaweed — but they're shore fare just the same.

Connoisseurs claim they should be eaten raw and some men boast that they can tell, blindfolded, from the taste of an oyster, whether it is a Blue-point, a Buctouche, a Shippagan, a Malpeque or any one of 50 other types, from as many different beds. Sam Andrews, of Montreal and Upper Shippagan, N.B., is inclined to doubt this and he's Canada's leading authority on the subject.

Years ago when Sam was on the catering staff of the Algonquin Hotel (where Tony Didier now holds forth) he spent his leisure hours hanging around the fisheries biological station at St. Andrews, asking scientists questions about oysters.

His curiosity has since proved profitable, because he is now this country's biggest oyster farmer. He reached his eminence as an aquatic agriculturist by a circuitous route. To begin with he quit his job and opened a seafood restaurant in Montreal. When the venture was firmly on its feet he acquired a

second Montreal seafood restaurant — historic Chez Pauze. These establishments didn't just use barrels of oysters, they used carloads. Andrews figured he could capitalize on the knowledge he had picked up at St. Andrews and grow them himself.

At Upper Shippagan he located a shallow inlet of Chaleur which was very salt because there was no river or stream to dilute it. (The saltier the water, the choicer the oyster.) He leased 25 underwater acres, dragged the bottom to clean out debris and parasites, and collected larvae for planting.

Andrews raises young oysters on trays which are suspended in the water in wire cages. When they are the size of a 50-cent piece (one year old) he transplants them from the trays to the beds. A three-year-old oyster is ready to be eaten.

Andrews now has three restaurants in Montreal and sells his whole crop at his own tables. He's proud of Chez Pauze because it's the oldest fish house in Canada. It was founded in 1862 by Vitalien Pauze, who made a fortune offering oysters on the half shell at 10 cents a dozen. Sir John A. Macdonald ate there and so did Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Prime Minister St. Laurent now drops in occasionally and Montreal's Mayor Houde often turns up to gobble two or three dozen.

The majority of Chez Pauze's patrons favor oysters on the half shell. For those who don't Andrews can cook them 15 ways. He's one of the few who can fry oysters in deep fat without making them tasteless and leathery. The secret is that after dipping an oyster in batter he quick-freezes it. It goes into the fat frozen solid. When the batter is golden brown the oyster inside is nicely thawed out and warmed up, not cooked to death.

Personal butter on a crumbly hot. Broil lightly, flip in the pan.

For oysters point. Drizzle piece of butter each serving five minutes.

For open oysters. Sprinkle finely chopped (Not too much) pepper and a little sauce, top with a blob under broil.

Or mayonnaise. Cook this of cracked each and five oysters. Top with and grate oven until crumbs are

Which is the best? Like oysters cheap if half-barned temperature down to And don't them eat.

The trick them. You when an oyster too, so tape at perfect.



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Personally, I like oysters fried in butter on a skillet. To do this dip them in beaten egg, roll them in cracker crumbs and don't have your pan too hot. Brown the oysters on one side lightly, flip them over and do likewise on the other side. They shouldn't be in the pan more than two minutes.

For oyster stew, heat milk to scalding point. Drop in eight or 10 oysters and a piece of butter the size of a walnut for each serving. Let stew simmer four or five minutes, but don't boil.

For New Brunswick broiled oysters, open oysters and leave on half shell. Sprinkle with dry breadcrumbs and finely chopped onions and mushrooms. (Not too much onion.) Season with pepper and a drop of Worcestershire sauce, top with grated cheddar cheese and a blob of butter, cook five minutes under broiler.

Or maybe you'd like oyster scallop. Cook this in custard cups. Put a layer of cracker crumbs on the bottom of each and a teaspoon of butter. Add five oysters. Cover with cream sauce. Top with more cracker crumbs, butter and grated cheese. Place in moderate oven until cheese is melted and cracker crumbs are browned.

Which Fish is Finest?

Like clams, oysters are reasonably cheap if you buy them by the barrel or half-barrel. Stored in a spot where the temperature is nearly, but not quite, down to freezing they'll keep for weeks. And don't let anybody tell you to feed them oatmeal. That's plain nonsense.

The trouble with oysters is opening them. You really work for your supper—when you're learning to manipulate an oyster knife. It's hard on the fingers, too, so have bandages and adhesive tape at hand. But practice makes perfect.

Docithe Duguay, of Shippegan, can shuck 60 dozen oysters an hour and once shucked a whole carload in a fortnight.

While we're talking about shellfish let's not forget scallops, the main source of which is the Bay of Fundy shore of Nova Scotia. The scallop is a large fan-shaped shellfish which lives in deep water and is caught by a contraption that is hauled along the bottom behind a fishing vessel. Only the white muscle meat of the scallop is used. Scallops, like oysters, may be fried in deep fat or on a skillet in butter. Don't fry them too fast and be sure they're well done.

For creamed scallops, boil them in milk until they are so tender they are almost falling apart. Thicken with cornstarch, season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce, and serve in a ring of whipped potatoes garnished with parsley.

If you want to start an argument on the Atlantic coast just assert that one particular fish is the finest that swims in the sea. If you should name the salmon you'll be challenged by a haddock lover; if you name haddock a cod fancier will pin your ears back. Mackerel, shad, pollock, sole and herring all have their ardent champions. So do eels. Italians, Danes and Micmac Indians like eels best. I grant that they're good, particularly when smoked and served cold on Danish rye bread, but unless you're accustomed to eating them you associate them mentally with snakes and have to overcome a sort of revulsion.

The Atlantic silver salmon is an aristocrat, streamlined, clean, beautiful and strong, with firm red flesh. Moving in from the sea to fresh-water spawning grounds it breeds white rapids and hurdles waterfalls. Sportsmen call it "the Leaper," and will pay more for the privilege of catching it with rod and fly than they will for catching any other game fish, not excluding tuna.

The salmon you find in fish shops is caught in nets and shipped to the market either chilled or fast-frozen. In the old days frozen salmon would hardly prompt applause but there has been a vast improvement in processing since then. A frozen salmon is now comparable to a fresh salmon provided it hasn't been in cold storage too long.

When boiling salmon allow at least 15 minutes a pound. This is somewhat more than most cookbooks advise but it adds to the taste and texture. For baked salmon allow 15 to 20 minutes a pound in a hot oven. Both boiled and baked salmon should be served with egg and caper sauce. To make this add chopped hard-boiled eggs and capers to a thick white sauce.

Fried salmon steaks are delectable, and even more so if you fry chopped blanched almonds with them. Serve with a sauce made of butter, lemon juice, and chopped parsley or chives.

What's Left Is Chowder

The drawback to salmon is that it's rich. You don't want too much of it and you don't want it too often. In early times when the rivers of the Atlantic seaboard teemed with salmon and it was consequently dirt cheap many an indentured servant was fed little else by his master. As a steady diet it was sickening and later on some papers of indenture contained a clause specifying that the servant should not have to eat salmon more than twice a week.

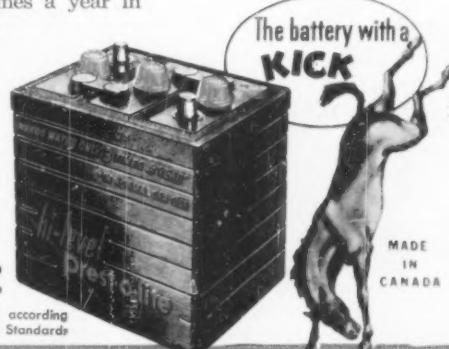
Haddock, in contrast with salmon, is light and easily digested. There are fishing communities where the inhabitants have haddock for dinner nearly every day—and still enjoy it. You can boil it like salmon and serve with egg sauce (omitting the capers). Or you



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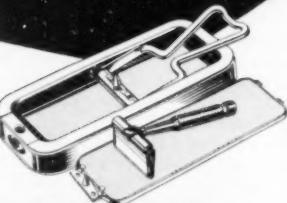
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Hints to the Housewife

The natural minerals in foods and water sometimes leave a dark deposit on cooking utensils. It's easily removed from aluminum. Simply use a tablespoon of vinegar in boiling water.



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can use the recipe with which a Saint John woman, Mrs. Doris Hawkhurst, took first prize in a cooking contest in Boston, the city that gave its name to a cookbook. Here it is:

"One three-pound haddock; six strips of bacon; one-half of an onion, sliced. Cover haddock with strips of bacon and onion rings and bake in medium oven 40 minutes."

If there is anything left on the bones when the family is through you can have chowder the next day. Boil cubed potatoes and chopped onions and celery together, add fish with bones removed, then add cold milk and bring to scalding point. Last, but not least, put in a generous chunk of butter and season with salt and pepper.

More brave men have lost their lives fishing cod than fishing all other species combined. In cod ports like Gloucester, Mass., Lunenburg, N.S., and Caraquet, N.B., a year seldom passes without casualties. There are annual memorial services for the dead, annual ceremonies in which the fleets are blessed. Even on modern trawlers which crisscross the banks with huge sock-shaped nets and are equipped with radio telephones and depth-finders, cod fishing isn't fun. On schooners and draggers (pint-sized trawlers) it's much tougher.

Yet the cod is a singularly undramatic fish. Its head looks too big for its body, its color is a drab grey, and it's a weak lazy creature that feeds on the bottom. Its virtues are that it reproduces prolifically, that its flesh can be processed in such a variety of ways, and that it's one of the world's cheapest and most nourishing foods. For tens of millions it's a staple item of diet. It tastes good, too, if it's properly cooked, whether it's salted, fresh or frozen. Here's a Lunenburg recipe for an Atlantic salt cod dinner:

"One pound boned salt cod; two pounds boiled potatoes; one pound boiled beets; one pound boiled onions; quarter-pound salt pork. Cut codfish into pieces, wash 15 minutes in running water, put in saucepan and cover with cold water. Heat slowly to boiling point and pour off water. Repeat this until fish is freshened. Make gravy by frying salt pork cut into little cubes, adding water and enough flour to thicken. Drain cod, place on platter, and cover with gravy, garnishing with crisp pork cubes. Arrange vegetables around fish. Serves six."

Fishcakes are an old standby. Shred boned salt cod, wash thoroughly and let it soak half an hour. Boil one pound of cod with two pounds of potatoes 20 minutes, then drain and mash together. Add butter and a beaten egg, season with pepper, roll into cakes and fry.

Either fresh or salt cod makes excellent chowder when combined with onions, potatoes, celery, milk and butter. Fried fresh cod steaks and fried

fresh or frozen fillets are an appetizing main course.

But most Newfoundlanders say the tongue is the best part. They dip cod tongues in beaten egg, roll them in flour, and fry them with diced salt pork, sometimes adding sliced onions.

Mackerel, just in from the sea, shimmer like jewels. They're a brilliant turquoise-blue and they taste even better than they look. Fry them or broil them, whichever you choose. Serve with parsley and lemon butter. Frozen mackerel are tasty enough and wholesome enough but you'd never mistake them for mackerel that has just been out of the water an hour or two.

Shad, like salmon, leave the ocean and swim up the rivers to spawn. A bush which grows by these rivers is called shadberry. When it bursts into white blossoms in the spring shad fishermen get out their nets. Stuffed with poultry dressing and baked a shad is delicious—but the bones will drive you crazy. It has big bones, little bones, all kinds of bones—more of them, I think, than any other fish.

Sole has been highly prized by gourmets for centuries. Parisian chefs dress it up with miraculous sauces, but all you need to do is brush sole fillets with flour and fry them in butter. Garnish with parsley and a slice of lemon.

There's a story told down by the Atlantic about a rather dull fellow from Ontario who was visiting Nova Scotia. He asked a Bluenose acquaintance how the Maritimes, with their small population, managed to produce such an unduly large proportion of Canada's bank presidents, university presidents and political leaders.

"It's because we eat fish," said the Bluenose. "Fish is brain food. It makes us clever."

"And if I ate fish, would it smarten me up?"

"Why not try?" suggested the Bluenose. "I could send you a 10-pound cod every week for only \$1 a pound."

The man from Ontario stuffed himself with cod for six weeks, then wrote the Nova Scotian a letter which stated: "I find that you have been victimizing me and that \$1 a pound is a fantastic price to pay for cod."

"Congratulations," the Bluenose wired back. "The brain food is beginning to work."

Seriously, though, all Canadians would benefit by eating more fish. It contains proteins for building muscles and body tissues, calcium and phosphorus to build strong bones and teeth, iron to enrich the blood. It also contains health-giving vitamins, iodine and lecithin. It has a definite place in any well-balanced diet.

Fish will also help to cut down your food expenditures, especially now when beef, pork and lamb prices are up in the clouds. ★

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

He's Mayor of an Oil Boom Town

His Honor Len Walker of Redwater, Alta., is the desk clerk at the Redwater Hotel when he isn't presiding over a council meeting or checking in on some of his oil properties which help to make his job and his story the sort of thing that could only happen where petroleum has powered a man-size boom.

IN MACLEAN'S NOV. 1

ON SALE OCT. 25

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**...where the
"Red River Carts"
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The men who opened the great lands of the west bore all the risks themselves. Their only capital was their few implements and the strength of their hands. By the '80s the Mutual Life of Canada was providing, not only low cost insurance, but capital to aid the opening of new lands in the West . . . and transportation was passing beyond the ox-cart stage.



MM-10

LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

A License to Murder?

Continued from page 15

British Columbia Attorney-General Gordon S. Wismar stated: "We must have more frequent, more thorough drivers' examinations." Since then B. C. has brought in much tougher licensing requirements. Elsewhere the criticism is as valid as ever.

Every motor vehicle is subjected to dozens of assembly-line tests and inspections yet the driver, the important accident cause, gets a slapdash testing, then a license which says the freedom of the highway, within the law, is his.

"We'll never improve the accident rate," says Toronto's Inspector Page, "until we improve driver standards. Cars don't go out of control, they are driven out of control. With many drivers their permit is more than a license to drive—it is a license to murder."

Every four hours one Canadian dies and 20 are injured amid screeching brakes and shattering glass because we still regard driving as a right, rather than a privilege.

Several months ago when I began my research for this article one of the editors of Maclean's, who had had experience with the driver-testing procedure in several provinces, bet that he could obtain at least four permits by mail without a check being made on his driving qualifications. I knew the situation was bad, but doubted it could be that bad, so took the bet. I lost. He got permits from five provinces.

He merely wrote to each province, enclosed the necessary fee, said his company was moving him to that province and he would require a license to drive. He said he possessed an Ontario permit, gave an address from which he arranged to pick up mail, gave his sex, age and height, then signed it all "Harold L. Harrison," a fictitious name. He deliberately did not give the number of his Ontario permit just to see if any of the other provinces would ask for it as a check on the application's authenticity.

A simple check would have revealed that no one with that name and address possessed a driver's permit in Ontario. Yet Prince Edward Island and Alberta sent licenses almost in the next mail.

Saskatchewan and Manitoba sent along a form containing a couple of simple questions about physical condition. "Harrison," being a fictional character, was of course in top physical shape. What fiction hero isn't? Saskatchewan emphasized in a letter, "It will be necessary for you to attach your last driving license when applying for a Saskatchewan permit if you are residing outside the province." The phony Harrison ignored this, but Saskatchewan, and Manitoba too, coughed up with driving permits a few weeks later. So did Quebec.

What makes this ridiculous, besides being potentially tragic, is that there was no need to issue the mail-order permits. If "Harrison" had been moving with his car he could have continued driving as a tourist for 60 days with whatever license he originally had, then he could have obtained his new permit in person through the normal channels.

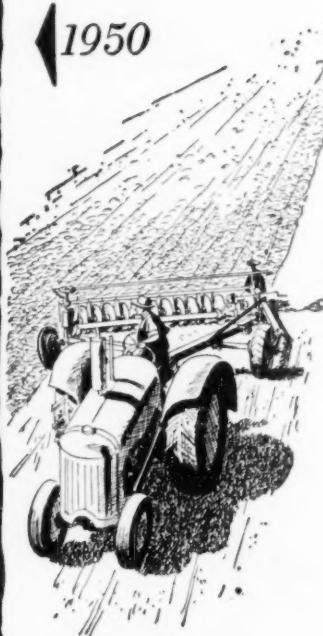
Newfoundland Was Hot

As long as some provinces run a mail-order business in drivers' permits like this, canceling licenses for traffic offenses is a farce. A driver whose license is canceled merely has to pick up a new one from one of the easy-going provinces and he's safe for at least 60 days. If an inquisitive traffic cop asks him why the license plates on his car aren't from the same province as his driver's permit, why, he's a tourist in town driving his brother's car.

To their credit some provinces smelled a rat at once and flatly refused to send mail-order driving licenses. British Columbia wasn't interested in whether the applicant already held a license in another province. If he wished a B. C. license he would have to come to the coast and take the B. C. test—and that was that. To mail inquiries Ontario gives the same flat answer.

Nova Scotia said politely but firmly that it didn't issue driving licenses to motorists with out-of-province addresses.

Newfoundland, the province with fewest drivers, can afford to be freer with its driving permits than any other province, yet it was one of the strict ones. It sent along an application form



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"Under the circumstances,, Reverend, do you mind if I call a spade a spade?"



MM-10

LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

with 21 quiet driving accidents, it was too "hot" for it to be justice of the peace.

"Harrison" got his verdict on November 12. He wrote for me to represent him and asked for his Saskatchewan permit for the Ontario trial. I asked him if this apparently had been the next thing he had returned to the grounds that day. Again. By the way, he bet with me.

How do the various provinces do?

Alberta, Saskatchewan, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia. The reckless ones, those that only to all of Canada's driving permits entitled tourists for Canada's driving permits they charge.

Alberta is the only year or so. But to do, to legitimate that is less than a double. A form (no one in a dollar. One to reveal any abilities. As I told me: "There are refusals and be obtained by a person. It is a person to obtain his report his blindfold form."

Recently a reporter obtained his dog, a gosling, a duck. The lie was duly made out by Ghote and McLean's "dead duck."

Elderly Albertans permits automatically after serial conditions. One driver, eyesight and health, him to give up. Listen. Final government's was incapable they begged for his permission. It was one of the year in which turned down. Car \$79, Da

Saskatchewan test until this year for the police. But odd drivers be able to mail if they are issuing office only a short time given and the test. Driver perhaps sign the Treasury Branch. The Regina.

A Montreal has reported drivers in Ontario required to pass a test. Jean P. France executive insurance in Ontario than it is any of the high rates of accidents, result of "the this province.

with 21 questions covering all phases of driving ability. My friend dropped it as too "hot" to play around with for it had to be sworn on oath before a justice of the peace.

"Harrison" couldn't give a positive verdict on New Brunswick. When he wrote for his license the province sent him an application form and asked for his Ontario license. As with Saskatchewan, he ignored the request for the Ontario permit. He doesn't know if this would have worked, for apparently his letter went astray and the next thing he knew the province had returned his money to him on the grounds that it hadn't heard from him again. By this time he had won his bet with me so he let the matte drop.

How do the driver-testing systems of the various provinces rate?

Alberta, Saskatchewan, Quebec and New Brunswick are the black sheep. The reckless manner in which they toss out driving permits is a menace not only to those provinces themselves, but to all of Canada and the U. S., for the permits entitle their holders to drive as tourists for 60 days in any province or state they choose.

Alberta intends to start tests in a year or so. But all today's Albertan has to do, to legally take charge of a machine that is deadlier in unskilled hands than a double-barreled shotgun, is sign a form (no oath demanded) and hand in a dollar. On the form he is supposed to reveal any sight or physical disabilities. An Alberta newspaperman told me: "This is merely a formality as refusals are very rare. Licenses may be obtained by mail or through another person. It is possible for a blind person to obtain a license by failing to report his blindness on the application form."

Recently an Edmonton Bulletin reporter obtained driving permits for his dog, a goat and, so he said, a dead duck. The licenses were applied for and duly made out to Rover Burke, William Ghothe and Mort Anas (bad Latin for "dead duck").

Elderly Alberta drivers get their permits automatically renewed no matter how seriously their vision or physical condition may be deteriorating. One driver, past 70, had fast-failing eyesight and his family pleaded with him to give up driving. He wouldn't listen. Finally the family informed the government's licensing bureau that he was incapable of handling a car and they begged authorities to stop renewing his permit. The bureau complied. It was one of the few Alberta cases last year in which a license application was turned down.

Car \$79, Damage \$3,500

Saskatchewan has had no driving test until this year. Now drivers applying for the first time get a test from police. But Saskatchewan's 200,000-odd drivers already licensed will still be able to renew their permits by mail if they are too feeble to reach an issuing office. Even with new drivers only a short test behind the wheel is given and there is no medical or vision test. Driver licensing in Saskatchewan, perhaps significantly, is controlled by the Treasury Department, Taxation Branch. The address: Revenue Building, Regina.

A Montreal automobile club official has reported that more than 90% of car drivers in Quebec have never been required to pass any form of driving test. Jean Beyries, a Montreal insurance executive, pointing out that car insurance in Quebec is much higher than it is anywhere else in Canada says the high rates are due to the frequency of accidents, which in turn are a direct result of "the suicidal licensing laws in this province."

Quebec law requires no test for a passenger car driving license (80% of the province's vehicles) unless the applicant "is known to have" a mental or physical disability. Instead of having tests to detect hidden disabilities Quebec puts the cart before the horse, leaves detection to chance, then when disabilities are discovered gives the test afterward. Even applicants obviously disabled frequently get licenses without driving ability being tested. At Levis a war veteran who had lost both arms above the elbow was

granted a driver's license without being tested.

Technically, Quebec law requires a driving license applicant to be 17 years old, "acquainted with" traffic laws and able to drive. Frequently little attempt is made to learn whether even these requirements are met. A highways department official says: "At the very least more than 7,000 youths under 17 have driving licenses."

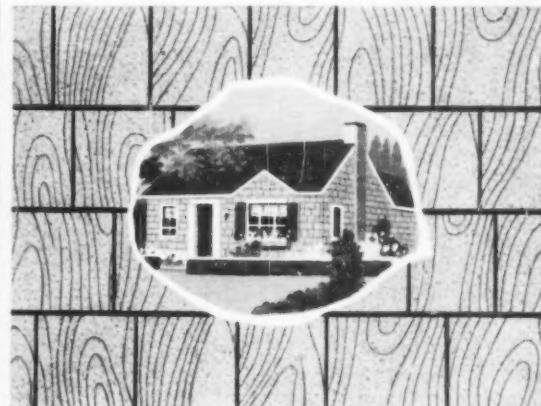
At Sillery, a suburb of Quebec City, an old car crashed into a store front, injured the 16-year-old driver, caused

\$3,500 damage. The youth had obtained his license an hour before. He had told the issuing clerk he would not be 17 for three months. The clerk shrugged, gave him the license anyway, didn't even bother to ask if he could drive. The youth couldn't. He had bought a 1928 model car that day for \$79, had never driven before. And he still has the same driving license.

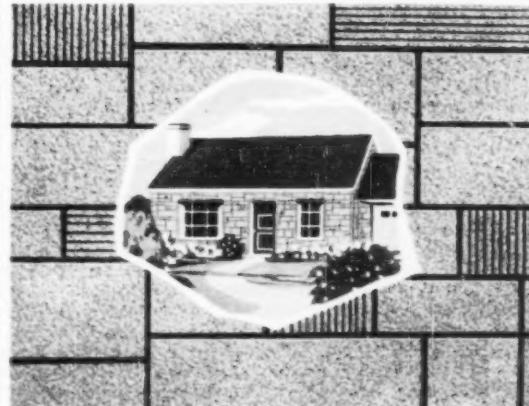
Applicants for chauffeurs' licenses (20% of drivers) must be tested, so the Quebec act says. But one taximan said his test consisted of stopping on a hill,



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starting again and returning to the license office (time required: seven minutes). Another reported: "They were too busy that morning to give tests. They just filled in my card and marked me 'past.'"

New Brunswick is now drafting plans for tighter control of driving permit distribution. Said a police chief: "About time, because the halt, the lame and blind have no trouble getting drivers' licenses in New Brunswick." Recently a New Brunswick motorist in an accident couldn't read the headline of a newspaper that a traffic officer held a few feet in front of him. Under New Brunswick's new system examining will be by unprejudiced police and other officials; garage men, who are supposed to be doing it now, will be out. But there are no provisions for medical and vision tests or for examination of the 100,000 drivers who obtained licenses under the old easy-going system. Meanwhile, these drivers are having accidents at a rate almost double that of the Canadian average.

Red Light For Color Blind

Safety authorities place the British Columbia and Ontario testing programs at the head of the list, but not everyone familiar with the urgent need for raising driver standards will grant even these provinces a clean bill of health. Says Inspector Page, of Toronto, one of the continent's top experts in traffic safety: "The British Columbia and Ontario systems are as good as those anywhere, yet they fall short of what our soaring accident rate demands. So why shouldn't we improve them?"

British Columbia puts its would-be drivers through the following battery of tests:

1. A written test on rules of the road and driving techniques.
2. A verbal test on the meaning of traffic signs.
3. Scientific eye tests which cover general visual acuity, ability to see at the side without turning head, depth perception (which determines ability to judge distance), tendency to double vision and color-blindness.
4. A reaction test on a reactometer which measures the speed with which the applicant recognizes a warning and applies brakes.
5. A road test of 12 minutes through crowded city streets and traffic lights.

If the applicant's vision or reaction speed is below normal he may be issued a restricted license—one which permits him to drive only when wearing specified glasses, to drive only in daylight, or at a specified reduced speed. A restricted license for color-blind drivers permits them to drive only in daylight and on streets not controlled by traffic lights. And to make certain that a driver doesn't become a highway menace because of after-effects of illness or old age, B. C. is now calling in every driver every five years for retesting.

Ignorance Is Legal

Ontario puts its applicants through a verbal test on traffic laws and safe-driving practices, and gives a thorough road test, particularly to drivers applying in cities. It has the medical records of thousands of men who were turned down by the armed services and every application is checked against this file for disabilities which the Army medical might have turned up.

Well, that's the generally discouraging picture across Canada. What should be done? What must we do before driving permits can be recognized as a guarantee that every car is

in safe and capable hands? How can we cancel those licenses to murder?

I took these vital questions to the leading traffic safety experts in Canada. Here are their answers:

1. Make every applicant pass a detailed written test on traffic rules and the hazards and potentialities of his car.

2. After the applicant has proved he knows the fundamentals of safe driving in theory we must give him a grueling road test under an impartial and well-trained examiner—a test of many miles through heavy traffic and country roads.

3. Give every applicant a complete visual and medical examination. Those seriously handicapped must be barred from driving. Those with limited handicaps can be advised of their limitations, warned to make allowances for them, and issued licenses with the understanding they are constant probationers.

4. Give new tests periodically to catch up with those whose eyesight or physical condition is deteriorating.

Where and how adequately are these four requirements being met in Canada today? Let's go back over them one by one.

Only British Columbia requires all drivers to pass a written test on driving safety knowledge and traffic rules. Professor Bryce, of the University of Toronto, says the commonest fault among drivers is ignorance of the crushing power they control. "How many realize," he asks, "that at 60 m.p.h. they are covering 88 feet every second, that an impact at that speed is the same as driving off the top of a 120-foot building?"

Four Drivers in Four Minutes

Only in the larger cities of Ontario and British Columbia is the second "must" of the safety experts being met today. The big fault in ensuring thorough road tests is the practice in several provinces of authorizing service station managers or attendants to examine driver license applicants. Worst offenders: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario.

In New Brunswick a motorist seeking a driving permit for the first time is required to go to anyone connected with a garage or service station and have him sign a form declaring that the applicant is a qualified driver. "Not one garage man in 10 is conscientious enough to give an applicant a driving test, as he is supposed to," said a traffic officer. "Why should he? If he turned an applicant down the chap would simply go to one of his competitors—and take his gas and oil business with him."

An Ontario Department of Highways supervisor recently recommended that an examiner be fired. The examiner, a busy service station manager, would size up an applicant, murmur, "You look like a good driver," and sign the application without leaving his desk.

Another examiner recently took four applicants out at once in the same car. Each applicant drove a block, then another took the wheel—four minutes, four blocks, \$4 in fees paid the "examiner," and four new drivers turned loose. Drivers or killers?

What about vision and medical examinations, point No. 3? This year the Automotive Transport Association and College of Optometry in Toronto tested the eyes of 359 truck drivers. One in 10 had eyesight so defective that glasses were urgently needed, scores had minor visual defects.

During the past six months in Toronto and vicinity alone there have been seven accidents caused when drivers suffered heart attacks, four by epileptic seizures, two by diabetic

seizures, one by after-effects of spinal meningitis and one in which the driver was insane. Yet only B. C. gives a scientific eye test to every applicant. And nowhere in Canada are drivers given medical tests to detect hidden ailments like epilepsy and heart conditions. Often the applicant is honestly unaware of his condition.

At New Toronto recently a boy riding a bicycle on the shoulder of a highway was struck by a car and seriously injured. The car driver was found to be blind in his right eye. His license was canceled—too late.

Sydney Hamilton, chief examiner at Vancouver, tested a truck driver a few months ago. The man passed his written, eyesight and reaction-speed tests with good scores. In his road test he drove a heavy truck loaded with six tons of feed, again scored high. Hamilton and the driver got out of the truck and entered the office where the license was to be made out. The driver promptly threw a fit. He was sent to a doctor, diagnosed as an epileptic, and his license application was refused.

Yearly Test For Oldsters

Sometimes the "healthiest" drivers slump suddenly unconscious at the wheel. This summer at Pickering, Ont., a fire truck carrying six firemen raced down a hill on a fire call, driven by the fire chief, 47, who was apparently in good health. Suddenly the chief fainted. The truck began to sway. A narrow bridge lay ahead. One of the firemen kicked the chief's foot off the accelerator and grabbed the wheel. The truck grazed a tree and the bridge guard rail, finally was brought to a safe stop. Five firemen narrowly missed death. The chief was dead of heart attack.

Commenting on point No. 4—the need for retesting, especially of older drivers—Toronto's Inspector Page says, "I obtained my original driving licence when I was 16. "I have had it renewed for 21 years without another test. I could be blind, insane, paralyzed—no one in the department of highways would know until I decided to tell them."

"A driver should get a thorough test and be given a license good for five years. Before it is renewed he should get a complete driving and medical test again. When a driver reaches 65 or 70 he should be given at least a vision and medical test every year."

Ontario now retests annually all drivers over 80, all drivers involved in fatal accidents, all drivers over 70 involved in any accident and all accident repeaters (two or more accidents in a year). But the retest doesn't include a medical examination unless the driver has an ailment so obvious he cannot hide it.

Last November British Columbia started issuing five-year permits and demanding retests every renewal. But no medical examination is required unless the applicant is obviously shaky or handicapped.

In other provinces permits are renewed automatically year after year unless the driver causes a serious accident and is ordered by a court to be retested.

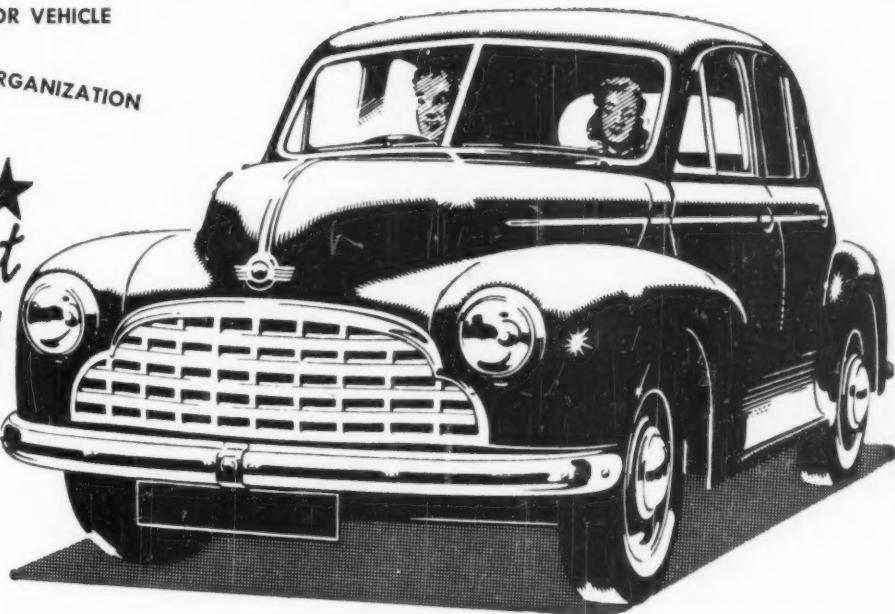
I'd like to repeat that each week in the year 40 Canadians are killed and 800 injured in auto accidents. The drivers responsible, like our fictitious "Harold L. Harrison," often have no right to the driving licences they hold.

R. A. Stapells, president of the Canadian Automobile Association, and of the Ontario Safety League, sums it up: "There is one sure way to cut our accident toll. That is, hunt out the accidents and yank them off the road—before they happen." ★



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Never a Dull Moment at The Larches

Continued from page 13

retiring girl, but she had a keen intelligence and a quiet sense of humor. It was not for several years that we discovered she was the author of some clever thrillers, and when we did her stock rose because we were all mystery fans.

On Ted Ewan's birthday we had a party and among his numerous presents was a new shocker, "Scotland Yard Does It Again." The hero, Detective Inspector Brown, had all Mr. Willard's characteristics, but it didn't strike us particularly, although we all read the book. We were discussing it one evening and I remarked that the Inspector Brown was always saying, "Well! well! well!" in moments of stress. Then I suddenly remembered that so did our Mr. Willard—and the secret was out. Miss Richards had written it. She admitted the fact with a scarlet face, and in less than a year she and Mr. Willard were married.

Miss O'Hare's Big Day

The wedding took place at The Larches and Miss O'Hare was the bride's attendant.

The best man was a real-life official from Scotland Yard, who was in the States on business and came across the border for the wedding—he had been a brother officer of Mr. Willard's during the War. We enjoyed his visit very much. It was much more fun getting our detective stories at first hand than reading them, but the real detective said he got more of a kick out of reading Stephanie's book.

The toast to the bride was proposed by a very resplendent Reginald and even Mary and my Chinaman Wong were called in to drink it. Miss O'Hare looked quite pretty in her new blue dress. A good many more toasts were drunk and Miss O'Hare became very flushed, but she was game and never refused one until, though her spirit was willing, her knees were weak and she keeled over.

The gallant Mr. Carstairs rushed to her rescue and, with a cry of "Reginald," she passed out in his arms, her bracelet catching the lace tablecloth and dragging a large dish of trifle off the table on to the floor. Reginald placed his burden on the table and picked up the dish, murmuring groggily, "A mere trifle, dear lady, a mere trifle."

Mary and I carried Miss O'Hare upstairs and the party continued till it was time for the happy couple to leave.

Just as Stephanie was being kissed determinedly by Reginald down the stairs staggered a rakish figure in a flannelette nightgown, with a fringed lamp shade on her head and a hot-water bottle under one arm, singing lustily and off key, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." It was certainly Kathleen O'Hare's big day.

After the wedding things settled down to our usual routine, enlivened by such events as Mary frightening away a prowler who had forced open the kitchen window and was packing up the silver, and Mrs. Barclay-Hodge finding a mouse in her room and running down the hall shrieking just as the vicar had called.

One night, however, we had a little excitement. Mr. Carstairs, after a session at the pub, lost his key and was trying to open the front door with a corkscrew when a policeman flashed his lantern on the scene. Reginald spent the night in gaol and I had to go to the police station the next morning

CANADIAN ECDOOTE



The Caughnawaga and the Queen

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1876 Queen Victoria, a majestic, but roly-poly, little figure, watched from a wicker chair on the lawn of her castle at Windsor while 12 white Canadians played against 12 Caughnawaga Indians in the only lacrosse match she ever saw.

Earlier that year Dr. George Beers, of Montreal, founder of the National Lacrosse Association of Canada, had taken the two teams to Britain for a series of exhibition games and this command performance was the highlight of the tour.

After the match the players were presented to the Queen one by one and received an autographed photograph of herself from her own hands. All went well until the white team and the first six Indians had filed past.

The seventh Caughnawaga, on the way to the castle, had somehow managed to buy a bottle of lemon flavoring extract, which he

had drunk in a single gulp in the dressing-tent after the game. What with the hot sun and the excitement the mule-kick wallop of the extract had begun to do its work. As Beers later told the story this is what happened:

Towering over the little Queen the Indian peered glassily down and grunted incoherently, "You fat squaw!"

There was a moment of utter silence. Then Victoria, an appalled and incredulous look in her pale blue eyes, turned to Beers and asked, "What did he say?"

"Yu-fatis-qua," Ma'am," the doctor answered, sweating with horror but thinking fast. "It means 'How wonderful!' in his native language. He is so carried away he has forgotten the few words of English he knows."

"Indeed!" the Queen said. "Indeed! You may tell him, Doctor, that we are most gratified."—James Bannerman.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdoote, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

to explain matters and bring him home. There was seldom a dull moment at The Larches.

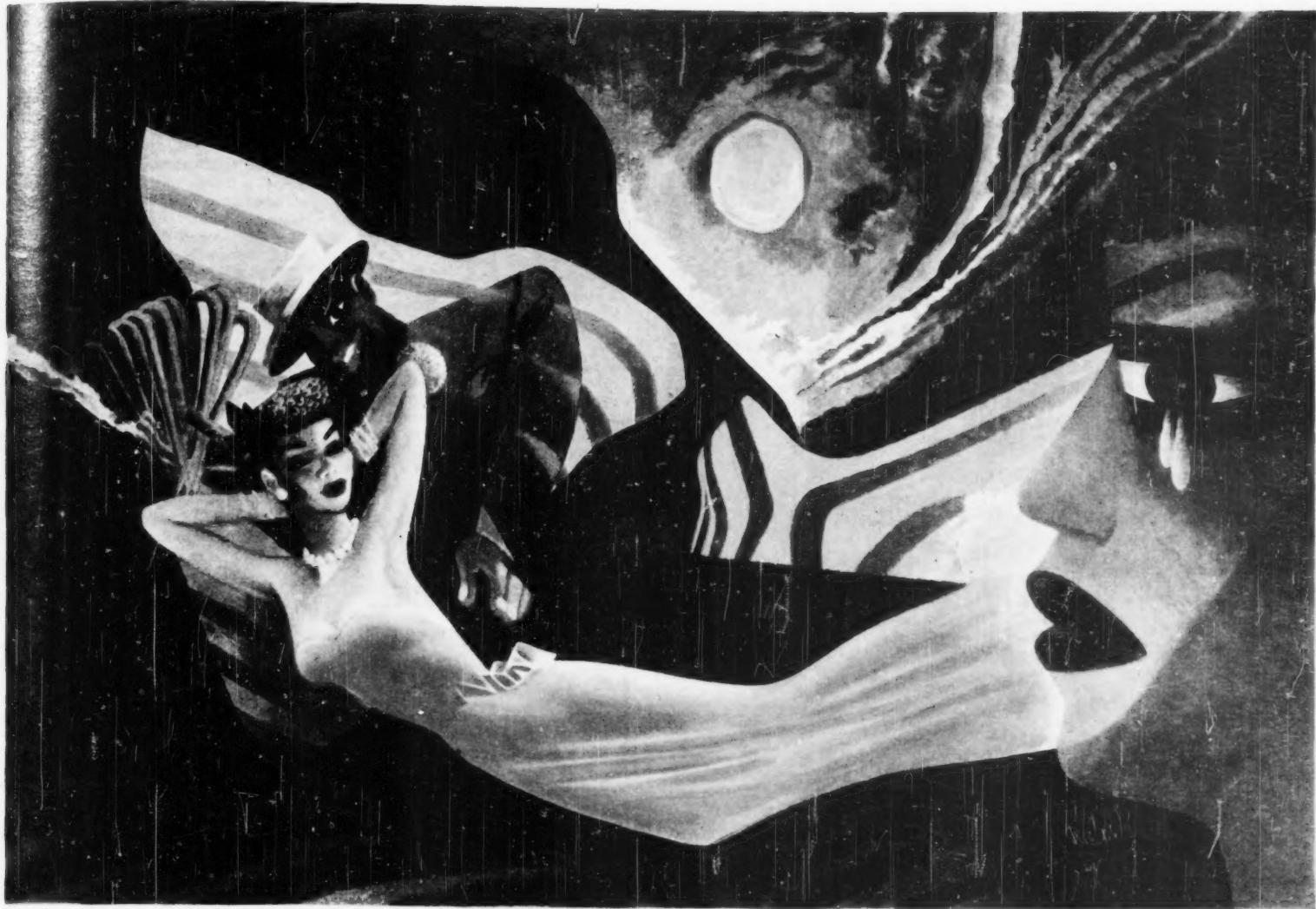
If things did get quiet occasionally it seemed to always be just a lull before a storm. A friend of mine had taken in two evacuees from London, nine-year-old twins, a boy and girl—Alfred and Agnes. Alfie and Our Ag to each other. My friend had to go into hospital the day they arrived and I offered to keep them until she returned.

They had not been in the house an hour before they had explored it thoroughly. The upstairs bathroom door had the key stuck in the lock—why or how we never found out—and Mrs. Barclay-Hodge was having a bath. Alfie turned the key and put it in his

pocket, locking her in. When the poor lady wanted to get out she couldn't. We did not know what had happened to the key and Alfred had forgotten all about it in the excitement. We tried every other key in the house and eventually phoned the fire brigade. A fireman climbed up to the window and got in, but Mrs. Barclay-Hodge was in such a dither that she forgot she had nothing on and when she saw the man she went into hysterics.

The twins took a great fancy to Miss O'Hare, who gave Agnes a three-strand necklace of enormous pearl beads and a pair of pink silk stockings. "She's a bit of oil right that one," said Ag, "ain't she, Alfie?" Alfie, who was wearing

Continued on page 66



St. Louis Blues . . . A colour translation especially painted for Northern Electric by N. Max Ralph

hate to see de evenin' sun go down

Cause my baby, he done lef dis town . . .
I'll pack my trunk, make ma get away . . .
St. Louis woman wid her diamond rings
Pulls dat man roun' by her apron strings . . .
'Twant for powder an' for store bought hair
De man I love would not gone nowhere*

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The tender throbbing melancholy of W. C. Handy's famous "St. Louis Blues" floats through the enchanted air with its heart-touching message of despairing love. You'll want to enjoy to the full every note and syllable, every last nuance of this superb "blues" classic. That complete enjoyment is yours when inspired melodies are heard on the Northern Electric Jasper, the exquisitely styled console radio-phonograph with the most sensitive and faithful reproduction. Great melodies live on, beloved down the years. Let them continue to thrill you always. Down the years, too, the Jasper will recapture their undying beauty.

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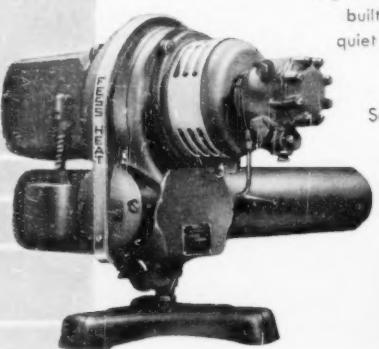
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Continued from page 64
discarded panama of Major Doncaster's, answered, "Yuss, He's orl right too."

Fortunately they wanted to have their meals in the kitchen with Mary who loved them, and they both tried to help with the cooking—as when Agnes put some onions, which Mary had peeled, in a saucepan of apples, and Alfie seasoned the soup with sugar. But these were mere trifles. One day they put pepper in the sugar shaker and Miss O'Hare put it on her fruit and sneezed for half an hour.

Spanking For a Splurge

One night when Major Doncaster went up to his room he found the twins in his pyjamas, smoking cigars and trying to open a bottle of whisky.

But I think the worst day of all was when Alfred climbed to the spare wheel at the back of a car and was driven miles out into the country. We looked for him everywhere and even had his disappearance broadcast over the radio. When the driver of the car discovered Alfred the boy had forgotten where he lived so he ended up in the

sleeping and the next morning I gave them each a thoroughly good spanking.

At last my friend left hospital and the children left The Larches to go to her home. Agnes was carrying a huge yellowhaired doll from Mary, her arms full of presents from the others. Alfred, resplendent in a Red Indian outfit, was dragging a yellow wagon, his cheeks bulging with bull's eyes. They were very sorry to leave us and Alfred sniffled as he said to his sister, "They ain't arf been nice to us, they 'aven't, 'ave they, Our Ag?" And Agnes, pulling up her pink stockings, answered with a gulp, "No, not 'alf they ain't."

This was high praise indeed and we felt a bit sniffling as we waved them good-by from the porch.

After Miss Richards married and left we had a new boarder—a retired music teacher called Irma Grant. She was a tall well-built and handsome woman with coarse black hair, very thick and shiny, which fell to her shoulders in a straight heavy bob, and she had a very dark complexion. She generally wore black form-fitting princess-style dresses, and was full of vitality and exuberance. When she walked she took eager prancing steps and looked

MacLean's

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chief of polici... him Valerie... Dalrymple a... had an accide...

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Repaying Guest

Come up for the week end — it's barrels of fun!

It's the place for a man who's athletic.

Get out of yourself and get into the sun—

Be healthy, alive, energetic.

There's grass to be mowed that's been waiting for weeks,

And a chance to get really acquainted

With patching a roof that's a network of leaks,

And acres of fence to be painted.

Drop in for a month — there are fish to be landed.

Relax on our pine-scented shores.

A welcome is waiting — and let us be candid—

So are a number of chores.

—P. J. Blackwell.

police station, from where they phoned me.

Next morning I found a pair of handcuffs under Alfred's pillow. When I returned them to a very astonished desk sergeant he roared with laughter, "The little son of a gun—how did he do it? Under my very eyes, too. He's got a future, that one." But the present was bad enough for me.

What with Reginald's escapade, our kitchen prowler and Alfred I was becoming a familiar visitor at the police station and felt as though I should end by having my fingerprints taken.

The next day it poured and poured so I gave the children some magazines to amuse them so that they would not disturb Mrs. Barclay-Hodge, who was in bed with a cold. I forgot all about them till late in the afternoon and couldn't find them anywhere. Passing the Major's room I thought I heard a noise and went in. Alfred and Agnes were stretched out on his bed, fast asleep and snoring loudly, and the whisky bottle they had tried to open before was standing on the dressing table half empty.

We carried them to their rooms still

as much like a horse—a well-groomed black mare—as any human being could look.

When she walked her heavy black hair tossed from side to side like a mane and I was always expecting her to break into a gallop, wave a tail and neigh at me. Her face, too, was long and horsey, with protruding teeth, and if I ran into her unexpectedly I wanted to call out, "Giddup there."

Irma Grant's resemblance to a horse ceased at her appearance—she was a most brilliant musician. When she played the piano she made it sound like a huge church organ and many a time we sat till bedtime listening to her play.

She was intensely interested in everybody and everything but, next to music, spiritualism was her chief hobby. She kept the old ladies entranced when she held forth on seances, ghostly visitations, and so on, and her Ouija board was an object of joy to them.

One night when she brought it downstairs I asked her if she could tell where my watch was as I had lost it. The answer was, "in a pocket." Believe it or not, next day some clothes I had sent to the cleaners came back with my

watch and a note saying they had found it in my coat pocket. Coincidences do happen but we began to have some faith in Irma's board.

One stormy night we were sitting around in the lounge. Everyone was home except Ted Ewan who had gone to the mainland and whom we were expecting that evening. The Major turned on the radio for the 9 o'clock news. I was reading and not paying much attention, but I looked up and saw that everyone was listening intently to the account of a crash at the local airport. I put my book down.

Miss Grant had the Ouija board on the table in front of her and I heard the tapping. Suddenly she stood up white and trembling and we all looked at her in astonishment as she whispered, "Ted." Taking her board with her she left the room. We kept the radio on and at 9:45 the local announcer made a special news flash—five local people, including Ted Ewan, had been killed in the crash.

Irma lost quite a lot of her prance after that and we never saw the Ouija board again. Not very long afterward she married a famous Viennese musician. When he performed in Victoria soon after the wedding we were all given tickets, and a right goodly show we made as we left The Larches in a couple of taxis, in our seldom-worn evening clothes. If there was a strong smell of moth balls emanating from our box we didn't mind. We felt almost like royalty, especially when Mrs. Barclay-Hodge produced her lorgnette and gazed superciliously at the *hot polloi* beneath.

Valerie's Heart Trouble

After Miss Grant married I took, against my better judgment, a girl of 18, the daughter of a friend of mine on the Prairies. I had found that young girls were too much of a nuisance and a responsibility, but Valerie had been very well brought up and wanted to take an art course and I did not like to refuse.

She soon became a great favorite in the house, but was always falling madly in and out of love with some impossible person, such as the principal of one of the high schools, a married man with a large family—"such soulful eyes, he looks just like Byron"; or the doctor next door who often gave her a lift into town—"I just adore doctors, they are so antiseptic, if you know what I mean."

In between these romantic episodes her heart was invariably broken and she was low in spirit—what Terry Ewan called "her celibate spells"—and we had some peace.

Then Valerie met a good-looking ex-naval officer called Dalrymple and we were entertained at meals with his marvelous exploits during the war. We had never seen this hero, but gathered he was simply supercolossal. One evening she rang up to say she would not be home to dinner, but when 11 struck and she had not returned I began to worry. Eventually I rang up the chief of police, whom I knew, and told him Valerie was out with a Captain Dalrymple and that I feared they had had an accident or something.

"Dalrymple," the chief shouted, "I know him—his real name is Perkins. He's no more a naval officer than you are. Where did they go?"

I thought of the Poodle Dog, Valerie's favorite cafe, and in a few minutes the chief's car was outside and we were speeding toward the cafe where we made enquiries. Valerie and Perkins had been there and had phoned for a taxi to take them to the dock. We dashed out and got there just in time. They were about to board the night

boat for Vancouver—both carrying suitcases.

A tearful Valerie returned home with me, but not for long. I wired her mother to come and fetch her the next day.

You can never judge the people of Victoria by their appearance. The shabbiest-looking man or woman often turns out to be the owner of a proud title, or a person of world renown.

I was waiting for the bus one day when I saw a well-known retired doctor sitting on the curb reading a paper. He had probably been gardening and was dressed in a pair of shabby dungarees. An American visitor (or so I gathered from her accent), feeling sorry for the poor old man, was just getting a bus ticket out of her bag to give him when I stopped her.

Rolls Royce and Mahogany

Another time I was in the public library and noticed a tall aristocrat—but shabby old lady looking around the library shelves while her chauffeur stood by to carry her books.

I once got into conversation with a dowdy little woman in rusty black and she asked me if I wouldn't come and have a cup of tea with her one day. I went, but instead of the shabby room I expected to find I was ushered into a veritable mansion set in beautiful grounds, with a Rolls Royce in the driveway. The house was simply wonderful and I could hardly take my eyes off the wonderful mahogany furniture and exquisite rugs. Mrs. St. John Corbyn had lived for many years in India and had traveled extensively, and I spent a pleasant and very interesting afternoon.

I got to know her very well and enjoyed many visits to her home. We loved to have her dine with us at The Larches and, although she was nearly 80, she kept us all entertained. She may have looked dowdy when I first met her but in her old-fashioned evening gowns and magnificent jewelry she looked just what she was, a cultured, educated lady.

A horse of another color was a woman whom Miss O'Hare met at a bridge party and brought to The Larches. She was Mrs. Montgomery, a wealthy widow who, according to Miss O'Hare, "was most interesting, knows the very best people and her diamond rings . . ." In spite of Miss O'Hare's descent from the Kings of Old Ireland, she was a bit of a snob.

One night soon after the widow rang up Miss O'Hare and asked if she might come and stay with her for a few days as the water pipes in her flat had burst and it would take at least a week to fix them. Miss O'Hare was in such a dither that I agreed to have her friend at The Larches. The widow arrived with six pieces of luggage, from steamer trunk to shopping bag, and these the cab driver carried to Miss O'Hare's already overcrowded room.

Cocktails With a Charge

At dinner that night Mrs. Montgomery appeared in all her glory, literally studded with diamonds. We were all a bit dazzled at first and then she started talking. How that woman could talk! Any daring soul who tried to get in a word edgewise was promptly contradicted and there was nothing to do but sit and listen. By the time we were through with the second course Mrs. Montgomery was still at her soup and we sat in silence while she caught up.

Mary, handing her the potatoes, was so dazzled by the diamonds that she dropped the dish. Terry gave a squeal,



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MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER supplies you in advance with important health knowledge you should have so that it may be utilized without a moment's loss when you need it most.

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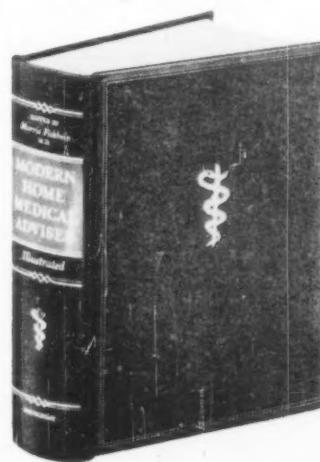
With this modern book in your home, you have the immediate benefit of the advice of these 24 experienced physicians and surgeons at your service at all times to guide you and to tell you under what circumstances you should call your Doctor. Unlike the old style family medical book that prides itself on the "wait until you need it" policy, **MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER** believes in preparedness—it shows you how to protect your health, your most precious possession. This book will be a boon and a blessing in every well-ordered home where sound health is valued.

This book may mean much to you—do not delay—order your copy NOW—send \$3.98 with the coupon below TODAY. If you are not satisfied you may return your copy of **MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER** for full refund. See coupon for full details of this return privilege.

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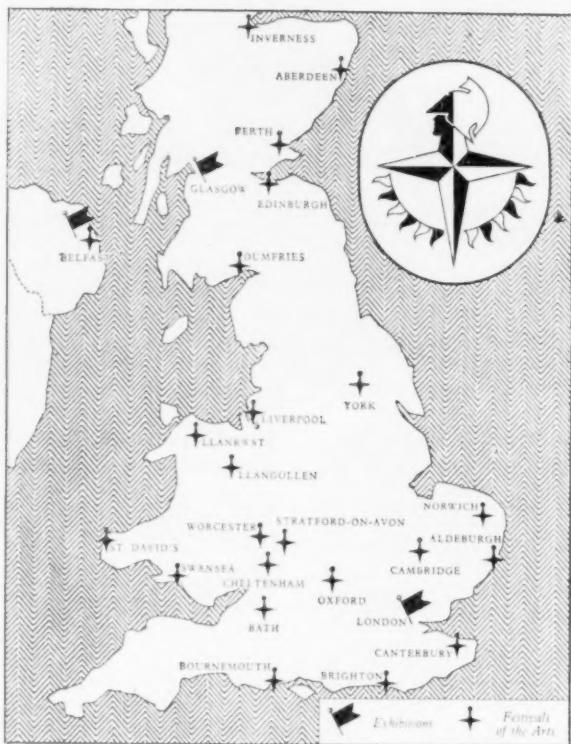
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BRITAIN AT HOME TO THE WORLD

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tried to cover it with a cough, and started choking. He got up quickly and left the table to bolt from the room. I heard him laughing with Mary for a long time afterward.

We were all worn out by the end of the meal and decided that a little bridge might refresh us. As we were putting out the cards the "Queen of Diamonds," as the Major called her, sailed in and said brightly, "Oh! How about a little game of bridge?" The room was cleared in record time—everyone had a pressing engagement. Next morning Miss O'Hare looked worn out, and no wonder for Mrs. Montgomery had talked incessantly until 3 a.m.

Another ghastly day and night passed, then Miss O'Hare had a violent fit of hysterics and we had to send for the doctor, who ordered her to bed with absolute quiet. So that evening after dinner Mrs. Montgomery and her

luggage departed from The Larches.

As soon as the front door slammed behind her everyone trooped downstairs and into the lounge. Mr. Carstairs appeared with a bottle under each arm and joyfully shouted that this called for a celebration. He mixed some potent cocktails which he called the "Charge of The Light Brigade," and they certainly carried a powerful charge.

I was completely worn out and after my second drink found myself reciting "Exce'sior" in a very spirited manner.

Then the door opened and in walked Mrs. Montgomery—she had left behind her umbrella. I can well imagine how the bridge club lapped up the tale of our drinking orgy, but I took another cocktail and finished "Excelsior" amid loud applause.

There was, as I say, never a dull moment at The Larches. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 4

Navy at 18 and I am 41 now. In two more years I will retire on a pension of \$100 a month which I will get for the rest of my life."

Finally an oft-quoted bit from a pamphlet which, it's fair to recall, was printed in Vancouver without the knowledge of Naval HQ:

"Enlist for five years today and get the equal of a college [sic] education and travel, in less time than it takes to become a doctor or lawyer. Or make the Navy your career, and look forward to a lifetime pension before your [sic] 40."

Some professional servicemen, bitterly opposed to this propaganda line from the start, say now we're reaping the results that they predicted. Since the war, the services have attracted too many of the wrong type, they say. As one permanent officer put it:

"A man who's thinking of his old-age pension is in no mood for combat."

* * *

There have been no such outstandingly horrible examples in recent months so far as I know, but the same general tone—security, ease, recreation—could be found in recruiting posters for a full month after the Korean War broke out. Since August, of course, the whole approach has changed; service advertising is now a manly appeal to patriotic duty. However, some people in Ottawa feel that the previous error in recruiting methods has been repeated in the Government's line to the general civilian public. On the whole, it's been soothing.

Lester B. Pearson's speeches to the emergency session of Parliament on the whole international scene were a notable exception. If he played down the size and gravity of the Korean campaign, it was only to play up the mortal dangers we face all over the world. But the other ministerial messages sounded, from the Press Gallery, like pretty comfortable counsel:

"Relax, folks; we have the situation well in hand."

J. M. Macdonnell, Progressive Conservative financial critic, gave voice to this feeling after Douglas Abbott finished his Budget speech:

"The feeling I had when the Minister of Finance was reading his speech was this: Am I wrong? Are we all stupid to think we are living in a dangerous world? Can we just meet here and hear the Minister use pleasant arguments, telling us how easily we are going to get over it, and that really we are not going to be disturbed, and if we just carry

along under the Minister's wise guidance, nothing will ever happen?"

The paradox is that few, if any, Cabinet Ministers are as complacent in private as they sound in public. At the beginning, perhaps, they did take the Korean incident a little too calmly but for months now they have been profoundly worried. For some of them, at least, the change can be dated precisely—it took place on the train that carried Mackenzie King's body to Toronto. There for the first time since June 25 they had a long session together with no agenda, nothing to do but kick the international situation around and ponder all its implications. Pearson went to town on that theme, with visible effect.

Abbott is not complacent at all. No one realizes more clearly than he that as Minister of Finance he faces a task of unprecedented difficulty. For him especially a half-war of indefinite duration is a trickier problem than real, all-out war.

He stated the problem concisely in the Budget speech itself:

"We are not in a state of war—we are at a hill of difficulty on the path of peace . . . We face a situation which does not engender the intense degree of patriotic fervor induced by an outright state of war, and which may smolder its way along for a considerable time."

Abbott knows what that means to the tax collector. He was J. L. Ilsley's parliamentary assistant through the peak years of war taxation; he learned then there is a ceiling on taxes that you cannot pierce without losing production. Taxed beyond a certain point (and the point varies according to the "degree of patriotic fervor") men simply will not work. I can remember Nova Scotia coal miners in 1943 throwing down their shovels in mid-afternoon:

"That's all I'm doing today. Let Ilsley fill the next box."

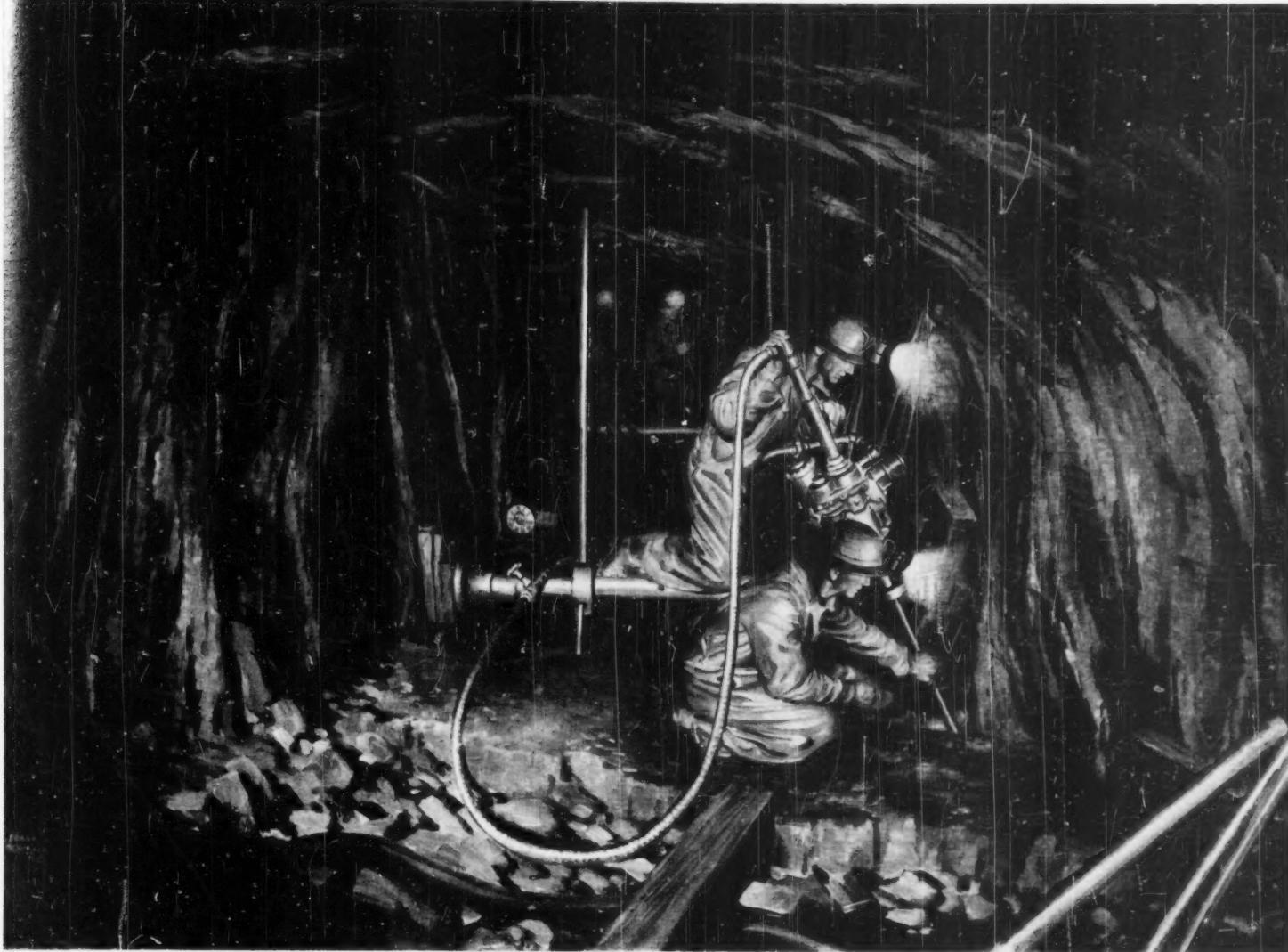
Their attitude was duplicated in many other parts of Canada.

This time taxes are high already and may go higher, even without counting defense expansion. Abbott will fight any move to implement social security pledges now, but some of his colleagues disagree (or did, up to a month or so ago). In any case, we are closer to the tolerable maximum of taxation than we were in 1942.

This probably explains the curious anomaly between the Budget speech and the Budget itself. "Present conditions do not call for any interim period of easy financial policy," said the Minister; "they require, on the contrary, a prompt and effective anti-inflationary program." Yet the Budget contained not a single anti-inflationary

Continued on page 71

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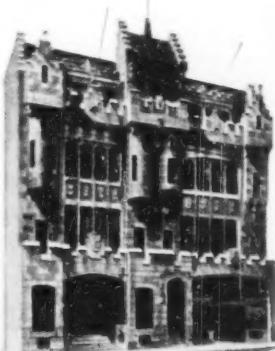
This advertisement is an adaptation of one of a series created by The House of Seagram to tell the peoples of other lands about Canada and her various products. For the past two years this campaign has been appearing in newspapers and magazines printed in many languages and circulated throughout the world.

Our prosperity is based on our ability to sell our products to other countries. Every Canadian has a personal stake in foreign trade, for one out of every three dollars of Canada's national income results from our trade abroad. The more that the peoples of other

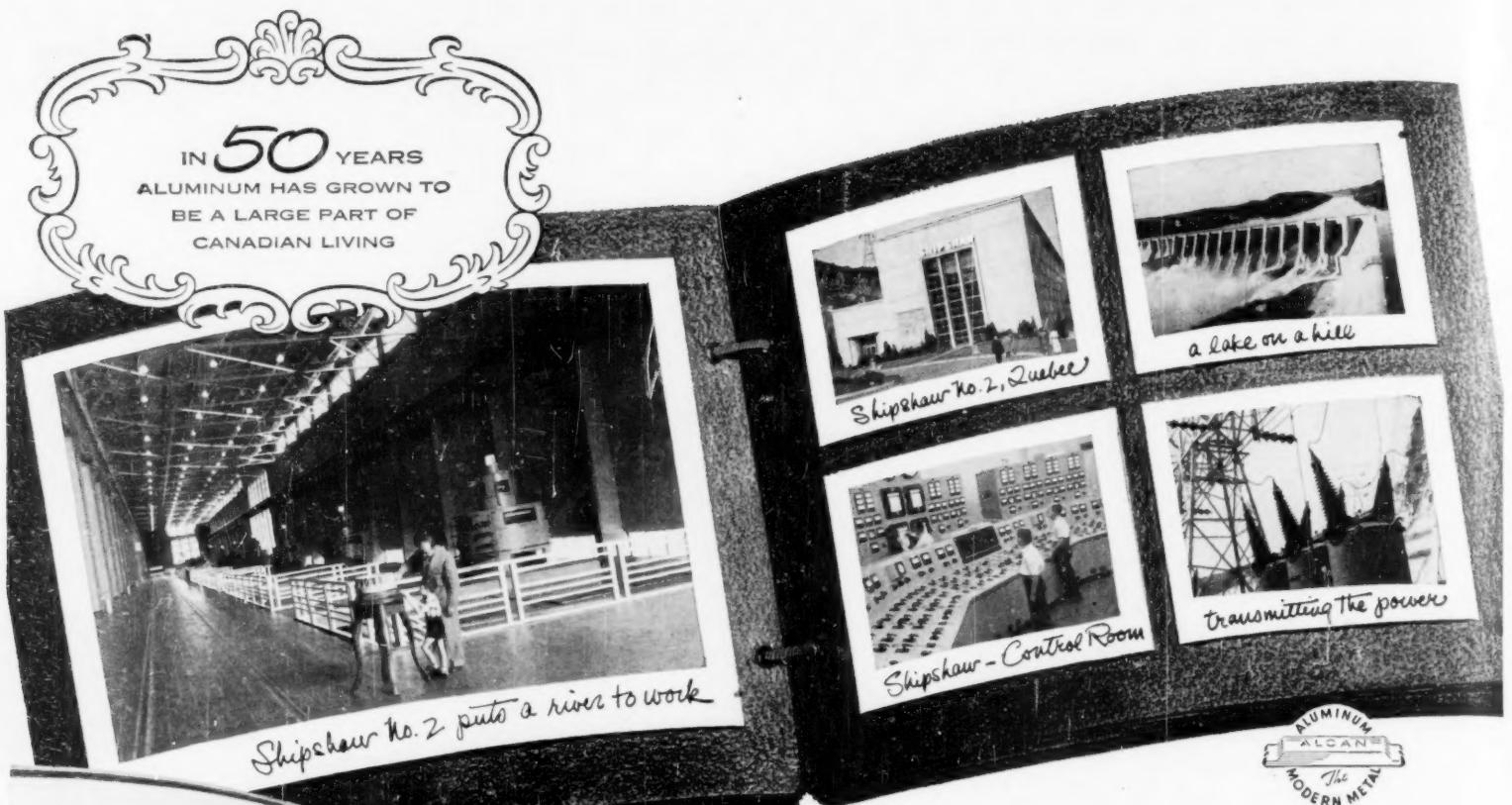
countries know of the quality, variety and prestige of our products, the more likely they are to buy from us.

* * *

We feel that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary line of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—this view embraces the entire Dominion. That is why The House of Seagram believes that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets. It is in this spirit that these advertisements are being published throughout the world.



The House of Seagram



"Daddy, what makes it hum?"

"HARNESSED RAINDROPS, SONNY!" It's a true answer . . .

In Shipshaw powerhouse you are awed by the hum of twelve gigantic generators. They are driven by rain and snow which fill Lake St. John and pour down the Saguenay River.

The water is channelled to a man-made lake on top of a hill. Then it rushes down tunnels chiselled through solid rock to dash against turbines like the model at which the boy is peering — but weighing 50 tons.

The turbines drive generators. The electricity they generate speeds to nearby Arvida. There it refines shining aluminum out of bauxite from British Guiana.

Over 1000 Canadian companies form aluminum into all sorts of useful articles. All this means work for Canadians. This country supplies nothing but the raindrops — and the brains, hands and enterprise to harness them.

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measure—corporation and excise taxes have the effect of raising prices, not lowering them, and their impact on general purchasing power will be minute.

Don't let that worry you, though—this reprieve won't last long. There will be another budget in the spring, when a higher and broader income tax is a virtual certainty.

* * *

There's one more reason for caution and calm—a reason seldom mentioned in private, and never in public: Public opinion in French Canada. Just how far will Quebec support a new war effort?

You hear scarcely an echo of this in Parliament; almost all Quebec members are loyal and docile supporters of the St. Laurent Government. Only a few lone voices like that of Jean-François Pouliot, the old-line isolationist, and Henri Courtemanche, the Progressive Conservative from Labelle, have been raised to cry "Halt." The other Quebec Conservative, Leon Balcer of Three Rivers, is a Navy veteran who went out of his way to endorse the policy of supporting United Nations action.

In the press, too, the reaction is somewhat muted. *Le Devoir*, the "nationalist" daily of Montreal, has been vehemently isolationist: "What

are we doing in all this? Merely proving that we become more and more the satellites of Washington." Montreal *Matin* was even nastier: "Why cover with the name of a crusade the reflex action of the Anglo-Saxon world when its material interests are threatened?" But *Le Devoir* no longer speaks, as once it did, for the great body of the Quebec clergy, and *Montreal-Matin* is a totally partisan organ of the Duplessis Government.

More significant was the first, uninstructed reaction of *Le Soleil* in Quebec City, which proclaims itself "A Liberal Organ." Said *Le Soleil*, in the first week of the Korean war: "The best way to avoid war is not to meddle with the affairs of foreigners."

Ottawa's reaction to this outburst was swift and effective. The Liberal Government got in touch with its Quebec "organ." Some people say it was Prime Minister St. Laurent himself who rang up Senator Jacob Nicol, owner of *Le Soleil*, and told him, "Say what you like in your newspaper, but stop calling it a Liberal organ if that's your line."

Within a week *Le Soleil* had changed its tune: "Under a democratic regime, minorities must accept the serious decisions of Parliament without vain recrimination. This wise rule is one that good citizens will follow, in the hope that international intervention in Korea will ward off the antagon-

izing peril of another World War."

But even that grudging approval had to be forced out of them. No wonder the politicians feared that to go too far, too fast, might provoke a real upsurge of the old isolationism.

Some Canadiens think both the press and the politicians misjudge the feelings of the people. One friend of mine, a senior correspondent for a French-language daily, explained the difference between 1950 and 1939 with refreshing frankness.

"French Canadians are far more anti-Communist than they ever were anti-Fascist," he said. "There were never more than a few hundred real Fascists in Quebec, but there were thousands of Fascist sympathizers. They felt the same way about Mussolini's Italy as the average left-wing liberal used to feel toward Soviet Russia, back in the 30's before the purge trials and the Finnish war. They didn't like the extremes and excesses of Fascism but they felt it was a good idea in principle."

"Now, the opposite is the case. French Canadians hate Communism more than anybody else does. This is war they can put their hearts into."

At this point no one can say with assurance which view is correct. It may not be long, though, before we shall have to take steps that will demonstrate the answer, one way or the other. ★

Don't Call Me Baby Face

Continued from page 9

shoulder this way and carrying it that way.

According to Pop's standards perfection was not even remotely attainable. You had to try for it, but no matter how hard you tried for it or how far you got you had no right to be satisfied. Let me tell you about Pop and my left hand.

A few days after Pop had agreed to take me on as a pupil he dropped in on my father's furniture store. I was repainting some secondhand chairs.

"Do it with your left hand, Jimmy," he said.

"Gosh, Mr. Foster," I said, "I can't paint with my left hand."

"I know," Pop said. "That's why I want you to do it."

When Pop started on it my left hand was as left-handed as it's possible for a hand to be. When he finished with it it was the best hand I had. For 16 years Pop talked about my left hand, yammered at it, bullied it, occasionally spoke a few kind words of it, and made me work it, so to speak, bowlegged. I concentrated on my left hand when I punched the bag. I concentrated on it when I sparred. I walked on it. I threw darts with it. I rowed a boat with it. I chopped wood with it. I hauled in fish nets with it. I squeezed a sponge ball with it. My right hand got mixed up in some of these activities too, but Pop made it fairly clear that the right, which was a better hand to begin with, was more or less coming along for the ride.

By the time I turned professional my left hand was passable. It was fast and fairly skilful. I was boxing then, not trying to punch too hard and my left hand was winning fights for me. Just when I was getting fairly pleased with it Pop said it was time I learned to hit with it. So we went on working with my left hand, this time in a different way, until I got so that I could hit with it.

I developed what we called an "up-the-tree" punch. I would dig my left hand into the other fellow's belly

and when he came down with his guard I would draw my left back a few inches and shoot it over his guard to his chin. When it worked I delivered the up-the-tree punch in what amounted to one continuous motion, without shifting my feet or my balance. Other boxers have had this punch too, but it's still a good punch to be able to get across with a hand that was not much good in the first place.

Fourteen years after we first went to work on it my left hand won the welterweight championship of the world. It won on a knockout in the first round of a fight in which I didn't throw a single punch with my right.

A couple of years after that Pop and I decided it was time for me to retire.

We both felt good about the decision.

We took down our hair a little. I told Pop, by no means for the first time,

how much I thought of him and he told me, by no means for the first time,

how much he thought of me. We both meant it.

There was a little silence and Pop said: "There's just one thing I'm sorry about, Jim."

"What's that, Pop?"

"Your left hand," Pop said wistfully.

"It never did get as good as it should have been, did it?"

The sad and wonderful part of it is that Pop was right.

Pop started my education on a

punching bag which he put up in the basement of my father's store.

He sanded and polished the floor and put sawdust on it to speed it up.

We'd meet there in the evenings and Pop's gruff, eager voice would chase me around and around the floor, in and out at the bag, pleading for speed and still more speed.

"Faster with the hands, Jim. Faster with the feet. In

with the left now, Jim. All right, out again. And faster, Jimmy, you've got to do it FASTER!"

I have to confess that at this stage

there were moments when I wondered if Pop really knew what he was doing.

If I had anything at all to start with it was speed. I couldn't help wondering

why we weren't spending more time

worrying about the things I didn't

have. I know now. To Pop the un-

forgivable crime for a teacher was to teach the letter B before he taught the letter A. The letter A was defense and the essence of defense is speed with your feet, with your hands and with your head. It sounds ridiculously simple. It is ridiculously simple. And yet, to the eternal shame of my profession, defense is not the first thing, or even the second thing or the third thing, that most of the kids who start out in it are taught by most of the men who pass for teachers.

"If they can't hit you they can't hurt you." If Pop said those words to me once he said them 10,000 times.

Battles in the Basement

After I had outgrown in succession the flyweight, the bantamweight and featherweight divisions and started trying for power as well as speed, the pleasant and profitable myth grew up that "Baby Face" McLarnin was a wild Irishman who loved to get in there and slug until somebody fell on his face—by preference the other fellow, but if not him, then me. To that I say, humbly but firmly: "Nuts!" I did try to make my fights good fights.

People paid good money to see them

and I wanted them to go home happy

and to come back again. I did occasionally

neglect the rules of defense.

But if I had neglected the rules of

defense because I was indifferent to

them or thought them unimportant

Pop Foster would not have been my

manager. Entirely aside from his

personal feelings toward me Pop had

far too much self-respect to sit in the

corner of a boxer who couldn't or

wouldn't make a pretty good stab at

protecting himself.

Occasionally, in those early days in the basement, Pop used to put the gloves on with me himself and have me lead to him. It must have been a

remarkable sight—me still a tiny kid,

even for 12, weighing no better than

80 pounds and not more than four feet

six inches high; Pop 230 pounds, six

feet tall and nearly 50. But if Pop's

war wounds had left him slow and

awkward from the waist down he was



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The day the Johnsons moved away . . .

They suddenly got cold feet and hated to leave town. In the new city they were going to, so much would be strange — the schools, the church, their neighbors . . .

But not everything will be strange. The grocer and the druggist will have unfamiliar faces, but the products they carry will be old friends. The shelves of every store will be stacked with brand names the Johnsons recognize. Of course, it is a comfort to be able to shop by familiar brand name — the name the manufacturer gave his product so that people could tell it from any other.

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as quick and agile as a cat from the waist up. He began to show me how to block and feint and how to slip a punch.

You don't duck a punch, by the way, you slip it. If you duck you can make the other fellow miss badly and make him look bad. But if you learn to slip punches—to turn your head or your torso just far enough to make the punch graze you or miss you by an inch—you are in a much better position to throw your counterpunch. You're still in close and your balance hasn't been disturbed.

Pop made me shadowbox and punch the bag with a book balanced on top of my head and I began to learn how to move around quickly and still avoid the abrupt and jerky head movements that can make you lose sight momentarily and sometimes disastrously of an opponent's eyes or hands. He brought me a 12-pound weight off an old butcher's scales and tied two leather thongs to it. He sat me on the edge of a chair, put the thongs in my teeth and made me swing the weight back and forth to develop my neck and jaw muscles. I did this almost daily until my retirement.

Ball Muscles Are Bad

At our house we didn't have enough money for the steaks, lamb chops, fresh vegetables and fruit that are good for a boxer. Pop persuaded me that at least I ought to give up the things that are bad for a boxer. I swore off candy and ice cream with a feeling of great nobility and terrible loss. Barring an occasional slip I stayed off them too.

I was a good swimmer, a good ball player and a good soccer player and I liked all those sports. Before I was 15 I gave them up too. A boxer needs perfect condition, but it has to be a special kind of condition, with a special muscle bulge here, a special absence of muscle there and a special set of reflexes which would be of no particular use to anybody but a boxer. Baseball muscles or swimming muscles are worse than no good at all to a boxer, and so when the other kids went swimming I punched the bag and when the other kids were getting up a ball game I was doing roadwork. I never had but one girl friend in my life. This is one aspect of my lost boyhood, at least, that I can look back on with no trace of regret because she's still my girl and we're raising three more like her.

I knew some other kids who were fighting as amateurs. I sparred as often as I got a chance with George Ainsworth, whom I later fought a couple of times, or with Primo Duncan, who was the bantamweight champion of British Columbia, or with Billy Thompson, who later got to be the paperweight champion. Although it doesn't appear in my record, and even Pop didn't get to hear about it until a long time afterward, I fought my first fight in public soon after my 12th birthday.

The fight was at a smoker at the Second Division Artillery Club on Vancouver's East Granville Street. I went down there alone on a dark winter night. It was a long walk and near the end of it I had to cross the Georgia Street viaduct. The viaduct was long and dark and full of shadows. In every shadow I was sure there was a Chinaman hiding with a long curved knife.

I fought four rounds to a draw that night with a kid named Clarence Robinson. I don't remember much about the fight but I do remember that I simply couldn't face that lonely walk back across the viaduct. The streetcar fare was six cents. I thought that it would be undignified to ask for six

cents so I asked the promoter, Roughhouse Charley Burns, for a dime. He gave me a dollar and I was a pro before I held my first amateur card.

There was a Jekyll-Hyde air to this whole phase of my career. My mother disapproved of boxing, so to spare her feelings and also keep myself out of trouble I boxed at the next two or three smokers under the name of Jimmy Lane. I got a kick out of fighting in those days, although there was one night in Nanaimo when I had serious doubts.

I had an amateur card by then, so there was none of that nasty nonsense about money, but the promoters had promised everybody on the card a steak dinner after the show. As I've said, we didn't have steak at our house very often and I was looking forward to it. In the first round I broke my left thumb. In the fourth round I broke my right thumb. The steak turned out to be pretty tough. I sat there sawing away at it holding the knife between the first and second fingers of my right hand and the fork between the first and second fingers of my left. I kept dropping the knife and fork and the steak kept skidding away from me. I was too proud to let anybody help me.

When I was 13 I quit school. I quit for three reasons. I wasn't much of a student. I was trying to earn dollar a day selling papers, but by the time

NEXT ISSUE

The Caribou— Shmoo of the North Country

I got out of school and got down to the docks there were some days when I wasn't bringing home more than 20 or 30 cents. And finally I had come to understand at least something of what was involved in becoming a professional boxer and had made up my mind that I could do it.

The school I quit was Strathcona School. It was a fine school run by fine people. When I explained to Mr. Brown, the principal, that I wanted to quit because I felt it was time I started earning steady money he didn't give me a lot of high-minded arguments. He got me a job. I ran an elevator at the Columbia Paper Company for \$8 a week. I took home \$7.

In the next couple of years I fought another dozen amateur bouts. I lost only one of them, a wildly disputed decision to Mickey Gill which I later reversed.

Just after my 16th birthday Pop told me he was ready to start taking me after that world championship we'd spoken of four years before. I said I was ready to start too.

In the next chapter of his life story Jimmy McLarnin tells how he and Pop Foster went to the U. S. to get a start, how they sometimes were hungry, how the money started to come in. At one time it seemed as though Jimmy was washed up at 19. ★

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I Saw the Chinese Reds Take Over

Continued from page 11

rhythm of the highest nervous tension, coming in sudden spurts and ending in abruptness. A singer's voice, in high falsetto, snaked through the taut machine-gunning of the percussion and then lapsed into short periods of solitary chanting. The eerie effect of the sounds in the cool summer stillness was indescribable. I had never heard anything like it before.

When the sounds faded away I learned from a passerby that this had been funeral music for the general whose body lay white and cold on the river bank below the hill.

My earliest impression of Pehpei was that everyone lived in small warehouses. In the place of Western-style door and ground-floor windows each dwelling had a long row of shutters. These were taken down during the day, exposing the whole interior to the street. The shops were similarly exposed and as you went by you could see their stocks of hanging pots and kettles and boiled candies. At the open-front tailor shops small boys sat all day long behind antiquated sewing machines. The busy sidewalks were jammed with stands and vendors seated on rugs amid their spread-out wares.

The streets themselves, curiously enough, were wide and often of excellent asphalt. But they seemed reserved for pedestrians who usually let any passing vehicle know that it had no business there disrupting their traffic. In the middle of the town stood a magnificent modern movie palace, with posters garishly advertising Hollywood films.

Compared with other Chinese towns of its size Pehpei was quite advanced. Its modernism stemmed from the vision and public spirit of two brothers, Lu Tso-fu and Lu Tso-ying. They had invested in the area about 20 years ago at a time when it was infested by bandits. Lu Tso-fu (the older) had started a shipping company and had sunk most of the profits into civic improvement. The younger had become the town's honest and energetic mayor. Together, they had erected the modern hotel, hospital, school, movie house, park and similar town landmarks.

It was an unusual story in a land where, traditionally, the rich landowner sucked the wealth out of the land and the people, where the industrialist grew fat and oblivious to his neighbors, and where the civic official thought chiefly of the varied techniques of lining his pocket out of the public purse.

Coal in God's Storehouse

Pehpei was in the middle of a region just emerging from feudalism into the early stages of capitalism. The industrial revolution was barely perceptible and there was still as much poetry in the names of the few local factories and machines as in the names of mountains. Let me quote from Pehpei's official "Sightseeing Guide":

Pehpei is located in the Flowery Bright Mountains, which the Ga Ling River cuts into three gorges. The first gorge has stone caves in the mountainside that resemble nostrils, out of which spring water trickles into the river. Hence the name, Running Nose Gorge. The second is called Warm Springs Gorge. The third has a temple to the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, from which comes its title, Mercy Gorge.

In the west is Splendid Cloud Mountain; in the south, Rooster

Mountain; in the east, Gold Sword Mountain; and in the north, West Mountain Plateau. Three tributaries enter the Ga Ling River at Pehpei, namely: the Summer, Bright Home and Phoenix rivers. Level land is very scarce.

"The most important product is coal. The Storehouse of God Company outputs daily 1,000 tons; the Precious Spring Company, the Three Talents Company, the Fire River Company, the Peace Company and the Prosperity Company together produce 12,000 tons.

"Besides coal, there is a monthly output of 2,000 tons of limestone, 1,000 tons fire-resistant materials, millstones and ink-slabs from Warm Springs Gorge, and stone tablets from Running Nose Gorge."

But there was little poetry in the lives of the neighboring peasants. Pehpei's townspeople were not doing too badly but the poverty in the fertile countryside was appalling.

The farmers ate little but rice and sold almost all the eggs and vegetables they produced just to buy salt. They broke their backs in the rice fields each year and then watched most of the harvest disappear in rent, taxes and the 50% interest rates charged by the landowners on previously borrowed money. They were exploited shockingly. There was illiteracy and disease. UNESCO, in attempting to teach public health, had an uphill job. Even boiled drinking water, though it could have prevented typhoid and dysentery among the farmers, was a luxury that demanded precious fuel beyond their means.

No wonder that, as the Communist forces advanced toward us in the late autumn, life around Pehpei continued normally. The peasants had no alternative but to stick to the daily pattern of life. Were they secretly welcoming the approach of the Red Army? We Westerners didn't know. But we did feel that they had little personal stake in the old system they had experienced all the long, bitter years of the past.

The fighting reached Chungking in November. But in Pehpei, only 50 miles away, there were still no signs of alarm. Even after the recent fall of Canton many people retained illusions about the Nationalists' power to resist. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek himself flew into Chungking at the last moment to broadcast a pledge of last-ditch defense. It seemed certain to Pehpei that it would be many months before the war passed that way.

But soon after that rumors and atrocity stories spread through the town. Before it had become apparent that the Communists were winning, it was the Communist troops who appeared as the villains in the stories. Now it was the retreating Nationalists.

Chungking was a culminating military victory for the Communists. All of China's great cities were now in their hands. The last exit for foreigners like me disappeared with the capture of Chungking's airport. When November ended the war was on our doorstep.

First came the caravans of rich refugees. They were transporting truck-loads of furniture and belongings, and many were desperate. One man stopped Hu Chia-chwen, my interpreter, in the street and pleaded for some sort of job in town. He needed camouflage. He was a banker in Chungking, he revealed, and felt that the Communists would jail or kill him if they ever found this out. There were many others like him, all demoralized, petrified with fear and clutching at straws.

The richer townspeople of Pehpei, too, became panicky. Goods were carted away for concealment. Fat pigs which had been a family pride and joy were slaughtered in the streets all over town. The wailing and frantic scream-

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ing of the animals made you shiver. In our own house the owner of our UNESCO premises began hiding all his valuables too under a concealed trap in the floor of our office.

Lu Leaps Into Action

In the wake of the refugees came inflation. It swept in like a roaring tide, engulfing us all helplessly. It was run-away and mad. Our Chinese paper dollars rapidly became near-useless. Listen to my diary entry for Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1949:

Try to think of ways to spend my \$240 Chinese (then \$20 U.S.). Buy a dozen prs. of straw sandals for \$1.50 each. They were 20 cents last week. Buy some tangerines at 25 cents each. Paid a dollar for 200 a week ago. Go to a restaurant and plan a small feast for my interpreter, his family, Hugh Hubbard and Dr. Nutting. (Hugh Hubbard and Clara Nutting, both Americans, were the other two foreign members of the tiny UNESCO group stranded in Pehpei.) Decide on menu but owner cannot estimate what price will be by evening.

In afternoon my interpreter has news all paper currency has just been void by Mayor Lu Tso-ying. Silver will be used, plus barter with rice and cotton thread. We go to restaurant to see if meal still stands. All other shops closed up tight now. Restaurant will honor order since made earlier, though already has sign up saying no more meals will be served. Will take \$120 Chinese, will buy supplies tomorrow and will return me any change if he finds he has overcharged on basis of tomorrow's prices. Seems a fair enough deal.

And then, that same Tuesday night, came the report that troops were approaching Pehpei. They were Nationalists, weakly retreating from Chungking and moving vaguely to the northwest. They were living off the land as they moved.

Mayor Lu went into action. He was a thin and fragile little man, but as energetic as a dynamo. Inconsistently, he combined a wide-aware intelligence with a superstitious penchant for fortunetellers. But he was an excellent organizer and a tireless worker and he was determined to save his beloved town of Pehpei at all costs.

I remember how we saw him as we returned home that night after our inflation banquet. Silent and alone, he was mounted on a small pony

which he eased up and down the town's deserted streets while he checked over the situation. He could have been a ghostly Napoleon, quietly surveying his sleeping forces on the eve of battle. He smiled at us in passing, but he wore a sad and worried expression.

At 10 o'clock the next morning Lu's shrill voice came over the loudspeaker perched on the town's water tower. He spoke very slowly, articulating word by word in a thin, tense pitch, and the people froze in the streets to listen.

"Don't act rashly and don't be frightened," he warned. "It is unfortunate, but one route of the Nationalist retreat passes through Pehpei. Only if we are careful will we be left alone."

Last night, he continued, the Nationalists had passed through Cheyma-kuan, a neighboring town, where the people had taken to the hills after locking their homes. The troops, finding the town deserted, broke in and looted. "They are tired, hungry and bitter," Lu said, "and they must be treated decently."

A Feast for Officers

The plan he announced was simplicity itself. "Let the tea houses open up and the food stores take down their shutters. Let the restaurants and housewives get busy cooking food and preparing tea." Each house was to set a table outside in the street and ply the incoming Nationalist troops with hospitality. If the town's poor could not afford the food they would receive it from the municipal depot. Do this, and do it with smiling faces, said Lu, and there will be no looting.

Ten minutes later his voice floated through the air again, declaring martial law for Pehpei.

In China there never has been much distinction between soldiers and brigands. Nevertheless, the mayor's plan worked.

The motley Nationalist band—you could not call it an army; some of the men had even brought their wives and youngsters along—began coming into town that afternoon, Wednesday, Nov. 30. An amazing sight greeted them. Pehpei looked like one huge outdoor dining hall. The astounded soldiers hungrily tackled the bowls of rice. The weather was drizzling and the mood of the people sombre, but the incoming soldiers were pleased.

"I have been 15 years a soldier."

SOCIAL NOTE

"Frankenstein Mask. A greenish, lifelike, terrifying likeness of the famous monster. Lots of fun at parties . . ." —Advertisement.

When conversation lags and dies,

When Twenty Questions languish,
Look in the hostess' haunted eyes
And there read utter anguish.

Now, before the party flops

And guests turn sour and restive,
A man equipped with the proper props
Can make the evening festive.

Inspiring stark and frozen terror

By means of hideous faces
Is never, never a social error
But one of the social graces.

—P. J. Blackwell.

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one of them told my interpreter, Hu, "but never have the people of a place treated us like this, giving us hot rice, vegetables, even cigarettes. We will repay the people of this town by behaving well."

They poured in all Wednesday and Thursday, day and night. The women worked around the clock cooking rice. The mayor took care of the officers himself, feasting them at the main hotel, side-stepping their constant demands for protection and civilian clothing and successfully dissuading them from looting. From time to time we heard his nervous voice over the loudspeaker, coaxing the soldiers to eat heartily and then to jump into one of the five or six rickety buses which he had magically mustered to drive them in relays out beyond the town. His white-uniformed militia moved discreetly up and down the streets, offering the soldiers second helpings and politely but pointedly telling them where the buses waited.

At last, on Friday morning, the last of Chiang Kai-shek's disorganized troops had come and had been hustled out of town. About 3,000 had been fed without incident. Calm returned to Pehpei.

Or is calm the correct word? Though the citizens were tired after their anti-looting struggle the air was electric with anticipation and suppressed excitement. How would the Reds act when they arrived? Many of the rich, I noticed, were taking no chances. Our next-door neighbors, the Wongs, dismissed their servants and hung a hotel sign on the front door to camouflage the near-empty mansion. Others shed their usual finery and appeared in the streets in their oldest clothing.

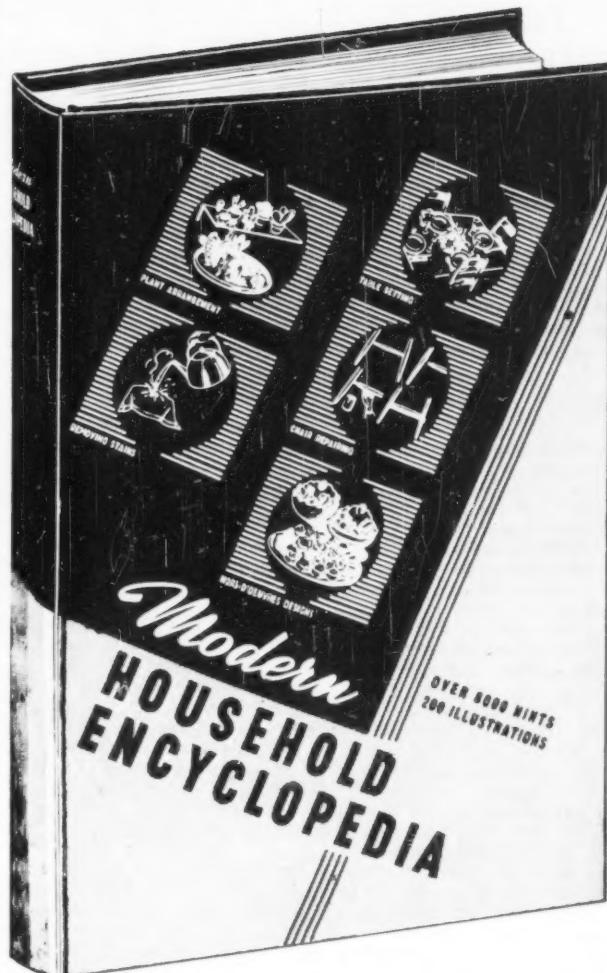
See! The Conquerors Come!

At 11 a.m. the loudspeaker suddenly switched from the foreign American jazz tunes that had interlarded the mayor's many announcements. The Communist anthem "Chi-lai, Chi-lai" ("Rise Up, Rise Up"), blared out, followed by vigorous songs of the new order. Squads of elated students went to work on the streets, tacking up pink paper posters offering welcome to the People's Army of Liberation. Triangular cloth banners were strung from telegraph poles, trees and buildings.¹ School children lined up with their teachers in chattering, excited ranks along the main street. But most of the older people seemed to be showing no particular enthusiasm.

The big moment had arrived for Pehpei. And then came an unexpected drama in its place. People began murmuring in groups and several men rushed to the flamboyant welcome signs and frantically took them all down again. The school children rolled up their little flags and dispersed to the side streets. I kept rubbing my eyes in disbelief for, in a flash, all the color, the crowds, the open shops, the singing had disappeared and I felt that I had just seen a mirage.

The mayor had been advised of the approach of 3,000 more Nationalists. They were retreating from Chungking over the hills and had not been spotted earlier. Pehpei had almost been caught in the act of welcoming the enemy. And, at the same time, the Communists were now only seven miles away. The situation looked desperate. We were all caught with confusion.

But there was to be no pitched battle in Pehpei, after all. Ever resourceful, Mayor Lu organized a fleet of boats and sent messengers to persuade the Nationalists to cross the river downstream before the town. His next mission was to contact the Communists and ask them whether they



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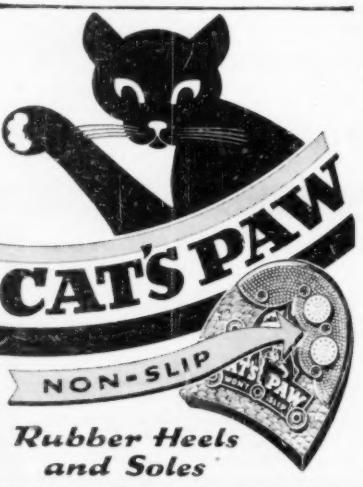
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would mind waiting until welcome preparations had been completed. His scheme, amazingly enough, succeeded.

The Nationalists crossed the river without entering the town and disappeared. The school children and the crowds returned to the main street, the banners went up again, and the loudspeaker resumed its program of recorded Red Army marching songs.

All eyes were now fixed on the highway. With either foreboding or eagerness the people of Pehpei impatiently awaited. And then, at last, the powerful Communist legions materialized. An incredulous murmur ran through the crowd. The Communist Army had arrived in one solitary truck.

These Soldiers Pay

But, after the first bewilderment, the youngsters suddenly let themselves go in great waves of cheering and most of the town soon jumped on the bandwagon and began yelling and singing as lustily as the kids. Fireworks went off and made a great din. The school children waved their flags and jumped up and down in frenzy. Bands competed shrilly with each other and with the non-stop loudspeaker. And then the college students took over, marching up and down the streets leading long processions and shouting the slogans of Communist China over and over and over again.

It went on like that for most of the evening. Two other truckloads of Communist soldiers looked into town for an hour or two. Mayor Lu tried his feasting strategy again and the soldiers ate the rice, then startled everyone by paying when they had finished. The officers shattered the mayor's poise completely when they politely declined his already prepared banquet at the hotel and suggested he send the food out to the troops with whom they would share it. I had heard much of the puritanism of the Communist Army.

When I awoke the following morning everything was over. The original truckload of Communist soldiers had departed, shops were functioning again, prices were controlled at the rate prevailing three weeks earlier, the streets were quiet. Only a Communist political commissar remained. The date was December 3, 1949. Pehpei had been "liberated."

I stayed on at Pehpei, living under the new regime until the middle of April. There was little alternative. For five months I struggled to get the necessary travel permit to get back to Canada. But the Communist authorities had put the problems of foreigners pretty low on their list. Even as a UN employee I got no special consideration. With Red China and the UN not recognizing each other, officially, I did not exist.

Where Was the Revolution?

There were very few transformations in Pehpei after the changeover. Every day I went out expecting post-revolutionary upheavals and found only the old routines continuing.

The businessmen and merchants complained of the slackness of trade and feared controls. They also objected to the high-pressure sale of government reconstruction bonds. Their purchase was not altogether compulsory but most businessmen thought the prudent thing was to buy.

Although price controls were imposed, a rather slow and steady inflation set in. This started at 12,000 Chinese dollars to one U. S. dollar and by about three months later the ratio had risen to 40,000 to 1. Price controls

had broken by then and prices rose at about the same rate as the Chinese dollar dropped.

Around Pehpei it was in rural areas that the first signs of change appeared. Redistribution of land began by means of a steeply graduated rice tax levied on land owned in excess of a basic minimum. This forced the large owners to sell.

Though debts were erased the peasant remained poor. He would require modern labor-saving agricultural implements, fertilizers and much investment to lift him out of the poverty of centuries.

The most striking thing about the changeover, during my term there, was the fact that life in Pehpei seemed to pursue, pretty well, its normal course. I saw no shootings or jailings. If there were any they were well hidden.

Mayor Lu carried on at his post for a short time, but with the new political commissar at his elbow. He had a lot of awkward explaining to do when the Communists cross-examined him on his generosity toward the retreating Nationalists. He did manage to convince them that his actions had been for the protection of his townspeople, but he was fired anyway, a few weeks later, along with a few of his assistants. Just before I left town I heard he was back in the Communists' good graces and was considering an offer of a job in the Reconstruction office in Chungking. I never discovered whether he accepted.

A Struggle for Minds

On the first day of the Communist entry a leaflet had been distributed setting out the Communist aims and suggesting that the public "co-operate" and carry on with their jobs. "Heavy" penalties were prescribed for stealing even a needle or a piece of thread from the public funds. (The exact penalty was not specified in the leaflet.) All who did not resist, except those connected with the Chiang Kai-shek Government, were promised protection. So far as I could see the new Government in Pehpei followed the leaflet almost to the letter.

The most obvious development in Pehpei probably was the new struggle to sell the people not only the physical fact of Communist supremacy but the Communist ideology. Wall newspapers went up everywhere. This year's British elections were reported: "Communists get strong backing of the people . . ." The Press as a whole began to hammer away at United States foreign policy and to refer to American "warmongering." Russian news did not appreciably increase, as far as I could see, and the vast bulk of the news content was concerned

with domestic affairs under the new government. At the big movie houses American films gradually disappeared and in came new Chinese and Russian features.

The students were the most enthusiastic supporters of the Red regime. The young ones loved the parades, the games and the radical changes in school. The Communists catered to them and filled them with a new sense of importance. A typical example was the 16-year-old son of Hu, my interpreter.

Mrs. Hu had a special flair for making stylish clothes. One day the boy returned from school to find his mother looking elegant in a new creation. He looked at her intently for a moment and then, in quiet authoritative tones said, "Mother, I think it is time we sat down and discussed this question of clothes." Young Hu was not having any of this "bourgeois and Occidental influence" around his house.

Came the Concert Corps

With the spring came a great influx of padded khaki-clothed soldiers, men and women, as well as the "People's Army Aesthetic Corps" which had been ordered to set up regional headquarters in Pehpei. As they rehearsed the townspeople were treated to concerts, parades, dances, plays and operas, most of them with the same political themes that made the corps the mobile schoolroom for the Communist Army. Several hundred artists, actors, singers and dancers worked with incredible energy at entertaining and "politicizing" the troops.

As all this went on our position as isolated Westerners became increasingly uncertain. We put up a new UNESCO flag with Chinese characters replacing the original English lettering. We asked our Paris headquarters to address all mail in Chinese. And American Hugh Hubbard was replaced by Chinese Eugene Fan, of Peking, as head of the project.

The Communists who dealt with us were scrupulously polite but distant.

In April permission finally arrived for me to leave. Riding boats and trains I took three weeks to reach Hong Kong. From there I made my way around the world to Europe. I stopped at Bangkok, Calcutta, Cairo, Athens and Rome. At Paris I left the plane for I had to spend some time at UNESCO headquarters. When at last I reached Ottawa, unpacked and took the year's layer of dust off the furniture, Red China seemed far, far away.

But I came home feeling that if Pehpei is a typical example, the threat of Communist expansion in Asia is very real. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Where The Diplomats Dine

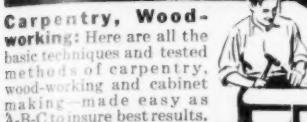
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toaster burns
vacuum cleaner
doesn't pick up
concrete cracks
doors swell
windows rattle
stairs squeak
shingles get loose

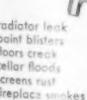


Put shelves under stairs,
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change ice-box door
gasket
install locks
odd closet space
make door keys
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refinish floor
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care for paint brushes
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paint
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get house ready for
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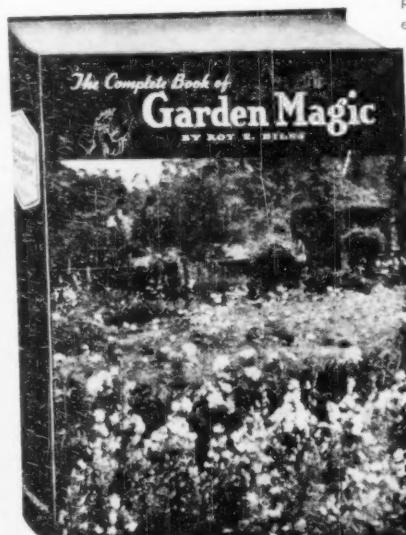
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MAILBAG

Who Let Who Down? This Reader Demands

After reading Blair Fraser's "Uncle Sam Thinks We Let Him Down" (Backstage at Ottawa, Sept. 1) I was a bit riled, so I read it again to make sure I had not misunderstood it. Now I'm really riled. This please-excuse-us-for-living attitude toward Uncle Sam has got to stop right now if Canada is to preserve the dignity of a free and independent member of the Commonwealth of Nations . . .

It seems to me the United States is like a big boy who has thumbed his nose at another big boy and then yells for the help of his smaller brothers, who are painfully struggling into their clothes after a very hard swim—a much longer swim than his own. Let him understand that we will be delighted to help him lick that bully as soon as we get our pants on.

It is true that Uncle Sam's failure to come to our aid quickly in both World Wars is a poor excuse for any failure on our part in coming to his aid in Korea, but the fact is we have not failed to give aid to the maximum extent practicable and the circumstances which have limited our ability to give aid in quantity quickly are largely Uncle Sam's own making.—Healdon R. Starkey, Toronto.

Fun With Norris

We, public health nurses of the health department of Kitchener, are having a merry time with Len Norris' cartoon, "At The Baby Clinic" (July 15). We have gone over the individuals in the picture, mother by mother, babe by babe, pre-schooler by pre-schooler and keep on finding more and more to laugh at. The doctor is priceless. Our supervisor thinks she is the nurse at the scales, while I am the one in the centre with the smug, know-all expression.—Harriette S. Wilson, Kitchener.

● When you stop making fun of your Protestant ministers and churches (Len Norris' cartoon, "At the Sunday School Picnic," Aug. 15), we may consider reading your magazine again.—"A Descendant of a Covenanter," Toronto.

Wrong Again, Weatherman!

That is an interesting and informative article, "Everybody Hates the Weatherman" (Aug. 15) but friend W. E. Turnbull had better be careful when he furnishes solutions to crossword puzzles. He says "One woman wanted an 11-letter word meaning a student of the skies (a uranographist, we found from the dictionary)." There are 13 letters in that word! I counted 'em!

However, thanks for the word. I shall file it away for future reference.—Crossword Dabbler, Maple Creek, Sask.

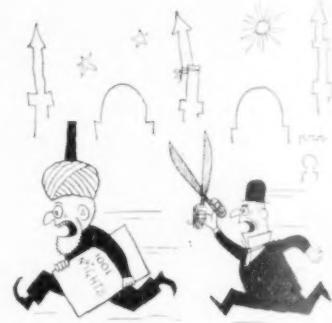
He's Still Selling

I have read with great interest "Two Million Dollars on the Dotted Line"

(Maclean's, Sept. 1). However I would like to point out that Jack Donovan, whom you so kindly mentioned in the article (he sold a million-dollar policy to the late Harry Hatch—Ed.) is not in retirement, as you say, but is still active in the employ of the Mutual Life of Canada.—E. G. Pridham, assistant branch manager, Toronto.

Victory Over the Censor

Doubtless you are receiving much congratulatory correspondence about Blair Fraser's now famous article "Our Hush-Hush Censorship: How Books Are Banned," Dec. 15, 1949. This is to add one more note to the chorus. Yesterday I received from Random House, Toronto, a copy of their New York branch's edition of Sir Richard Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights" after the censors had knuckled under. Everything strictly legal, at last. I had spent 18 years in fighting those disgusting censors—in vain, as



far as "Arabian Nights" was concerned—until Mr. Fraser's article came along to hit 'em like a club!—Joseph R. Tucker, Kuroki, Sask.

Invigorating Experience

I want to congratulate you on Maclean's Sept. 1 issue. This is truly Canadian national in scope and interesting in its contents. Keep on this line—it is an invigorating and invigorating experience to read about Canada and Canadians when we in this country are so deluged with magazines full of United States news and viewpoints.—Ernest Reynolds, Brantford, Ont.

Subway Just a Stunt?

I was looking down Yonge St. as pictured in Maclean's ("The Subway Nobody Wanted," Aug. 15) and the thought came to me: Why the great expense of going underground when such a street as Yonge could be widened (by the look of the picture, at least 20 feet)? This with a parking lot (if necessary on every corner) at about half the cost of going underground. Do our city fathers look for the spectacular or the practical to relieve our city traffic?—H. P. Hebbes, Carseland, Alta.

Russian item reports the United "Okie dokie" of "okay." told him the was "maybe Standard."

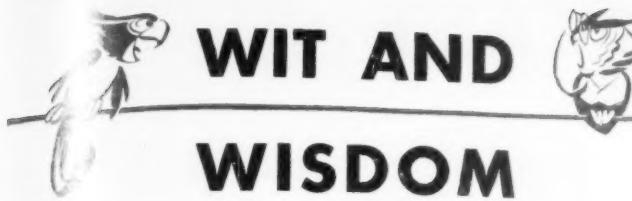
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Daylight Do you say little boy? Jimmy: Y And do you ing, too? No sir. I time.—Acton

Going, Go my wallet w \$50 to whoe Voice in t Chatham L

Should I silent except of defending on his words he would eas

JASPER



WIT AND WISDOM

Russian Form Is "No"—News item reports that a Russian visiting the United States said he thought "Okie dokie" was the feminine form of "okay." Someone should have told him the feminine form of "okay" was "maybe." — *Kingston Whig-Standard*.

Who, Me?—A person has self-possession when he can act nonchalant with a stuck auto horn attracting attention.—*Galt Reporter*.

Daylight Protection—Preacher: Do you say your prayers at night, little boy?

Jimmy: Yes, sir.

And do you say them in the morning, too?

No sir. I ain't scared in the daytime.—*Acton Free Press*.

Going, Going—Man: I've lost my wallet with \$500 in it. I'll give \$50 to whoever brings it back to me. Voice in the rear: I'll give \$100.—*Chatham News*.

Should Know—The court was silent except for the clear-cut tones of defending counsel. Everyone hung on his words and many thought that he would easily win his case.

JASPER

By Simpkins



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PARADE

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offered to drive him home. As they rode along the cleric tried to console the lost, silent old man, reminding him that although his loneliness would be hard to bear his memories would keep his wife close by his side.

By this time the man of the sea was wriggling and fidgeting and he



finally broke in, "I hope not, Reverend—I hope not. She kep' me good, I guess. Leastways she fed me well, she kep' me clean and patched neat, but man I didn't like her!"

A B.C. engineer who is rated one of the leading transportation experts in the province takes permissible satisfaction in the fact that his son, following in his footsteps, is already doing well with a smaller firm. Like all fathers, of course, he has to put up with a certain amount of patronizing advice from his offspring. The other day when they were lunching together the son urged his father that he ought to read more—"it's the only way to keep from getting rusty in your work."

"Thanks, son," the father replied with considerable restraint. "Can you suggest some good transportation books I might get my teeth into?"

The son just happened to have two good books with him and he handed them over.

"Say, this one looks interesting—who's the author?" asked dad, fumbling awkwardly with the pages.

"You're right—that's the best I've read," said the son. "I never pay much attention to authors' names,

GOSH POP! I GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD TOO!



though, but it must be there somewhere."

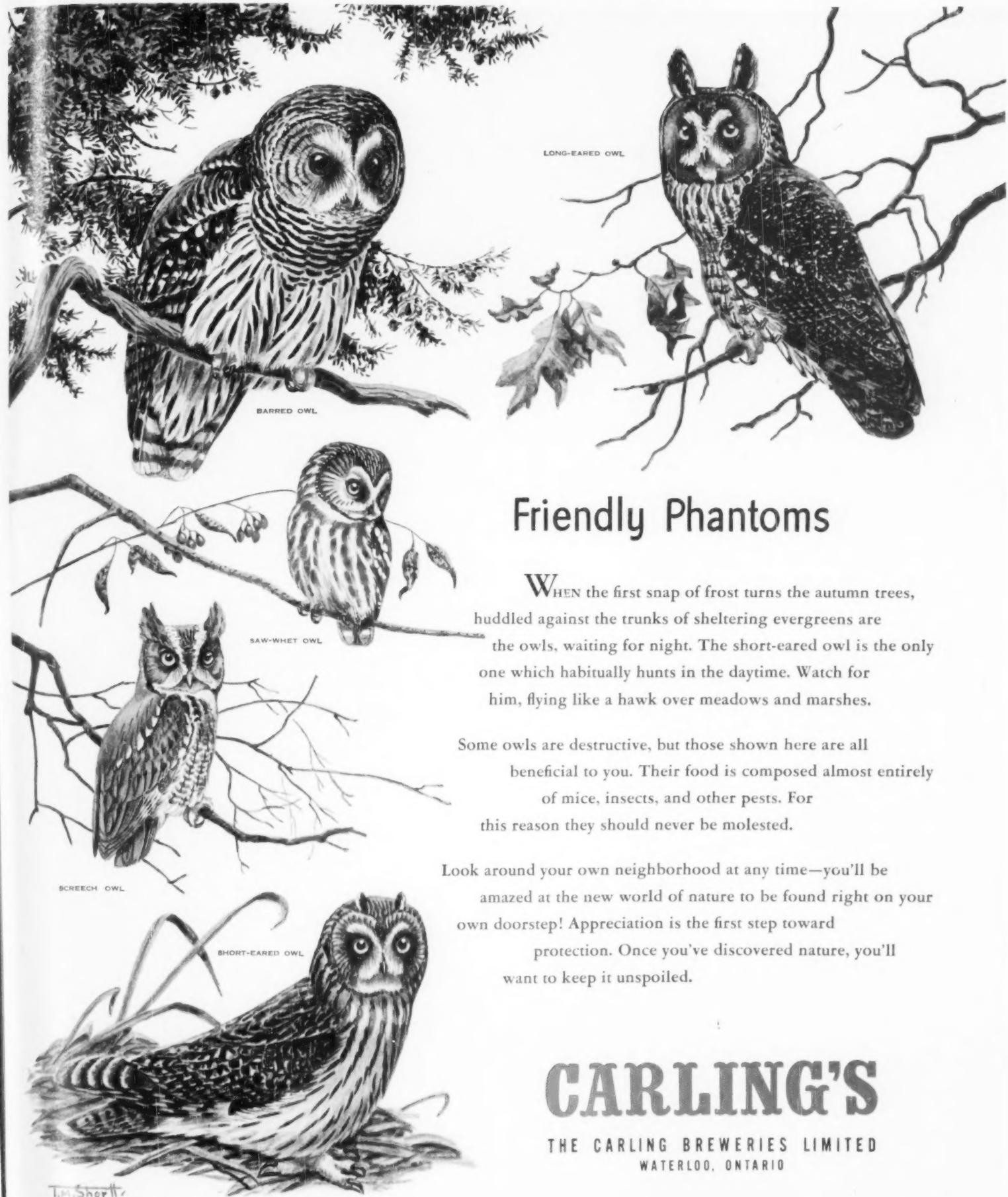
It was, too—the old man's name was right on the title page.

The old fisherman in the little Nova Scotian village had just seen his wife buried and as he turned away from the grave the minister

Toronto long ago got into the Big Town class, but it still has soft spots between its calluses. A grey-haired couple, checking out of the Royal York, stopped at the cigar counter when they spotted an amusing new gadget—a toy dog that opens its mouth when you offer it a bone. They asked the young woman behind the counter to send the novelty to their son and gave as his address Toronto General Hospital. They explained that he was considerably past the usual toy-dog stage but that he'd been lying in bed for a year since a nearly fatal motor accident and they were constantly on the lookout for any such ridiculous gifts that might give him a chuckle. "We live out of town and maybe this will help keep him grinning till we get back for another visit next month," the father explained as he paid for the dog.

Well, that's all, except when the fellow in the hospital received the dog it was delivered in person by the girl from the cigar counter—a complete stranger—accompanied by her husband and a box of chocolates. They've become regular visitors, in fact, and discovering he has a telephone in his room they call their patient a couple of times a day for a chat just to make sure he and the dog are both doing well.

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Some owls are destructive, but those shown here are all beneficial to you. Their food is composed almost entirely of mice, insects, and other pests. For this reason they should never be molested.

Look around your own neighborhood at any time—you'll be amazed at the new world of nature to be found right on your own doorstep! Appreciation is the first step toward protection. Once you've discovered nature, you'll want to keep it unspoiled.

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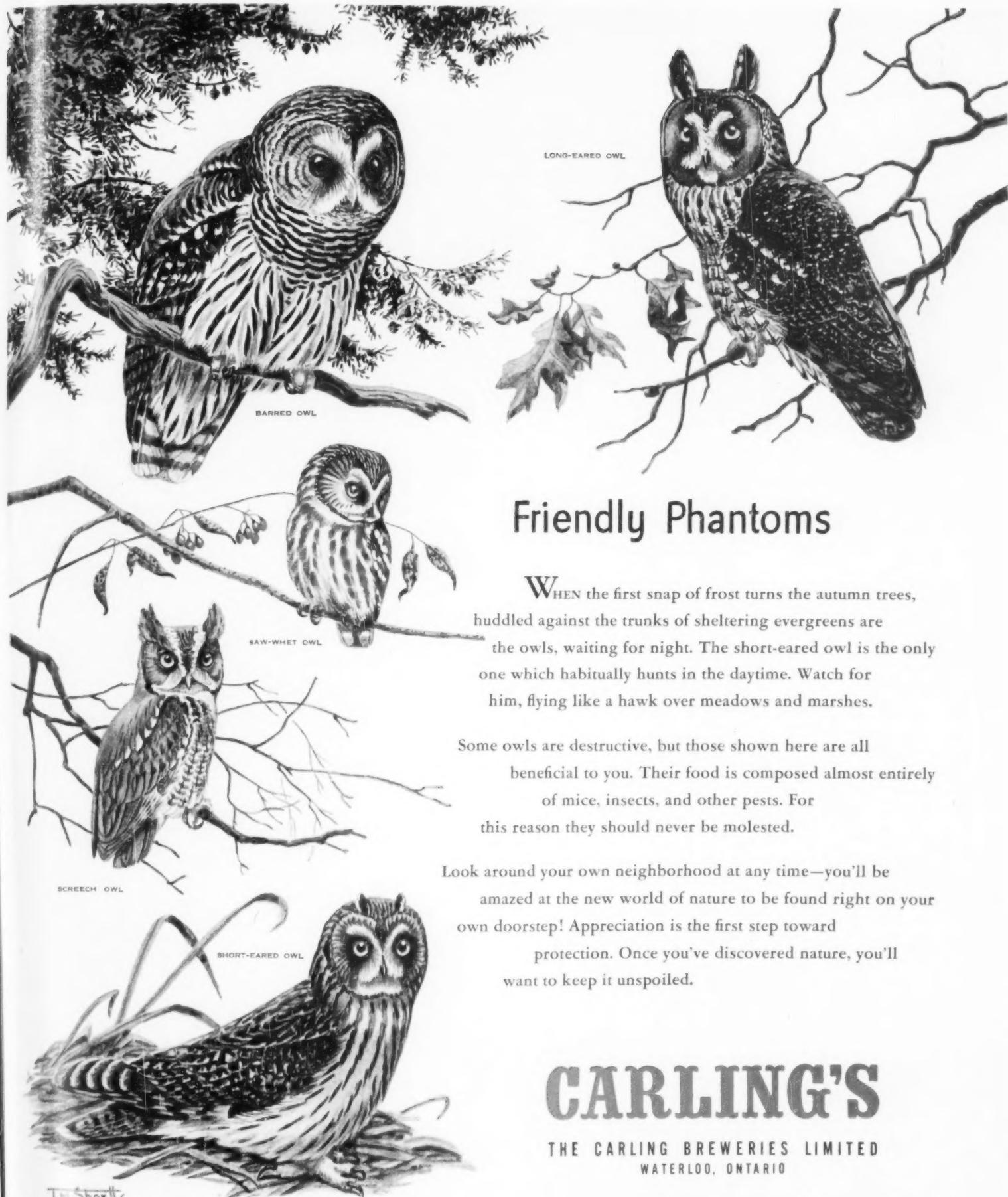


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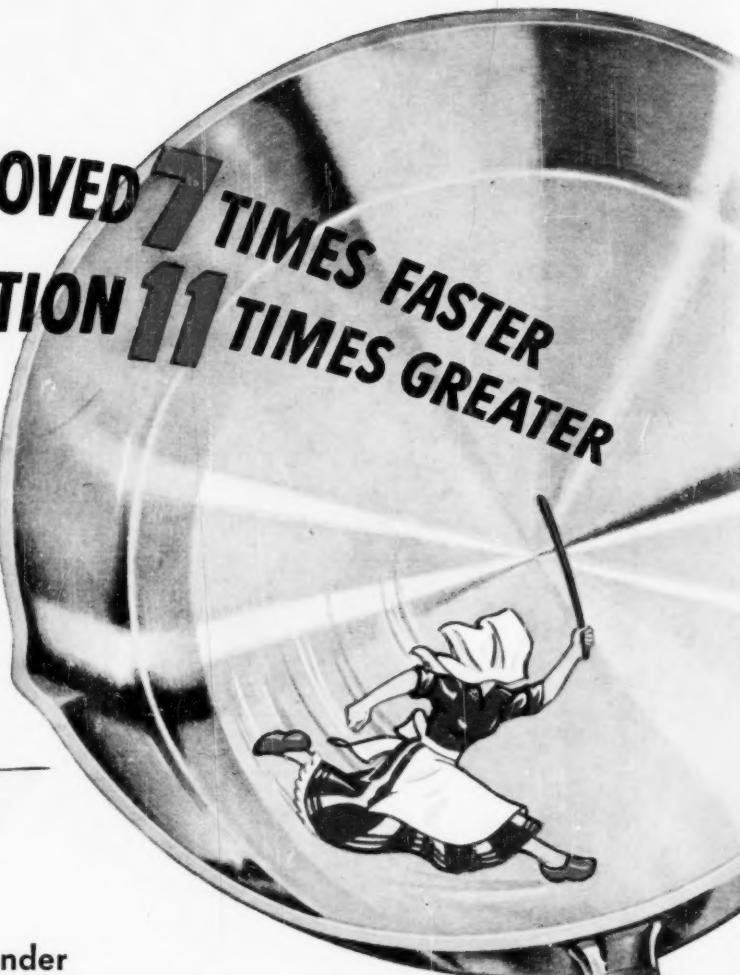
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